THE SOCIETY

Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 12, 1972 50¢

CRUSADER NADER

The Man Behind The Armor And His Tactics Of Battle

A Fragile Promise in the New New South:

Images of the Last Mythic Fr

Has the Homosexual Fr

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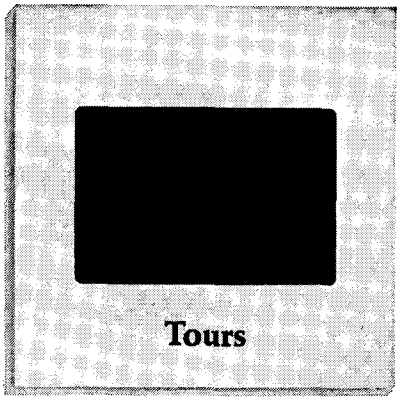

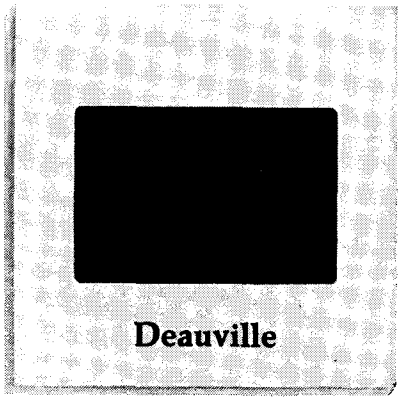

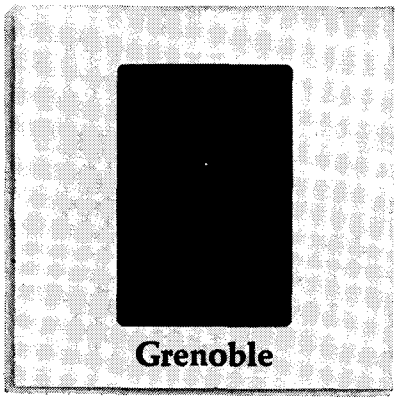

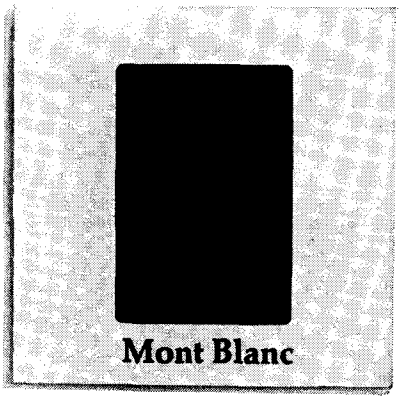

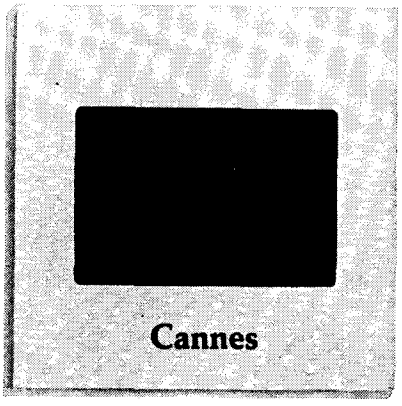

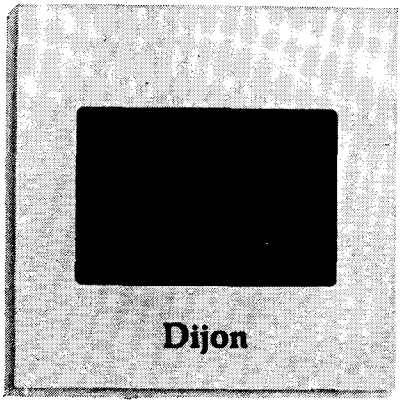

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Saturday Review

FEBRUARY 12, 1972

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COLUMNS AND REVIEWS

4	Top of My Head	*Goodman Ace*
5	Movies	*Arthur Knight*
8	Trade Winds	*Cleveland Amory*
14	Letters to the Editor	
16	Phoenix Nest	*Martin Levin*
22	Manner of Speaking	*John Ciardi*
60	As Others See Us	*Nicholas G. Balint*
62	Theater	*Henry Hewes*
64	Dance	*Walter Terry*

TRAVEL

12	Waikiki: Plastic Fantastic or Happy Hula Land?	*David Butwin*

IDEAS

23	Homosex: Living the Life	*Faubion Bowers*
29	Editorial: The Society—Organizing for Social Change	*Nicolas H. Charney*

SOCIETY

32	The Public Ways of the Private Nader	*Charles McCarry*
37	Urban Profit in the Arizona Desert	*Robert B. Kaiser*
44	Any Hope for Housing?	*Joseph P. Fried*
51	A Hesitant New South: Fragile Promise on the Last Frontier	*Peter Schrag*

BOOKS

65	"Henry James: The Master (1901-1916)" by Leon Edel	*John W. Aldridge*
65	Index of Books Reviewed	
84	Book Forum	

GAMES

70	Your Literary I.Q.
71	Wit Twister
73	Literary Crypt
90	Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1975

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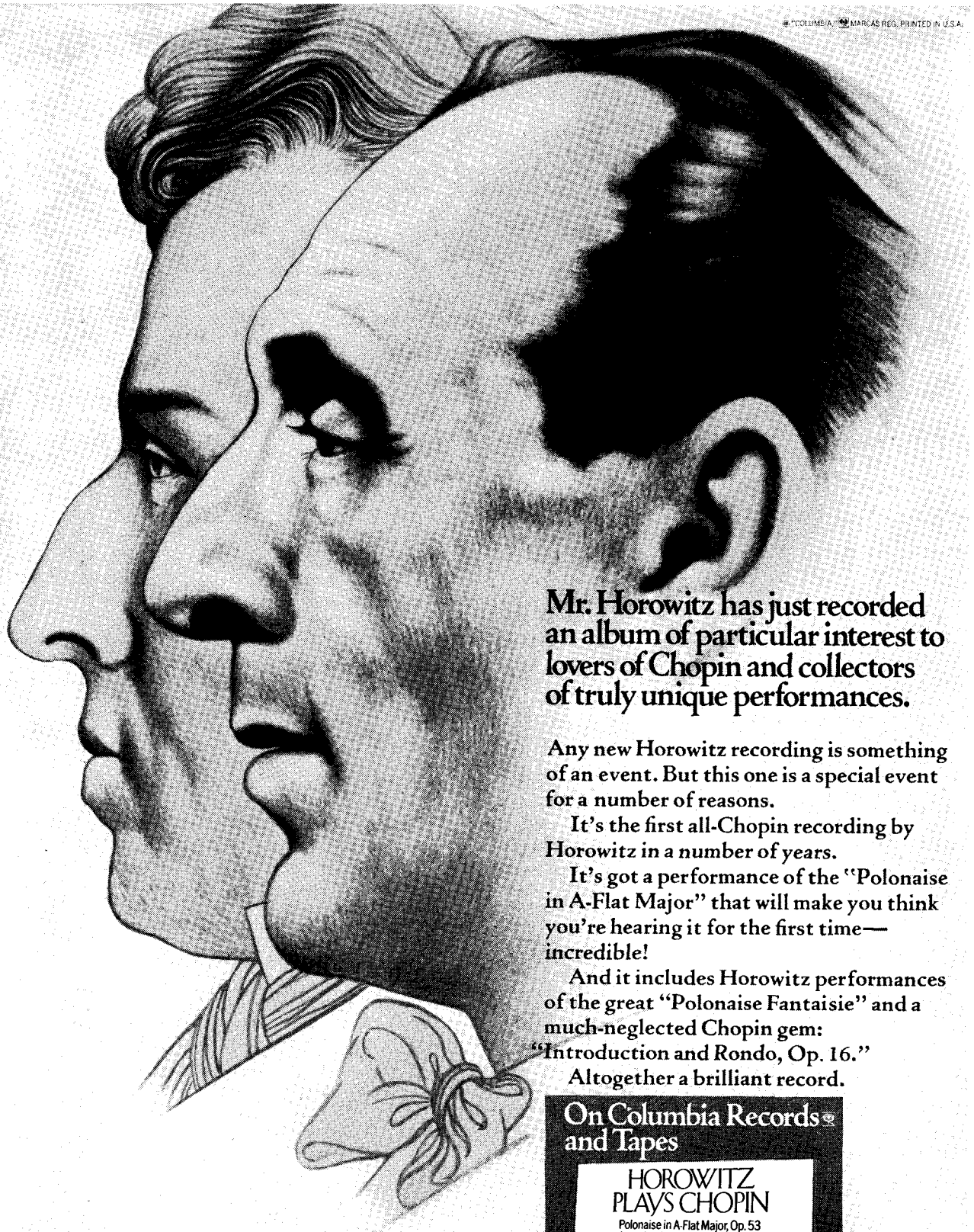

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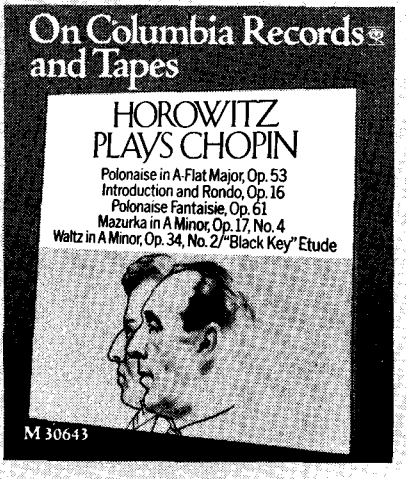
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p. 13 Graphic Pictures Hawaii
pp. 23-24 Diana Davies, Bethel Agency
p. 26 Sam Szurek
p. 31 Al Clayton, Michael A. Vaccaro
p. 33 Jack Gregory/Seymour Mednick
pp. 37-41 Michael A. Vaccaro
p. 51 Bob Adelman
pp. 53-54 Uzzle, Magnum; Kubota, Magnum
p. 56 Bob Adelman
p. 62 Freidman-Abeles
p. 64 Louis Peres
p. 67 Bettmann Archive
p. 69 Bernard Gotfryd, Newsweek
pp. 72, 79 Wide World
p. 80 Culver

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Tricky Banks

If any of my readers are bank robbers, let them be forewarned that the banks in New York have stashed away, with all their legitimate money, stacks of bogus bills, which are handed to the robber along with the real stuff. This deplorable situation came to light recently after a holdup, when a banker told reporters the robber would discover he had stolen only $2,200 of spendable money.

Hardly a day's pay for a robber journeyman, considering his overhead—a gun, a mask, a getaway car, bail money, and the price of a good lawyer who will represent the robber in court to prove he is not guilty and then charge him 25 per cent of the money he stole. This is not true of all lawyers. Some charge only 20 per cent.

Bogus money has become a worrisome thing to the Fraternal Order of Bank Robbers, Inc. At a crisis dinner and business meeting, their president told the members assembled that he would tell it like it was:

"I'm gonna tell you like it is," he thundered. "I hate to interrupt your dinner, but this is no time to pussyfoot around. First they tried stopping us with them cameras. We got around that with stocking masks. But this new gimmick—bogus money! How we gonna get around that?

"I asked our committee on How to Get Around Bank Gimmicks to come up with a quick answer. That's been three weeks. They come up with nothing. Bogus money maybe don't bother the rest of you, but I don't mind telling you it's been keeping me awake nights. It's hanging over my head like that damn Ocles' sword. If you'll pardon my swearing.

"Now listen, you guys—and you too, ladies. I ain't forgetting you dolls. This is your problem too, ever since we passed that amendment giving you gals equal rights and equal opportunity and equal split of the loot. You gave us enough trouble when they put cameras in the banks, and you gals refused to wear the stocking masks, and a lot of you stopped to put on more lipstick and turned your face away from the tellers because you wanted to get your good profile in the cameras. Okay, now we want you to give us equal thinking about how to get around this new what I call restraint of trade.

"I called this meeting tonight to stir —if you'll excuse the expression—to stir you all up to action. Now is the time. When a bona fide, grade-A brother robber comes away from a bank heist with a measly two grand, and the rest is all counterfeit, it's a disgrace not only to Bank Robbers, Inc., but to the revered names of Jesse James and John Dillinger and Willie Sutton. I ask for one minute of silence. . . .

"I want to remind you gents and ladies that we are skilled craftsmen who are today being discriminated against in the profession of our choice. This is a giant step backward that could send us back to the days of our founding fathers—like the Dalton Boys who specialized in stagecoach holdups and train robberies. If we allow this counterfeit-money trend to continue unabated, we will become piggy-bank robbers. Kid stuff!

"Now, let me tell you what trouble we're *really* in. It's not only that we can't make a big haul anymore, but when you start passing that counterfeit money, do you know what the stretch is for that? I see some of you shuddering, and well you can. It's the law of the land. But because of this here society in which we live in today, it's only the law against *us* passing out bogus money, not against the banks passing it out on us. They got their own law.

"Like our President has said so often, this is a time for 'boldness, initiative, and historic achievement' to keep the cash flow flowing. Like that guy out West who got about three hundred grand and parachuted from a plane with the haul, and they ain't found him yet. That's what I call boldness, and initiative, and historic achievement.

"Now I ain't telling you to parachute out of the ground floor of a bank building, but we gotta come up with something to beat this fake money gambit. How else can we keep the cash flow flowing from the banks that are overcrowded with it to the people who are undercrowded with it? We don't hoard our well-gotten gains, we spread them around. When I think of all the getaway cars we've bought, and now we can't buy 'em with bogus bills. I saw some of them bills—the poorest job of counterfeiting ever pulled off.

"That's why I called you together here tonight at this dinner. A dinner from soup to nuts. And that's all—soup to nuts. If you're waiting for a main course and dessert, forget it. I did this to dramatize our situation. Until we solve this new problem, we gotta tighten our belts and our holsters.

"In closing, I want to warn you that if we don't, the Inc. in Fraternal Order of Bank Robbers, Inc., is going to stand for Incarcerated." □

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Accent on Shorts

"Ke kii oni oni" is Hawaiian for "moving transparent images," but for much of January, at least in Honolulu, it also signified Hawaii's first International Film Festival. Organized by Bill "Tip" Davis, a tall, energetic film-maker from Manoa, its primary purpose was neither to show multitudes of new movies nor to attract masses of tourists, the twin objectives of most festivals. Instead, as Davis put it, "We want to develop a film community here in Hawaii that can encourage the development of local film-makers and provide them with a recognized showcase for their works."

Tourists, of course, were more than welcome during the nine days of intensive screenings, panel sessions, and lectures that comprised the festival; but, significantly, these events were not offered in any of the fashionable theaters that line Kalakaua Avenue, the "main drag" for Waikiki's de luxe tourist hotels. The Varsity Theatre, which served as festival headquarters, is an elderly 800-seat house located beyond the Ala Wai Canal, separating Waikiki Beach from the rest of Honolulu, and only a couple of blocks from the University of Hawaii campus. Consequently, the audiences tended to be both local and young. They were also enthusiastic.

Davis's idea for his first festival was to keep everything small-scale. The only feature films presented were *200 Motels* and *Medium Cool,* and these simply because their producers, Jimmy Murakami and Haskell Wexler, had come to the festival as jurors and hence were able to discuss their work with the audiences. For the rest, the accent was on shorts—documentaries, dramatic shorts (mainly student-made), experimentals, and animated films (including TV commercials). For the public presentations, these were grouped under such headings as "Escape," "Conflict," "Man and Nature," and that festival stand-by, the Saturday-matinee "Films for Children."

The judging, however, was done in terms of the formal categories, and a unique aspect of this festival was that each juror was the sole arbiter in his particular field of expertise—a system that makes at least as much sense as the more conventional committee approach, where conflicting tastes and standards can often cancel out the most exciting and original entries in favor of something that is less controversial. Certainly, the audience attending the four-hour awards presentation on Saturday evening, January 15, quickly discovered that diversity among the jurors—Conrad Hall for dramatic, Haskell Wexler for documentary, Jimmy Murakami for animated, and myself for experimental—led to a great variety in the final selections.

For the jurors themselves, perhaps the highlight of the festival was a special screening, held earlier that same day, of student-workshop films produced on Super-8. The workshop, sponsored by the University of Hawaii's interim session, brought together some sixty potential film-makers of all ages, provided them with two weeks of intensive training, then turned them loose in the Honolulu Zoo to shoot their own three-minute movies. And the results were extraordinary. Almost two dozen films were completed and projected, noncompetitively, for the jury members, and no two were alike. Some were documentary, some fictional, some impressionistic, some comic, some poetic. But each was a separate, individual vision, representing one aspect of the island experience.

Desirably, the sponsors' plan to develop native Hawaiian film-makers was substantially advanced by this process. For too long the centers of American motion-picture production have been confined to Los Angeles and New York City. Today, with talented young film-makers fanning out from our colleges and universities in an endless profusion, the possibilities of regional films seem most promising. As Hawaii virtually epitomizes, the cultural and social problems of our fifty states are by no means homogenized; and it is just as foolish to expect Hollywood to produce a valid film about the islands as it would be to expect the British to turn out a searching analysis of Roman society in the terms of a Fellini or an Antonioni. For that matter, most of Hollywood's pictures of our own Deep South have failed to reflect accurately and sympathetically—from the inside, as it were—that troubled *milieu,* and vast stretches of this nation remain totally unexplored in film.

Production has to start somewhere, and the notion of emphasizing short subjects at the first Hawaiian Festival was a laudable one. If next year the second festival can point to just one native-made documentary that equals in skill, insight, and compassion this year's prize winner in that category, *This Is the Home of Mrs. Levant Graham,* the festival will have fully justified its existence. □

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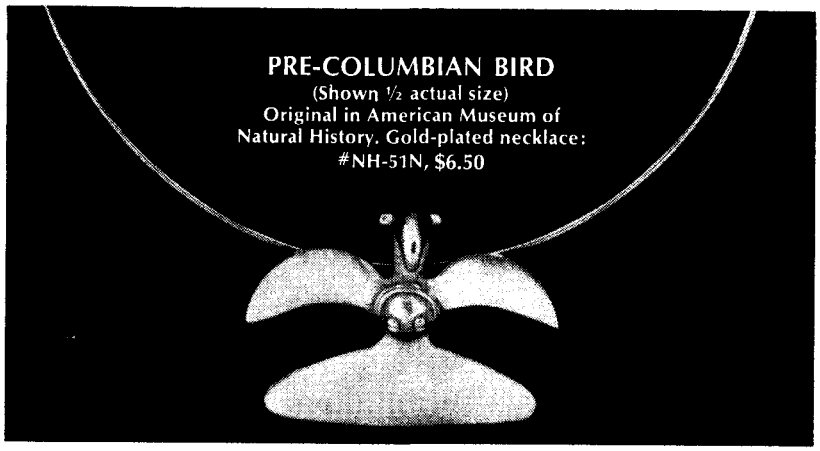

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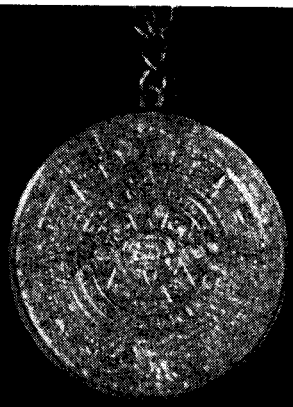

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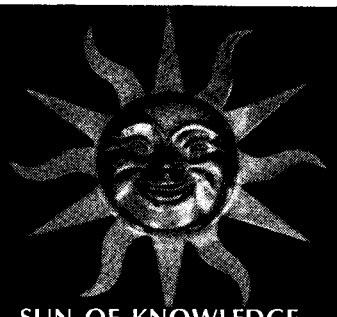

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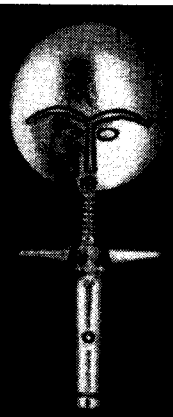

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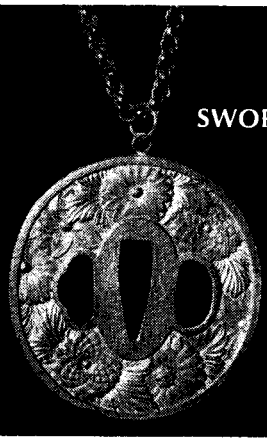

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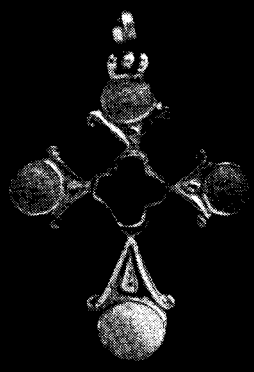

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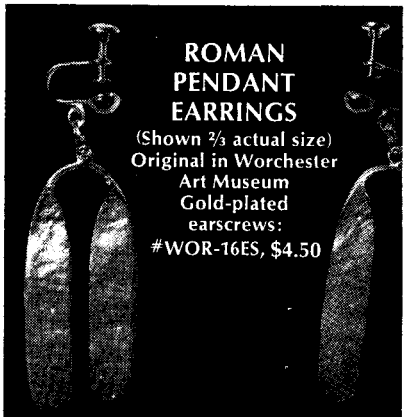
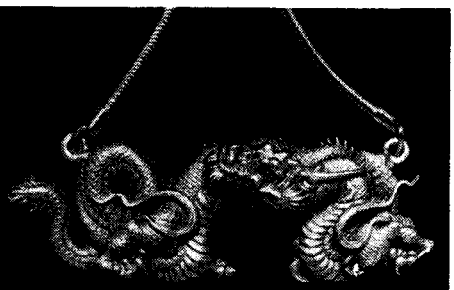
Original in Dumbarton Oaks Library and Collection
Gold-plated necklace with green center: #DO-9N, $5.75



ROMAN PENDANT EARRINGS
(Shown ⅔ actual size)
Original in Worchester Art Museum
Gold-plated earscrews: #WOR-16ES, $4.50



SWORDGUARD (MENUKI)
(Shown ⅔ actual size)
Original in Philadelphia Museum of Art
Gold-plated pin: #PH-5P, $6.00
Gold-plated necklace: #PH-5N, $7.00

LARISSA COIN
(Shown actual size)
Original in Norfolk Museum of Arts and Sciences
Silver-plated cuff links: #NO-34CL, $4.50

RELIQUARY CRO
(Shown ½ actual size
Original in Art Museu
Rhode Island Schoo
of Design
Gold-plated necklac
#RI-3N, $5.75

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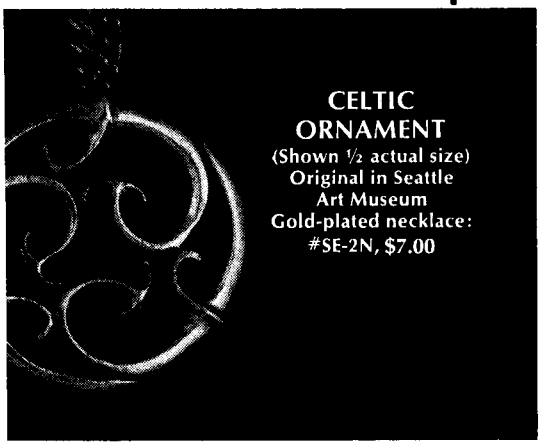
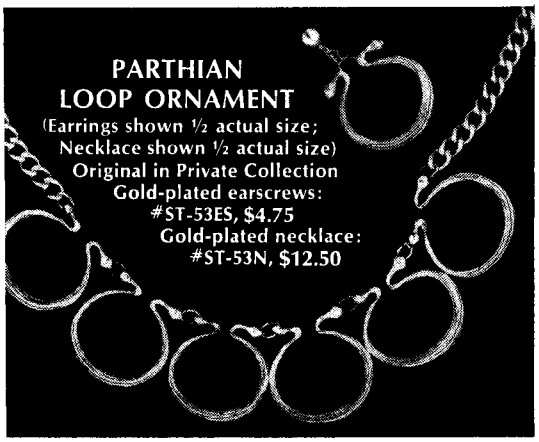
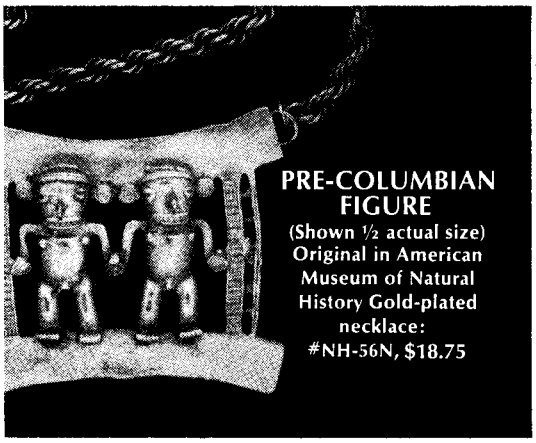


CELTIC ORNAMENT
(Shown ½ actual size)
Original in Seattle Art Museum
Gold-plated necklace: #SE-2N, $7.00



PARTHIAN LOOP ORNAMENT
(Earrings shown ½ actual size; Necklace shown ½ actual size)
Original in Private Collection
Gold-plated earscrews: #ST-53ES, $4.75
Gold-plated necklace: #ST-53N, $12.50



PRE-COLUMBIAN FIGURE
(Shown ½ actual size)
Original in American Museum of Natural History Gold-plated necklace: #NH-56N, $18.75

SCYTHIAN SCROLL ORNAMENT
(Shown actual size)
Original in Private Collection
Gold-plated pair of scatter pins: #ST-54P, $4.75
Gold-plated earclips: #ST-54EC, $4.75

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Want of the Week—as found by Muriel Lubliner in the Chicago weekly *Skyliner*:

GENTLEMAN, 38, TEACHER, considerate, presentable, desires to meet intelligent, warmhearted & pleasant appearing female who is open to the idea of reincarnation.

And, presumably, not *too* much of a closed mind on the here and now.

Disappointment of the Week—as located by Mrs. Albert Dexter, Jr., in the Hartford *Courant*. The headline:

ANTIQUE STRIPPER TO DEMONSTRATE WARES AT STORE

And the story:

A former antique dealer who claims to have found an almost foolproof method for quickly stripping old polish, wax, varnish, shellac, lacquer, or discolorations from furniture will demonstrate his technique in the Housewares Department of G. Fox & Company.

During the week there were Crime Notes from all over. The first one was spotted by Mrs. Abraham Cronbach of Cincinnati in the Cincinnati *Post*:

Z. A. Booth, president of the First State Bank of Riesel in south central Texas, says the best remedy for curing bank holdups is to give would-be robbers a taste of their own medicine. Yesterday, Booth proved his point when he opened fire on three shotgun-yielding bandits. He wounded one in the leg and drove the other two robbers away.

When Z. A. Booth says something, apparently, you can go to the bank on it.

In any case, our second Crime Note of the Week was located by Dr. S. Leonard Rosenthal in the Philadelphia *Bulletin*:

A fleeing suspect was tackled and captured by a traffic policeman near the northeast corner of City Hall at 12:30 a.m. today after a $125 holdup of the Philadelphia Gas Works office, 1401 Arch St.

Detective John Chidester said the suspect, Andrew Almond, 18, of Berks St. near 18th, said he needed money to return to a North Carolina college where he was studying criminology.

Now that's what we call a *real* work-study program.

It had been some time since we had seen an old friend of ours from the Stevenson campaign days, Mr. Herman Wouk, whose name is pronounced to rhyme with "oak," and who is the author of an 885-page novel, *The Winds of War* (Little, Brown). How, we wanted to know, did he stay so thin and write such fat books?

"I jog," he said. "I jog my nine-minute mile almost every day. The kids whiz by saying, 'Hang in there, Grandpa,' but they don't bother me, because I have Barkus with me."

Barkus? "My gigantic German shepherd," he said. "I am a great Dickens fan, you know. Barkus keeps me honest because he needs the work as much as I do. And he also keeps the kids reasonably respectful."

Mr. Wouk, who lives in Washington, had just come from a New York Book-and-Author luncheon—a rarity for him, since he avoids personal appearances, interviews, and talk shows. What, we asked, did he B-and-A about? Mr. Wouk took a deep breath. "I talked," he said, " a good deal about the anti-hero as the *de rigueur* central figure of contemporary literature. I traced him to the four great archetypes of turn-of-the-century fiction—Leopold Bloom, the narrator in *Remembrance of Things Past*, Joseph K. in Kafka's *The Trial*, and the anonymous narrator in Dostoevsky's *Notes from Underground*. All of these have in common the fact that they are acute observers but passive, impotent figures—caught in a disintegrating world that overwhelms them.

"My cardinal decision in writing my book," Mr. Wouk continued, "was that I had to swim upstream against the critical current." He paused again. "But," he smiled, "it's an exhilarating way to swim."

Did bad reviews, we asked, either worry or wound him? Mr. Wouk shook his head. "I remember what Dickens once told a young writer who was wounded by reviews. He told him, 'I haven't read a review in twenty years. And I'm unquestionably better for it.'

"I haven't read one in fifteen years," Mr. Wouk said quietly. "I tell my publishers not to send notices and I have no clipping service."

Mr. Wouk was born in New York, the son of immigrants from Minsk who met here. His father worked for $2 a week as a marker and sorter in a laundry—he ended up as president of the company. "We did the typical thing. East Bronx to West Bronx to Manhattan." At Columbia Mr. Wouk was an editor of *The Jester* and worked on two Varsity Shows, one of them with Arnold Auerbach. Afterward Mr. Auerbach, who had been hired by a gag man, also got Mr. Wouk a job. The pay was $15 a week. A year later Mr. Wouk heard that Fred Allen's main writer had gone to Hollywood. He took Mr. Allen a skit, and six months later, at $100 a week, he was working for, as he puts it, "the only comedian who had the literate audience.

"He was," Mr. Wouk told us earnestly, "a very funny, very wonderful, very religious, very modest person." During the war, in the Navy on a minesweeper, Mr. Wouk wrote his first novel, *Aurora Dawn*. Unfortunately, it was scheduled to be published on the same day as Frederic Wakeman's *The Hucksters* and even shared in fictional form the same nonfictional character, George Washington Hill, the late big bad mad ad man of the American Tobacco Company.

Mr. Wouk's book had to be postponed a year and was no great success. Nor was his second, *The City Boy*—about an eleven-year-old growing up in the Bronx and going to summer camp. Meanwhile, Mr. Wouk had gone back to radio, working for Henry Morgan, and was also "playing with plays." The first of these was *The Traitor*, an incredibly fast-moving and exciting drama, starring Lee Tracy and Walter Hampden and directed by Jed Harris. It couldn't miss—and opened with tremendous notices. "My wife and I went away from the theater," Mr. Wouk recalled, "already planning how we would spend the money. Monday I called Mr. Harris. 'It's a big hit,' Mr. Harris told me, 'but nobody's coming. There's a taxi strike on.'"

It was back to the drawing board, but this time—in the form of *The Caine Mutiny*—success came for good. Except for movies. "All of the movies of my books have been disasters," Mr. Wouk said. "Only with a play is the author important—except with Jed Harris. Then it was like a movie."

Mr. Wouk and his wife Sarah have two boys, a Princetonian and a Columbian. We asked him if they wanted to be writers. "Frankly," he said, "I think they are both gifted in that direction. But both of them say, 'Never in a million years.' And both give the same reason—that it's too much hard work."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1974)

GEORGE R. METCALF:
UP FROM WITHIN

Harriet Tubman was a product of agrarian slavery; Shirley Chisholm is an example of urban upheaval. But this difference serves only to emphasize the fact that the human spirit, like the sprouting seed, inevitably breaks through its encasement, given creative strength.

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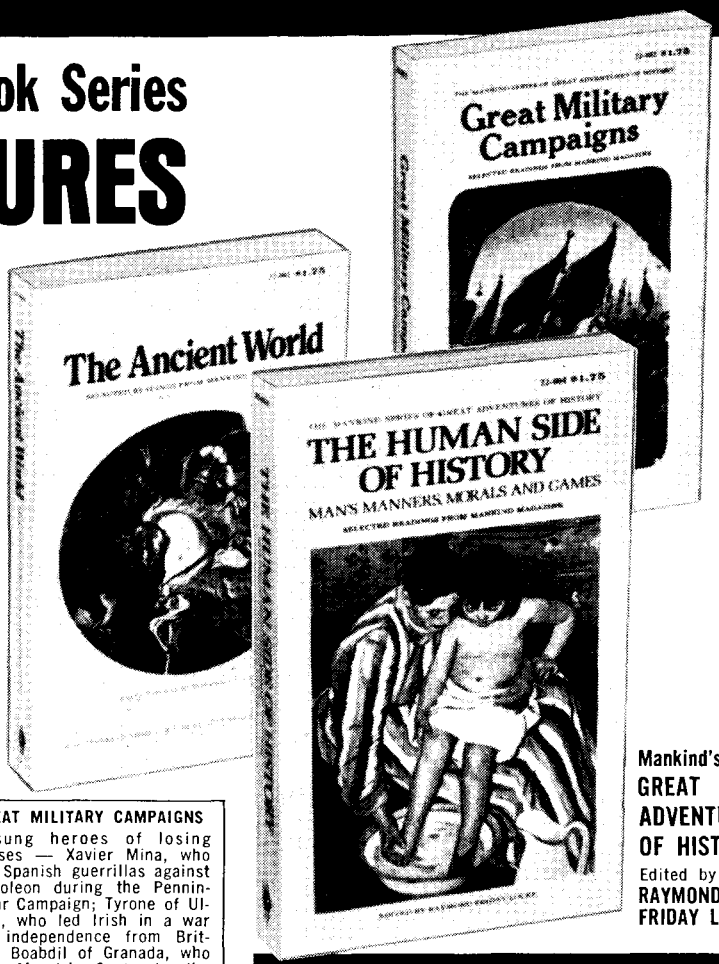

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Waikiki: Plastic Fantastic or Happy Hula Land?

Contrary to internationally circulated reports, Waikiki Beach has not crumbled under the stress of overbuilt high-rise hotels and toppled, San Andreas-like, off the edge of Oahu. In fact, the strip was breathing new life in the shining days of early January, and not a jackhammer could be heard on Kalakaua Avenue. Also of significance the comical, strutting myna birds were back on the lawn around the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, an area they vacated while the Gargantuan thirty-one-story Sheraton-Waikiki was climbing noisily next door.

Less than a year ago you had to lock out the soft night air so the clatter of construction wouldn't wake you at 7 in the morning. "You won't be seeing any more building for a few years at least," said a Honolulu newspaper editor who has followed the Waikiki saga closely. "Waikiki doesn't need any more hotel rooms, and besides I think the various powers around town have finally reached a consensus that something has to be done before Waikiki becomes a disaster area. There was a time when nobody really cared, but now even the Mayor seems to be getting into it."

Mayor Frank Fasi, generally charged with taking a tourist-be-damned attitude, has recently warmed up to a Waikiki improvement program put forth by a blue-chip planning committee. Among its aims are to turn Kalakaua into a pedestrian mall, to widen the skinny little beach and put in a promenade along the shore, to create a series of mini-parks, and to soften the angular tops of buildings with plants and other greenery.

Only a few of the more than 20,000 hotel rooms in Waikiki went empty during the Christmas and New Year's rush, but full occupancy probably won't occur again until the peak days of August. Waikiki simply built too many rooms in the boom of a few years ago, partly because everyone was hustling to complete hotels before a set of tougher building codes went into effect. General economic troubles have cut into the brisk year-round tourist flow, leaving some of the new hotels strangely empty. "Last February one hotel had zero occupancy for a week," said a tourist official. "If it hadn't been for the Japanese tourists, the whole industry might have collapsed in that period."

Hong Kong, Singapore, Bali, Guam, Hawaii—indeed almost every Pacific and Asian land is feeling the effect of Japan's rising standard of living and lowering tour rates. In late December more than 18,000 (some estimates went as high as 23,000) Japanese tourists thronged Hawaii, shuttling in and out on quickie four-day visits. There were mama-sans in full traditional dress, carrying parasols to ward off the omnipresent sun; young couples with children; groups of working girls; entire families of three generations. Most of them were able to travel because of the healthy year-end bonus paid to all Japanese workers and because of special $450 airline packages offered for the holidays.

Joe Fukuda, a Japanese-American in charge of international relations for Hawaii's Sheraton hotels, was perhaps the most harried man in Waikiki from December 27 to January 5, the time of Japan's national holiday exodus. "Everything over there but the railroads is closed around the first of the year," said Fukuda, ducking away from an early-morning staging operation in the lobby of the Sheraton-Waikiki. "They usually get two months' pay in December and, depending on company profits, another bonus in the spring."

Fukuda, glancing nervously toward the rising swell of tourists behind him, said the usual pattern is for groups of forty to leave Tokyo about 10 o'clock at night and, with help from trailing winter winds, to arrive six or seven hours later in Honolulu. "They get in at eight a.m. or a little later our time, but the trouble is the hotels are not ready for them yet. So we have to slow them down at the airport, maybe take them to a muumuu factory, then have a briefing with lunch at the hotel. They finally get to their rooms at one or one-thirty. As long as you let them know where they're going next and keep them herded into a group, you never hear any complaints. Of course they might go home and complain. That's the worst part; you never know if you're rubbing them wrong while they're here."

Certainly the influx of Japanese tourists has added a new dimension to the already many-sided and bizarre character of Waikiki. In the first days of 1972 the beach was so packed there hardly seemed room to squeeze in another body; you could scarcely wiggle a toe without brushing the prostrate form beside you. Yet a group of young Japanese men somehow elbowed aside enough space to stage an all-comers sumo wrestling championship each afternoon by the Surfrider Hotel. Two men at a time, perhaps acquaintances of only a few minutes, would draw a circle in the sand, then grapple furiously until the loser was on his back. Always they were up laughing at the end. Then the winner would take on the next comer. Coast haoles (visiting whites) watched bemusedly from the edge of the circle, preferring not to enter the informal bout, while the Waikiki perennials in the crowd must have wondered what new activities awaited them on this changing strip.

No matter how many new hotels and shops are added to Waikiki, no matter how the tourist mix changes from year to year, you can always go back to the beach and find the same sun-scorched bodies lying on the same patch of sand where you saw them last. They might have added a few wrinkles or put on some weight, but nothing else has changed. It does the heart good to find the veteran beachboys still operating at their old stands. Wendell was lolling in front of the Halekulani, Rabbit was manning the surfboard concession by the Royal, and there was plump, blond Chuckie preparing a group for an outrigger canoe ride, delivering his spiel in two languages! *"Hidari, migi, hidari,"* he told the Japanese paddlers aboard, meaning "left, right, left."

Another rare thing about Chuckie is that he is a haole in a business long dominated by native Hawaiians. It is almost as peculiar to find a Japanese-American beachboy, such as Captain Wata, Chuckie's boss. No boy anymore, the coconut-tough Wata has worked the beach since the mid-1940s. Though a sansei (third-generation Japanese), he didn't speak the language until Japanese tourists started showing up a few years ago. "I heard it [Japanese] in the home but didn't use it much," said Wata, turning on the pidgin. "If nisei [second generation], then I really speak it good." What other languages are in Wata's command? *"Parlo italiano,"* he cracked, moving across the sand to kibitz with some new Japanese tourist friends. "Three years in Italy," and he pointed an imaginary rifle into the blue Hawaiian sky.

Even after it is widened, Waikiki Beach will not take its place alongside the world's loveliest strands. Some first-time visitors are shocked to see such a narrow strip of sand separating beach-front hotels from water; in spots it is less than fifteen yards wide. Another surprise may come when you step into the ocean for the first time. Oh, the temperature is perfect, the water clear, but you may have to wade out more than a hundred yards to reach a reasonable swimming depth, and then you start running into surfboard traffic.

One of the blessings of the thin little beach is that it puts guests of the shore-front hotels that much closer to

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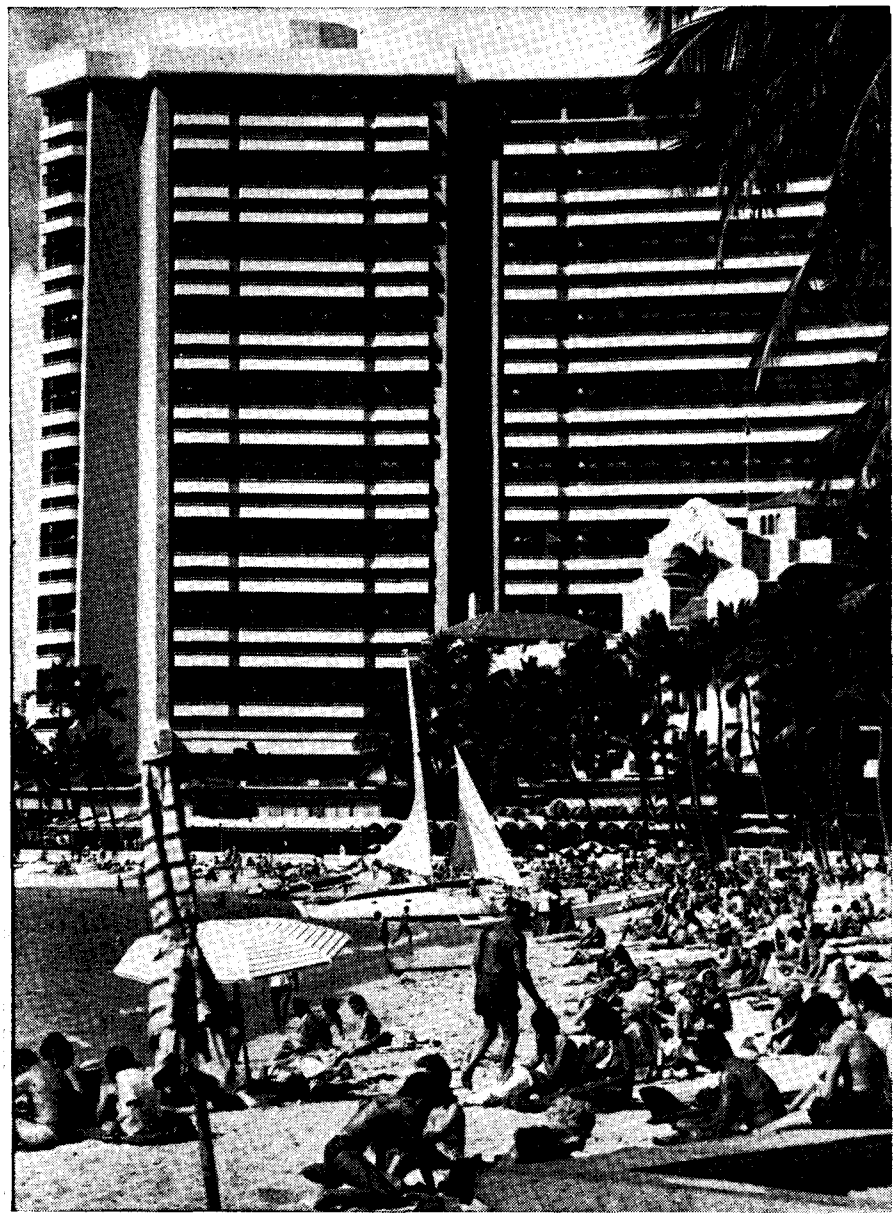
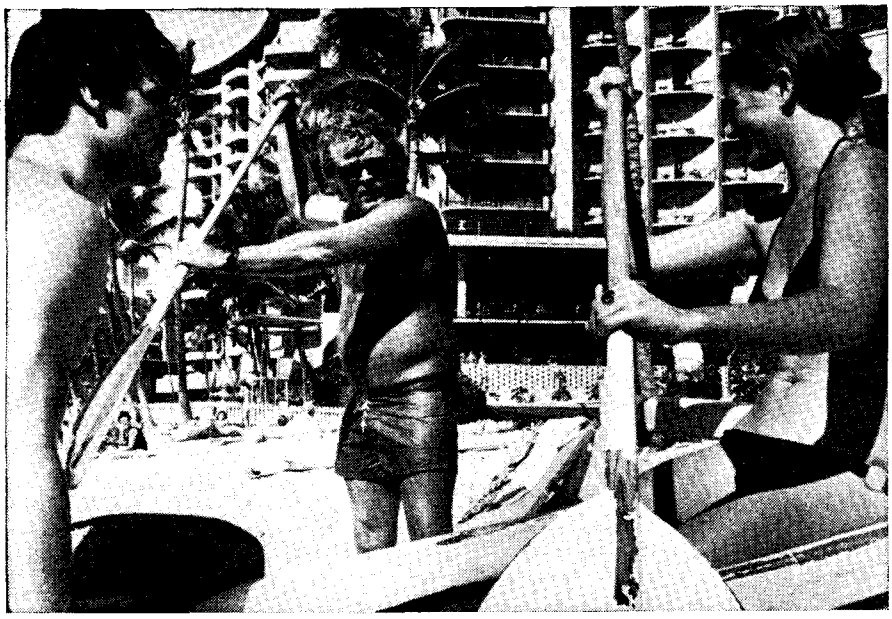


Gargantuan Sheraton-Waikiki hulks above the fabled—and skinny—shore.



Chuckie the beachboy has learned to give outrigger canoe lessons in Japanese.

the luminescent sea, and brings the crash or slap of the surf into their bedrooms. Everything about Hawaii seems vivid and close at hand. If you have a mountain view out the rear window, provided a high-rise isn't blocking the way, the soft green peaks may seem within arm's reach. If you have enough luck and money to get a lanai opening onto the beach, the time of day to sit and gaze is late afternoon when tourists have left the shore and retired to their showers, and a surprising peace comes over the beach. All the while the sun is dropping very quickly out across the water, turning the far sky to varying shades of pink, yellow, and gold. Hotel torches begin to flicker, and from the water come the last surfers with boards balanced on their heads, like fishermen home from the sea.

By night, Waikiki swings and throbs in scores of hotel nightclubs, tight little South-Seas-decorated bars, down-in-the-cellar hideaways, and up-in-the-sky revolving restaurants. By 12:30 or 1, the beach is deserted except for a few hand-in-hand honeymooners, Kalakaua Avenue has reverted to that strange local state called Polynesian Paralysis, and the International Marketplace—a mad hive of shops, restaurants, and bars—is emptying of the last strollers. Meanwhile a few blocks away on the tacky back side of Waikiki —home to cocktail waitresses, *mahus* (Hawaiian transvestites), surfing vagabonds and their bunnies, and other habitués—parties are just beginning to roll. This is the Waikiki Jungle, a place the tourist, now snug in his cinder-block room, will never dream of.

"Are you into what's happening in the Jungle?" an old acquaintance asked when we met on the beach one afternoon. He said drugs and sex were rampant. What else was new? "I really don't know the scene firsthand, but a friend of mine who lives down there says Waikiki is strictly rip-offs and heavy drugs," he said. "Lots of people are operating on this Plastic Fantastic trip." He went on to describe a new syndicate con game by which waitresses pilfer credit cards from drunken and vulnerable tourists and then circulate the cards to high-living Waikiki denizens who in turn go on spending sprees until the cards are reported stolen. It all sounded too much like *Hawaii Five-O* to be true, but he elaborated. "A lot of girls who come to Waikiki are lost and get sucked into the card manipulation trip. Some even go into hooking. When they rip off the cards and pass them on, the guy will take out a bunch of friends and maybe spend six hundred dollars in a sitting. I know. I've been the guest a few times.

"Of course nobody ever gets caught, because the managers and assistant managers in the restaurants are in

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cahoots. What they do is go back to their lists to see if the card is hot. If it is, they warn the guys not to use it. I'll tell you, the syndicate is behind just about every burglary and petty crime in Waikiki, and it controls the drug traffic too. Yes, the syndicate was good to everyone for Christmas. For a while there was a shutdown on grass, lids were going for thirty dollars, but all of a sudden a bunch of heroin parties popped up, and a good brand of grass appeared. One of the best is grown in the islands—Maui Wowie."

Such dealings seldom touch the happy haole tourists who seem to sail through their visits with astonishing good cheer. Even on the one cloudy day between Christmas and New Year's there were few long faces in Waikiki. Not even the considerable costs get them down. If you can afford to stay at the Royal Hawaiian—that fine pink casbah all but obscured now by towering hotels on either side—you won't blanch when the bill shows that local telephone calls are 25 cents apiece. In the past, the Hawaii Visitors Bureau has made surveys to learn what the tourists like and dislike about the islands; only a tiny percentage, claims the HVB, goes home discontented. You might question such figures, but the real proof is on the faces.

There was Rhonda, the girl next door, who would come to the edge of her lanai and simply gaze at the blue-green sea in wonderment. On a sudden whim she had flown over from Los Angeles with her mother and her mother's boy friend. "I don't see why people don't sit on the beach at night," she said. "It's so peaceful then."

There was the man next door, on the other side, who would appear only to fetch his and his wife's swimsuits from the railing. We met on his last appearance, just before he was to fly back to Milwaukee and winter. "It's horrible having to leave," he said wanly. "How will we ever readjust?"

There were the three old women in print dresses sitting on their suitcases in front of the Sheraton-Waikiki on a Sunday morning. Why the long faces? No room at the inn? No, they were going home to Seattle. What kind of time did they have? "Oh, we had a wonderful time," said one, and three faces brightened in unison.

And there was the young woman in the next seat on a nonstop American flight to New York. Her husband had stayed behind on business. "I loved Hawaii—it was so clean," she said. "No papers, no garbage. You know how New York is. At our hotel the porters wanted a tip—but they didn't *look* like they wanted a tip. In New York everyone has his hand out."

It made you want to cry, or reach for the Maui Wowie. □

Letters to the Editor

Yea and Nay

Re: Richard L. Tobin's editorial "While There's Still Time" [*SR*, Jan. 22]. I would have to disagree with Mr. Tobin's support of Senator Birch Bayh's amendment for direct election of the President. I feel that this proposal would encourage sectional candidates for the Presidency. By denying any one candidate from getting 40 per cent of the total vote, the sectional candidates would be in a position to bargain with the two runoff candidates, trading their support in the runoff for high-level positions or considerations.

I believe that the best system would be to give each candidate the same percentage of electoral vote as he gets in popular vote. This would discourage splinter candidates, while still improving the present system.

William Fragaszy,
Laurinburg, N. C.

I favor direct election of the President, But the Bayh amendment makes even less sense than the present monstrosity. It seems to be a short-range gimmick specifically designed to avert the George Wallace threat. What is the magic significance of 40 per cent? Why not 34 per cent or 42.95842765 per cent or any other equally arbitrary and irrelevant percentage? This crackpot scheme would open the door to all kinds of deals before the runoff at every election.

There is only one logical system: The candidate with the most votes gets the job.

John Maass,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Prediction Sleuth, Forsooth

Re: "The Prediction Game" by Peter Andrews [*SR*, Jan. 15]. In his article, Mr. Andrews refers to the predictions of the end of the world current in A.D. 999. Robin W. Winks in his *The Historian as Detective*, pp. 227-229, credits George L. Burr as helping to dispel that myth back in 1901 in an article in the *American Historical Review*. As given by Winks, Burr's argument is in four parts: 1) The end of the world had been predicted so often that only the ignorant would seriously believe a new rumor in 999, especially as the Church taught that no one could predict the date. 2) Roman numerals were used at that time, and no magic property was associated with the year M. 3) The Christian calendar was not generally used until after 1000, and it was even later before there was agreement as to whether the year began at Christmas, the Annunciation, Easter, March, September, or January. 4) The ordinary medieval man ran his life by the feast and fast days of the Church, not by the days of the month and the numbers of the years as we do.

Burr also found that the first written mention of such an alleged prediction was in a 1690 edition of a late-fifteenth-century chronicle. Burr felt it was rather difficult to believe that such an important prediction would not have been mentioned anywhere any sooner if such a prediction and widespread reaction to it had actually existed.

Mrs. Marianne Nagrant,
Livonia, Mich.

Mailbag Note

Please address comments about articles that have appeared in *Saturday Review* to "Letters to the Editor." Queries should be sent to "Reader Services." Manuscripts or poems submitted for publication should be sent to our "Contributions Department." The address for all of the above is 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

Ms. Dismissal

Reasonably sane and relatively unemotional reports on Women's Lib are not common, and I read Pamela Howard's "'Ms.' and the Journalism of Women's Lib" [*SR*, Jan. 8] with interest. As a discussion of new magazines, it is informative. Her dismissal, however, of the old ones in one sentence that has to do with popcorn balls and "once-a-month blues" is unfair as an evaluation of the service offered, needed, and used by many women over a period of years. Yet it isn't my purpose to defend these magazines. I'm defending my own individual rights.

Today I received a letter addressed to Ms. Alexander. It is not the first. I do *not* choose to be called Ms. It is meaningless and semantically a particularly ugly word —if it rates as a word. I have done a fair amount of published writing—enough to have a particular feeling for and appreciation of words. "Mr." is the abbreviation of a respectable word and perfectly acceptable, even without traditional acceptance. But why should a "liberation" movement force me to accept the title Ms. when I do not wish it? I don't like being the victim of other people's frustrations, especially under a pseudo-freedom banner.

It isn't altogether pseudo, of course. And it is too bad that what is constructively progressive and sound about the movement is being so diluted by irrational and just plain idiotic liberators.

(Miss or Mrs.) Mary Jean Alexander,
New York, N. Y.

Confessed Hero Worshiper

I should like to thank John Ciardi for his essay entitled "Of Ego" [MANNER OF SPEAKING, Jan. 22]. . . . May all who choose to waste their brains fluttering about over personal pronouns, etc., waste away happily. I, personally, shall continue to be enriched by my heroes, accepting their gifts in the spirit of friendship in which they are given. And of these whose lives are vessels of love, such as Artur Rubinstein and John Ciardi, I can only entreat, do not leave me soon, for I have ages yet to go.

Mrs. Margaret Schumacher,
Atlanta, Ga.

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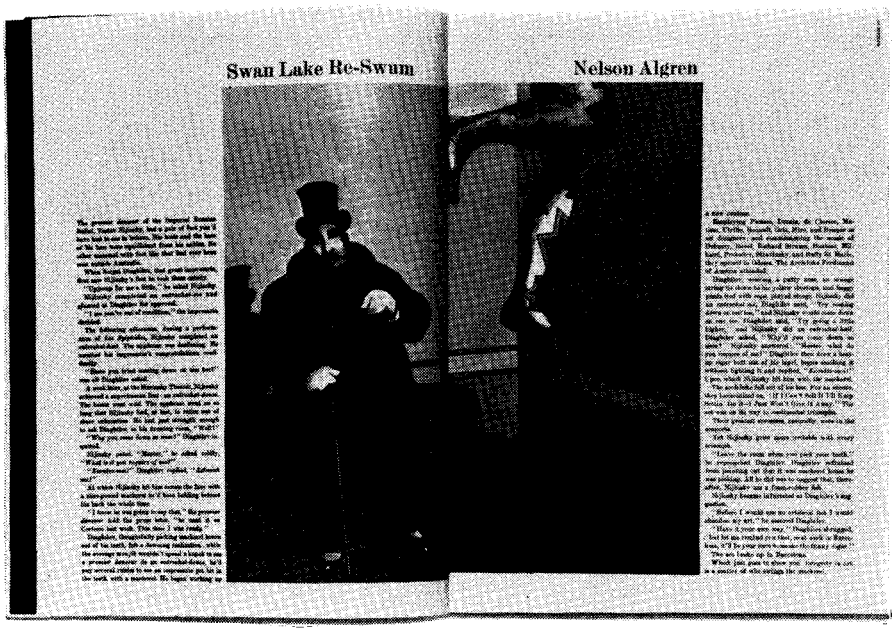

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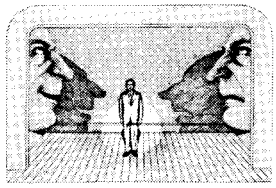

The reason Orson Welles hurled one telephone and four blazing sterno dishes at John Houseman.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Rhymes and Ditties For Middle-Size Cities

II—Buffalo

Oh give me a home
far from Buffalo: Nome,
or north of Toronto,
south of the Delta or west,
west of everything left,
west of Tonto, a rest
where they package the air
in thinner dillution, east?
east of pollution, east
of the busiest big-city
dizziness (Take a deep breath
and they call a priest) Smoke
though you've given up smoking,
down to your last huff,
choking, finally puff a low
moan, give me a home
far from Buffalo

Alan Van Dine

Greened-in Again

Another winter almost past and here I stand with my nose still pressed against an unfrosted windowpane, no igloos on my green horizon. I have wished on birthday candles, first stars, wishbones, and my Little Orphan Annie Magic Ring, but where oh where are my snowbound weeks?

Ever since my first glimpse of the other world, in a Currier and Ives picture book, I've known what deprivation is. ("What's that white stuff, Mama?" "Just cold sand, honey. They have a lot of it Up North." Up North meaning, of course, anyplace above Atlanta, because we lived forty miles *below* Atlanta, in Griffin.)

The Yankees had everything. Mountains of snow to play on, in, and with. Slippery sidewalks and trafficless streets. Skates, skis, sleds, and sleighs. Above all, weeks of happy hibernation: no school, no work, no electricity or telephone, no place to go, and nothing to do but read before a crackling fire or tell ghost stories or pop corn or drink steaming hot chocolate. Blowtorches to thaw the water pipes. Big flat shovels to pile the snow snugly against the house. Families together all the time. (In that beautiful setting, fathers wouldn't blubber the way ours did on a rained-in Saturday.)

I dreamed of it, prayed for it, demanded it. And it came. Part of it actually came. We awoke one crisp morning to a white-covered world. Very *thinly* covered, but white. My sister and I ran shrieking into the yard and sat down to play as in a giant sandbox. Moments later we leaped up, embarrassed and astounded. The stuff was *wet*!

"Dear Occupant. . . ."

That was a great day. By denuding all the neighbors' yards and shaking the pine trees, we made a snowman. He was two feet tall and somewhat of the Cassius type, but he wore a straw hat (our father's) at a rakish angle and smoked a fat cigar (also our father's; he had hidden his pipe). Nothing was left for snowballs, but Mother found a small drift we had missed and made ice cream for us. Heaven could offer no more.

Years later, after we moved south to Jacksonville, the radio flashed news of snow in St. Augustine. Suddenly the highway was jammed with people hurrying to see it. But while the fluff was still airborne, it melted—apparently from the heat of all those eager, upturned faces. One of them belonged to a man who as a twelve-year-old had found a snow-covered train, fresh from the North Pole, at a railroad siding here. He scooped up a wad of the slush and ran ten long blocks, half a mile, to show it to his mother. (Could such a soul mate be resistible? I married the man.) His mother received the offering from the lofty height of one who already *knew* what snow looked like. Jacksonville had had a minuscule blizzard on February 13, 1899, a memorable date because it was her fourteenth birthday. A repeat performance came in 1965 on her eightieth birthday. All her life she wore an aura of one for whom miracles happened.

Today New England is buried. Roads closed, schools and businesses closed, everyone cocooned in for an indefinite siege. News pictures show a man shoveling a path to the street, disinterring his car, and skittering off in search of firewood, candles, and, I'm sure, popcorn and books and other necessities. I sigh.

There's the first star. Maybe if I hold my breath and wish. . . .

Barbara Everett

At Random

The other day I opened my dictionary at random. I wasn't looking up the word "random," but it just happened to open there. If it hadn't, however, I would never have known about "randem," which is an adjective describing three horses harnessed to a vehicle, one behind another. This is one more than you usually have in a tandem. I hope soon to find occasion to use the word, though if I use it in speech it will be taken for a mispronunciation, and if I use it in writing it will be thought a misspelling. As I long ago discovered, not only a little learning but too much learning is a dangerous thing.

However, my discovery of "randem" led me to start flipping the dictionary open again and again, as if spinning the

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wheel at a gambling casino. It was not only pure chance but pure fun. I couldn't lose anything more than a little time, or perhaps a fingernail.

The first flip of the pages led me to "slubberdegullion." This is defined as a mean wretch, a base, slovenly boor. I have been saying it over and over, and find it rolls nicely off the tongue. Moreover, I shall probably find a use for it sooner than for "randem," since I am rarely around horses but know a slubberdegullion just down the street and another at a local restaurant. I plan to use the word the first time I am around either of them, but not too loudly, since both slubberdegullions are bigger than I am.

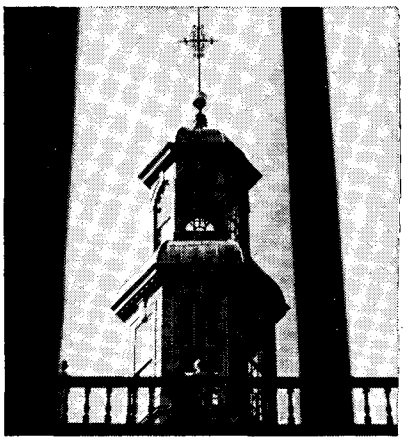
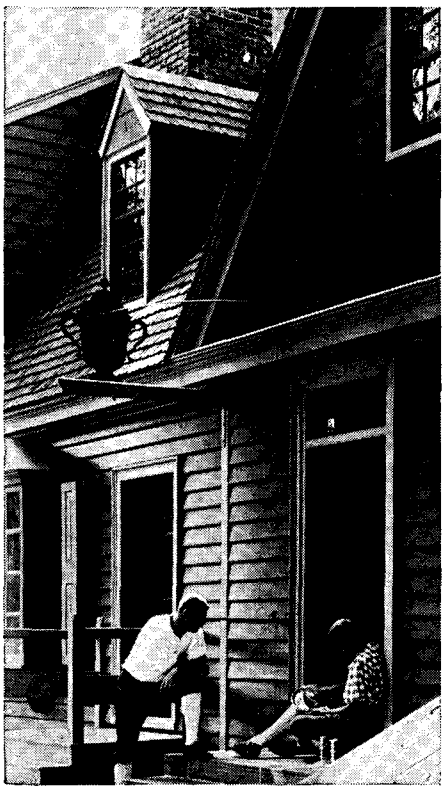
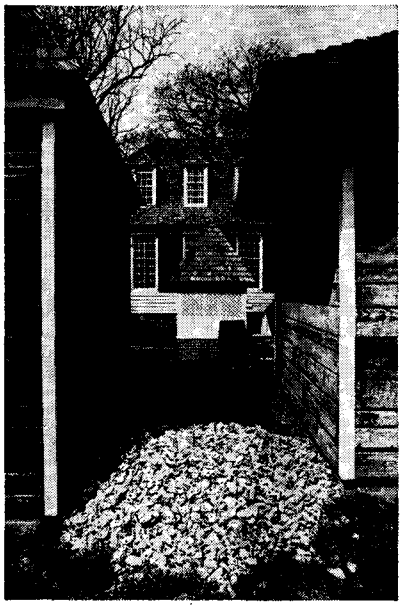
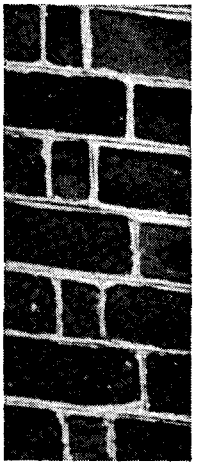
Another turn of the pages, this time toward the front, and I found a word that may, in this day of women's rights, be just what we need. The word is "alderwoman," which is defined as a woman who is an alderman. I had thought that a woman who is an alderman would be called an aldermaness; but an aldermaness, I find, is not a female alderman but the wife of an alderman. Awareness of this will spare me considerable embarrassment if I am ever in the presence of an alderman, the wife of an alderman, or an alderwoman. I shall also be careful to pronounce "alderwoman" so that it doesn't sound like "older woman."

Next I turned toward the back of the dictionary and hit pay dirt the very first time. It was the word "wedbed" that caught my eye. A wedbed is the same as a marriage bed and seems to me better because it not only saves a syllable but rhymes within itself, and very few words have this poetic quality. Delighted as I was with wedbed, I was even happier with the word immediately below it, "wedbedrip."

A wedbedrip, I supposed, would be a rip-roaring time on the wedding night. Actually a wedbedrip is an old legal term in England meaning "a covenant by which a tenant was bound to do bedrip for his lord." The tenant would rip a bed apart, I conjectured, just to please his sadistic master or to show his strength. Wrong again. Turning to the front of the dictionary once more, I found "bedrip" to be a day's reaping—in feudal times, a service due from a tenant at his lord's request. "Rip" is a dialect form of "reap."

My game or pastime of opening the dictionary at random promises many happy hours and precious rewards. Since my dictionary has 3,210 three-column pages, it should last me through many a long, hard winter. Moreover, if anyone calls me a slubberdegullion, I'll know what he means. But he may not know what I mean when I tell him he's let himself in for a week of bedrip.

Richard Armour

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Rotten Rivers

The Mystic River runs approximately seven miles from two primarily spring-fed lakes on the line between Arlington and Winchester into a back estuary of Boston Harbor. From the first winding of the continental clock to the early 1920s, alewives spawned in the river, their spring mating nisus shivering the water and calling the Indians to religious harvest. The alewife, a species of North American herring about the size of a good trout, blue-gray on top, shading to an almost white belly, with a dark-blue stripe from gill to tail, has left its name on a brook and a parkway in the Mystic River Valley. Today there are no other traces of it there.

The first settlers found some sort of Congregational Eden in the softly rolling land in whose folds the river ran fresh from its springs at low tide and brackish from the sea at the high, the daily shifting of the waters double flushing its bed and changing the tang of the air.

A little more than the lower four miles of the river was navigable, and Medford, Massachusetts, whose center lies at the upper reach of the brackish backflow, took thrifty advantage of its head-of-navigation by developing a rum distillery and shipbuilding yards. Medford became one of the apexes of the Triangle Trade: Medford rum in Medford ships by way stations to the Ivory Coast for slaves; the slaves, again by way stations, to Jamaica for cash and molasses; and the molasses back home to start a new firewater on its dirty triangle.

My own first clear memories of time began in Medford on South Street in a house across the street from an open riverbank belonging to the Metropolitan District Commission. There were strange ancient pilings driven into the river there. Two enormous barges, either of which could have served as the hull for Noah's ark, were moored there through most of my childhood. No one I ever met could tell me who owned them. They were simply there as something left from time. Then one day, while I was looking in another direction, they disappeared. It was like coming home to find a hill gone. They had been a piece of the landscape.

I nevertheless had had years of swinging aboard them to sit astraddle on the outer point to fish or only to watch the water and imagine the day of the shipbuilders' hammers and adzes.

The barges also served as diving platforms, for in those days rivers were for swimming. At regular intervals along the bank the MDC had placed twin concrete posts that held a ladder and a life preserver attached to a length of rope. The ladders were for pushing out onto the ice in case someone went through, for in those days, too, the river froze hard (as it has not done these last twenty-five years and more) and skaters could skim miles of it, while the young fry sledded down the banks and out onto the ice, the game being to slam the sled down in a running dive and see if it would make it clear across the ice at the great bend behind the Lawrence Light Guard Armory.

The MDC did not stock glasses at its lifesaving stations. It could have done so reasonably, for we not only swam in the river but drank from it at need—not that we would have used glasses. It was better to crouch and scoop the clear water in a cupped palm or in both cupped palms, Indian-style. Somehow there were ghosts of Indians everywhere along the bank.

World as it is, the rest is known. There is no river where the river was. There is a slime-crusted length of bad water that serves as an open sewer. For an interim it was possible to hook a few nasty-looking eels out of the seepage. I doubt that even an eel could stand that water now.

It was the alewives, firstborn of those waters, that first gave the river the stink of death it has never lost. One springtime up from instinct, they came up river as they had done from their first, tasted that fouled water, and turned up their pale bellies.

It was the end of the run. As if some force of things were reluctant to let them go, the dead fish clotted into stinking rafts to slide down with the ebb and back again on the flood, losing a little each day, and gone at last to a storm of gulls moving up river on some alert system of their own to scream over the last good from that rotten table.

I did not entirely realize then that what I saw and smelled there was the last long festering of the earth itself. I knew something was gone that could not come again, but in my mind it was like the passing of the Grand Army of the Republic Hall, whose sagging verandas leaned toward the river and whose weary sticks were dismantled at the time of the passing of the alewives to make way for a new brick savings bank.

Medford lies on the route of Paul Revere's ride, which it commemorates every 19th of April (Patriots' Day in Massachusetts) with a festival and parade. In my beginning, the parade had been headed by Union Army veterans, grizzled but still spry, and enough of them yet around to make a head-of-column to be followed by Spanish-American War veterans—about half a company of them—and then a long column of World War I veterans, still young men then.

Year by year the number of rockers on the GAR Hall veranda dwindled, the bootlegger called there less often, and the head-of-column grew smaller. Before I was old enough to keep accurate track of time, the GAR stopped marching and rode in the open flower cars provided by local undertakers. Then the last two rode in a single car. Then the last man leaned on his cane, white and bent, waving his hand here and there in a dry moth-flutter. Then he moved ahead to the hearse, to be followed in line by his last perch, stuffed with flowers again for the last procession.

I was a boy and unable to distinguish between two deaths. The men of the GAR died out of Lincoln's shadow. The alewife died out of the shadow of time itself, and how could I tell the size of one and the other? Boys are not prepared to imagine the death of time.

It imagines itself now. We no longer have a world in which rivers rot. We have one in which all rivers are rotten. I used to cherish Vermont summers partly because the brooks on Bread Loaf Mountain still ran sweet, cold, clear, murmurous, and drinkable. But the death—this one by mercury poisoning—has reached even there now, even to the upper rills.

It isn't entirely finished there yet. Time and some sort of wise and loving life-instinct I do not foresee in man-the-destroyer might yet save the upper waters. But sooner hope the wind to change when it has set itself to blow. Come, miracle, if you can, but it is the elegy that must be spoken, and hope, such as it is, that must be left to limp after.

Shall I think to be wise and loving in my time to leave my children the good of it? I have known first waters and my children have not. I leave them an anger I no longer can summon, having despaired even of that. Perhaps they will find the energy of their own anger. May it be anger enough to turn man's set to self-destruction. Better anger than a poisoned apathy. I wish them the good and hope of anger, for they have been defrauded, and their inheritance is all dirty ends.

Here, son, is the stinking cup. Drink it and live if you can. But make no peace with it. Do not go gentle into that foul night. □

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Homosex: LIVING THE LIFE

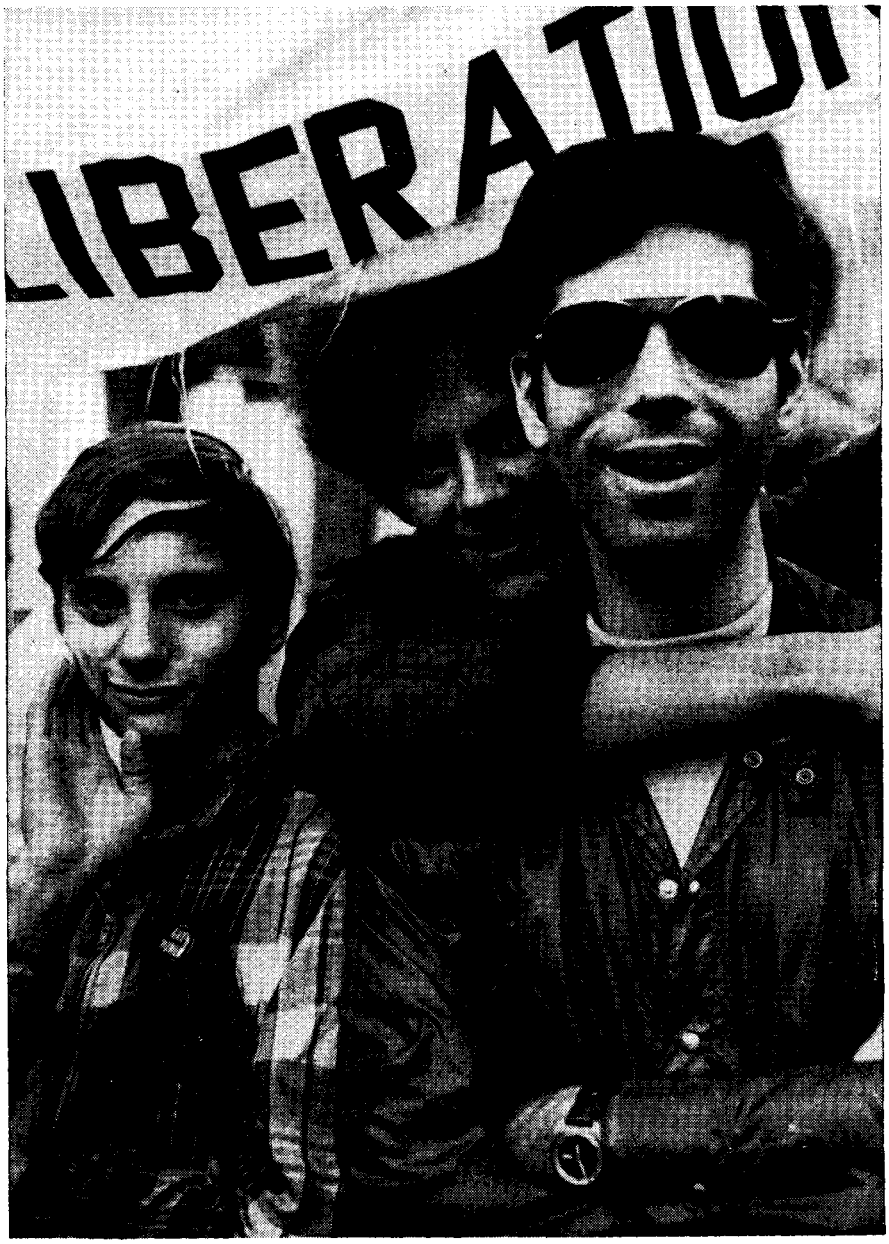
BY FAUBION BOWERS

"The questions who? what? why? bafflingly persist."

The universe of homosexuality is so extraordinary that to know all its birds with their widely different plumage is to unknow it. Simultaneously shut and unshuttered, homosex exists in an overwhelming array of constellations and configurations. It defies logic, the way reason capitulates before love. The general public's recent awakening to the reality of homosexuality has, regrettably, not brought anything approaching ironclad understanding or sledge hammer conclusions. The questions who? what? why? bafflingly persist. After Brobdingnagian exploration of the subject, many imponderables still stand, and the pleasures, contradictions, and tortures experienced by homosexuals themselves remain a confused mixture of valentines and hate mail.

In June 1969, the New York City police raided the Stonewall Inn, a landmark homosexual bar in Greenwich Village, which has probably the world's largest "gay" ghetto. The police charged the bar with "after hours' liquor violations." This bust was at once gratuitous and hypocritical, for it is generally acknowledged that homosexual bars, steam baths, restaurants, and moviehouses everywhere in this country pay "gayola" to crime syndicates and to law enforcement agencies. And in any case, such hassles are like pressing down on quicksilver —squeeze here and the liquid metal merely squirts outward and forms a number of widely scattered droplets.

However, for the first time in homosex's timid, browbeaten history, its adherents—"many of them young and radical, many transvestites and street people with little to lose," as Arthur



Out of the closet: liberationists during 1971's Gay Pride Week in New York City.

Faubion Bowers is an author, critic, and lecturer. His most recent book is *Scriabin*, a biography of the Russian composer.

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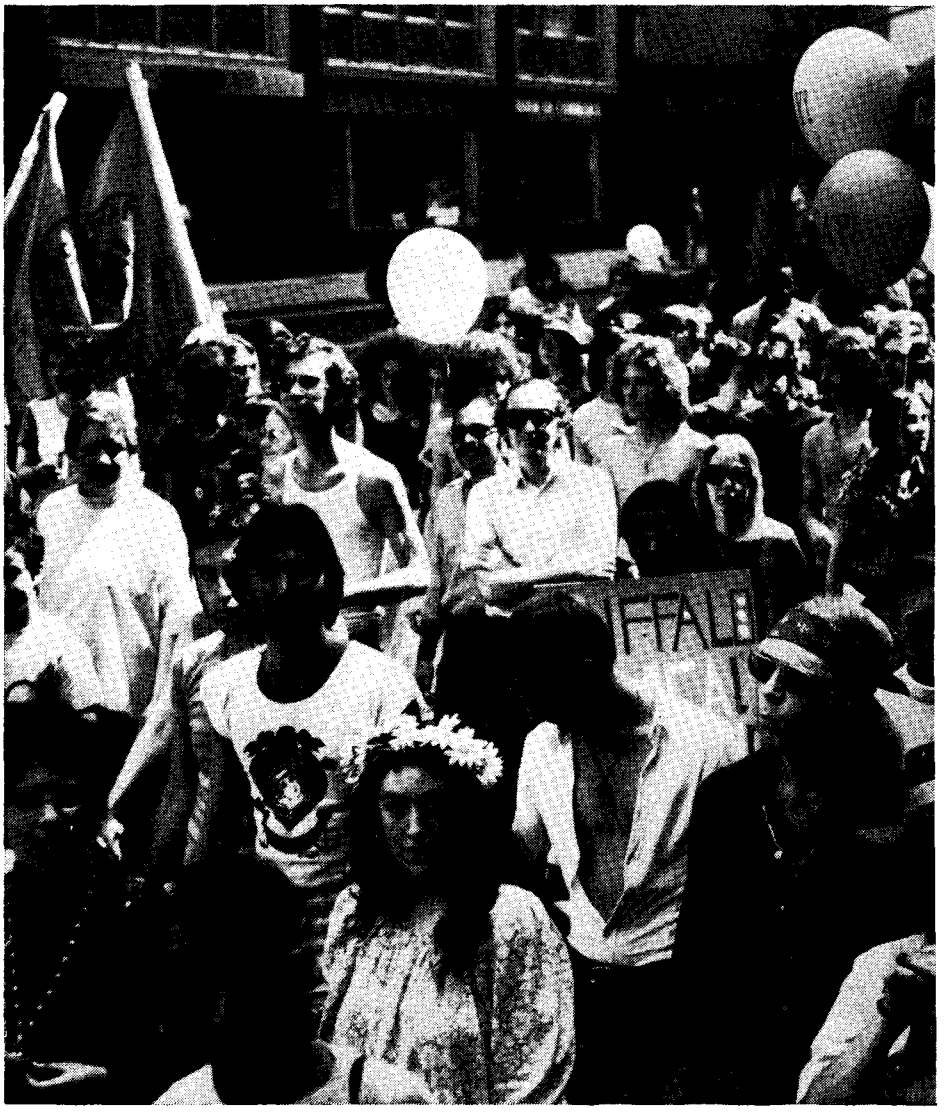
"Diehards are still calling the subject 'bestial carnality.'"

Bell sketched the scene in *Dancing the Gay Lib Blues*, plus numerous older, conservative, Brooks Brothers types with much at stake—literally lost their cool and their obsequiousness with it and fought back. The police had to call in reinforcements since some of them, as it happened, wound up being locked inside the bar while their opponents outside jeered.

Newspaper reports of the dustup slightingly referred to "the forces of faggotry," which inflamed gays even further. As a result of the affair, Gay Pride Week has become institutionalized as an annual event. Mushy-spongy, namby-pamby homosexuality ended, and homosexuals haven't stopped flailing and fisticuffing ever since. Physical victory somehow mobilized their long pent-up rage. Emboldened by this success, activists and militants and radicals have continued to hold harassing "sip-ins" at bars that refuse to serve avowed homosexuals and have ripped down signs in public places reading IF YOU'RE GAY, STAY AWAY. They have also made it a practice to "trash" (wreck) restaurants, publishing houses, and other businesses that discriminate against the third world of sex; "dump on" (heckle) religious leaders, such as Billy Graham, who don't like them; and "zap" (confront) politicians until they express themselves one way or the other on equal housing and employment rights for homosexuals.

All this flurry and scurry over homosexuality is more than an outbreak of corruption or a spectacle of vice. It is, rather, a journey from the implicit to the explicit, from the specific to the general, from the heart to the soul. As everyone knows, it is possible to draw a monumental truth from a single occurrence, just as the personal recollection reveals more to a historian than the document does. Last June's much-publicized "Gay-In" gathering in Manhattan's Central Park, with smaller assemblages in other cities, had nationwide reverberations. As thousands of marchers paraded placards and chanted slogans—"Better Blatant than Latent," "An Army of Lovers Cannot Lose," pre-empting Plato's defense of love between Spartan soldiers—some "straight" bystanders urged, "Why don't you try women first?" "We have," answered many of the demonstrators.

If the Gay-In accomplished nothing else, it let straights know that the American male homosexual is in large numbers. Depending upon whose estimate you accept and the calculation of how many homoerotic experiences constitute homosexuality, just how large remains shadowy. For example, *The Sex Book* and *Playboy* magazine put the figure of those so impelled at 37 per cent of U.S. men, or roughly more than a third of their gender. This estimate is based on Kinsey's famous "at least with homosexual inclinations" in his now twenty-four-year-old *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, which took "approximately equal samples from equal segments of the population." The incidence was pointed out to be the same as for the common cold, a comparison that infuriated Kinsey because it implied "indisposition." But such an estimate only records homosexualism without defining homosexuality.



Manhattan's first Gay Liberation Parade last June was mirrored in other major American cities—"As thousands of marchers paraded, some bystanders urged, 'Why don't you try women first?' 'We have,' answered many of the demonstrators."

Today's homosexual can be open ("come out") or covert ("closet"), practicing or inhibited, voluntary or compulsive, conscious or unaware, active or passive, manly ("stud") or womanly ("fem"). The difference between unconscious willingness and conscious unwillingness has thinned. Now the homosexual's variations are seen as such that he may act homosexually and not *be* homosexual, or be gay only off and on. He may be your next-door neighbor, the son or the father of a household, divorced, or a bachelor. He may wear a hard hat or a golfing cap. Conceivably, he is the boss who gives orders or the employee who takes them, the man who goes to parties and drinks too much and either babbles overflowingly or clams up and pouts in a corner. He might or might not belong to Alcoholics Anonymous or periodically lie on an analyst's couch. What he is *not* comes more quickly to mind these days: He is not a capon, a mental

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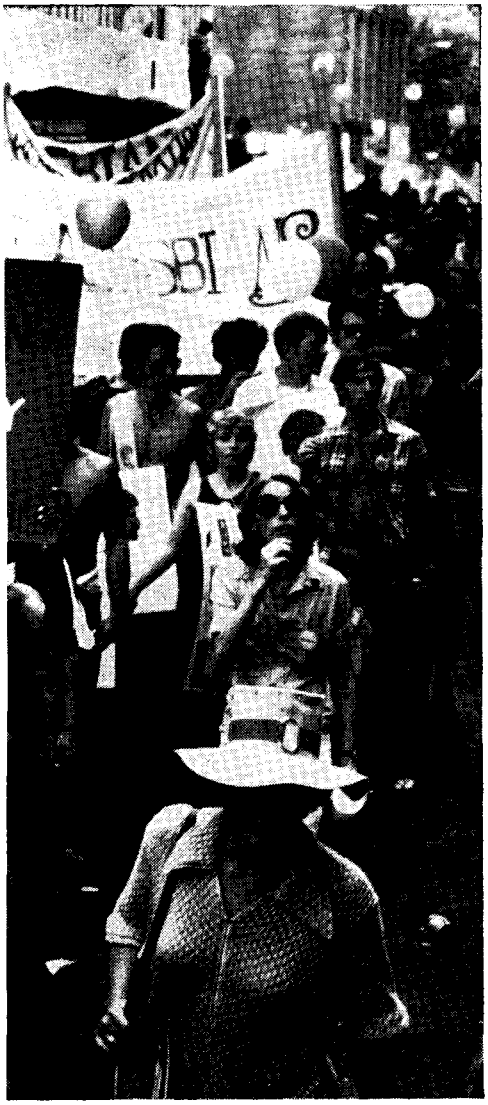

eunuch, an altered, failed, or lapsed man. Now, in his newfound self-recognition, he is not even hetero-imitative. He is simply turned on sexually by men.

Recently dozens of books and movies have entered the maze. As far back as Stonewall, a children's book appeared with a homosexual thread, *I'll Get There It'd Better Be Worth the Trip* by John Donovan. Within the past year, Dr. Lawrence Hatterer has omitted the usual bull-horn rhetoric that urges homosexuals to get out of the gay life; for those who don't want to shift gears, he proffers guidance on how to become "untroubled."

In another book, three former homosexuals, now happily married (to women) and fathers, have compiled a nonmedical, nonpsychiatric method of escaping what they call, with appalling circumspection, "the H Persuasion." Dr. Paul Rosenfels has recently pinpointed homosexuality as "essential to the creative process." England's Dr. Eustace Chesser deals sympathetically with the subject in *The Human Aspects of Sexual Deviation* (jovially retitled for America *Strange Loves*), while the estimable psychiatrist Dr. Judd Marmor advances his scholarly paraphernalia by noting how what was once called "perversion" has become "deviance," and soon this alternate way of sexual gratification will merely be dubbed "variant." Meanwhile, the now expiring diehards are still calling the subject "bestial carnality." Works on homosexuality often remind me of a crowded canoe with everyone paddling in a different direction.

Needless to say, hardly a movie this past year has eschewed a look, touch, hug, or kiss between men. *Zachariah* was a homosexual Western; Ryan O'Neal has been twitted for playing an "Ali MacGraw role" with William Holden. John Schlesinger's *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* did on film what Puccini's *verismo* did in opera. Jack Nicholson's *Drive, He Said* proclaimed that "some critics can't tell sodomy from a hole in the ground." Luchino Visconti's *Death in Venice* exposed Thomas Mann's personal excursus into homosexuality, as now revealed in Mann's published letters, which Visconti, however, duplicitously disguised as Gustav Mahler's hangup (or so the music implies). After a long series of films in which unimpeachably heterosexual actors—Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Martin Balsam, and Rod Steiger, *inter alios*—parodied homosexuals, James Taylor's *Two-Lane Blacktop* included a scene where a homosexual pass was actually made, like it is, and rejected, like it sometimes is. *Loot*, in contrast, showed one accepted—with no fuss. Television, too, has had its go at portraying homosexuality as sober fact. Last year the most discussed of several network talk programs, the *David Susskind Show*, pitted "curees" against inveterates before thirty-two million viewers. Result? A draw.

This awareness of the existence of homosexuality without its cryptic coloration has affected and is changing every department of life in America. Books, movies, and television are, after all, reflective bodies, like moons, with little light of their own. The mainstream channels run deeper, and it is there that myths and preconceptions are exploding all over, like strings of popping firecrackers—and just as erratically. Take the church. One day the Pope deplores "permissive morality . . . the world's river of sexuality." The next day he authorizes for the first time proper burial rights for "sodomites." Thus, for many, Leviticus has lost its underpinnings: "Thou shalt not lie with mankind, as with womankind: It is an abomination . . . for all these abominations have the men of the land done."

Meanwhile, Jesus, according to the Gospel of Thomas (discovered in 1948), is being indiscriminately quoted: "When you make the male and the female into a single one, so that the male will not be male and the female not be female, then shall you enter the Kingdom." And the Reverend Troy Perry of the Metropolitan Community Church in Los Angeles, the founder of a gay church that has initiated a host of imitators, raps to anti-gays about Jesus: "Now, there's a weirdy for you. If he had lived in this day and age, the way you people label individuals, you would have labeled him a homosexual right off the bat. I don't believe Jesus was a homosexual. But I know you people. Here was a guy who was raised by a mother with no father—typical homosexual syndrome—never married, and ran around with twelve guys all the time. Not only that, he wasn't above having bodily contact with another man: John the Beloved lay on the breast of Jesus at the Last Supper. Not only that, but a guy betrayed him with a kiss!"

W. Dwight Oberholtzer of the San Francisco Council of Churches, following the lead of the Lutheran and Unitarian churches, has stated that "a Christian ethic should be concerned with God's will and with how this God appears to the homosexual who must live with his imperatives. Homosexuals as a group are no more moral or immoral, religious or nonreligious, selfish or unselfish, sensitive or insensitive, sexy or unsexy, loving or unloving than heterosexuals as a group."

Or take the law courts. After much battling, a few U.S. judges have recognized societies and clubs for homosexuals, and they have required reinstatement of homosexuals in jobs from which they had been fired. A federal U.S. Court of Appeals judge in Washington, D.C., last year ruled that a homosexual, unless the government shows him to be "unstable and vulnerable," cannot be declared a "security risk." Although legislators grind out fairer laws even more slowly than judges administer archaic ones, more and more judicial bodies are beginning to feel that homosex, this "crime without victims," this "love that dares not

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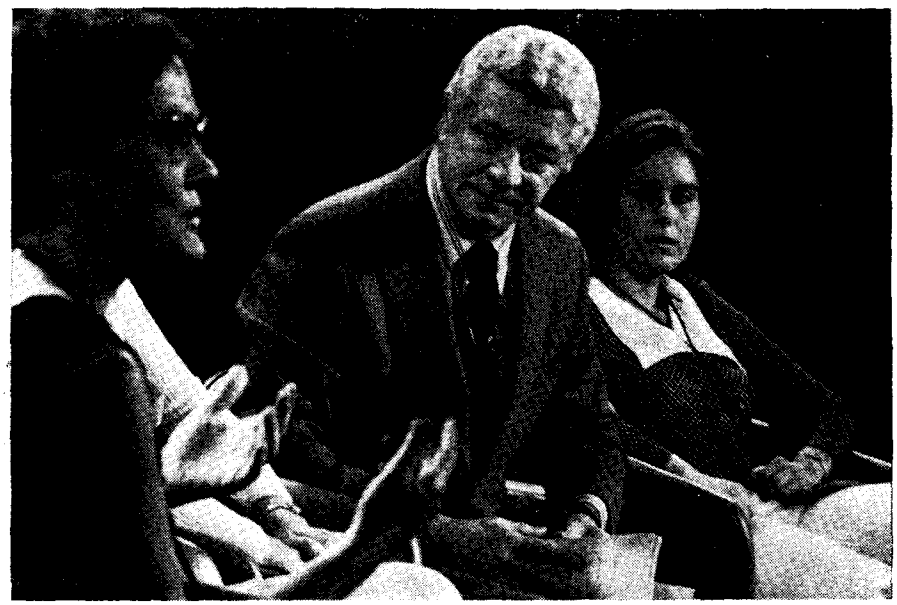
speak its name," is criminal only because statutes make it so. A decade ago the respected American Law Institute proposed legalizing homosexuality. Over the years, phobic laws have gradually been eased in some states—Illinois, Connecticut, Colorado, and Idaho. Hawaii is soon to follow suit. California has approved employment of homosexuals as schoolteachers if they are good teachers. It is almost as if Americans are trying to catch up with Europeans. For instance, France has functioned for close to two centuries under the Napoleonic Code, which does not penalize homosexuality per se. English law on the subject today is even more lenient. Germany, in 1969, celebrated the abolition of antisodomy laws with dancing in the streets, fireworks, and free beer for the over-twenty-ones. In Denmark, homosexuals may now legally adopt children. And in the Netherlands, the lowering of the legal age from eighteen to sixteen for consensual (the word should be spelled "consentual") acts between homosexuals is up for vote.

In the United States, a few old bugbears have been shooed from both sides of the dock. I saw an instance of this firsthand when I was recently called up for jury duty. During the *voir dire* session, one man wearing his hair in a ponytail answered the question "Occupation?" with a fervid "Gay liberationist!" The lawyer explained the case, which involved a car-rental accident, and the prospective juror interrupted. "Sir, I could not serve without bias. That company doesn't hire homosexuals." He was disqualified, but the next set of lawyers accepted him for a case where such considerations were not relevant.

Shortly after the Stonewall Inn riot, New York Congresswoman Bella Abzug thumped her way to election, due not so much to the cachet of having Barbra Streisand and other celebrities stump for her as to the fact that her constituency included a large, politicized gay minority. Her platform called for an end to discrimination based on sexual orientation and for fairer taxes for unmarried men and women. Despite six zaps, New York's Mayor Lindsay has consistently refused to meet with any homosexual delegation. However, last May he did declare: "Antihomosexual policies are arbitrary victimization."

In Washington, D.C., Frank Kameny of the Mattachine Society recently ran for a seat in the House of Representatives on a ticket of "No taxation without homosexual representation." He came in fourth among six contenders—not much, but enough to alert other politicians who had not believed that an avowed homosexual could even get enough signatures to win a place on the ballot. Elsewhere, the University of Minnesota student body last year elected Jack Baker, a twenty-eight-year-old law student, to its presidency. He drew the largest turnout of voters ever known on that 43,000-student campus, despite his bluntly having applied for a license to marry his male lover. (The court balked at the marriage, but the county juvenile judge allowed Baker to be adopted by his roommate and to legally take his roommate's name.) Clearly, homosexuality has election clout. The repressing of homosex over the years has been like trying to bend steel. We have worn ourselves out. We see it as a jungle of irrational laws and hypocritical prosecutions. Principle? Or prejudice? After all, the meanings of these words depend on who uses them.



On several occasions, David Susskind's TV talk show has focused on the subject of homosexuality—male and female. Above, the ladies openly and sincerely discuss lesbianism before a nationwide audience of thirty-two million viewers.

Nowhere is there keener reconsideration of homosexual taboos than in the medical arena. Thinking within the past year has twisted and turned with the anfractuosity of a dammed-up river. Never mind that fifty years ago Freud wrote: "Homosexuality is nothing to be ashamed of; no vice, no degradation, it cannot be classified as an illness." Or that Wilhelm Reich, now as much in as Freud is out, said in 1945: "Whether it is considered congenital or acquired, homosexuality is an activity that does nobody any harm. It is not a social crime." And he let fly at what he called "ascetic ideologies and medieval prejudices." Or that Kinsey avowed that "biologically there is no [sexual] outlet which I will admit as abnormal." But these statements were all flat conclusions, even evasions, rather than attempts at interpretation.

Intellectual gyrations have spun homosexuality to a point where it is no longer a puzzle to be solved, but more a mystery to be lived with or, for an ever increasing number, just simply lived. In one rare agreement among themselves, psychiatrists now state that they treat their homosexual patients with the same techniques used for their heterosexual ones. Dr. Marcel Saghir of the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, Missouri, says, "Neurotic illness is not significantly different between homosexual and heterosexual men, provided they are of similar age and socioeconomic status." Sociologists William Simon and John Gagnon of the Institute for Sex Research (of Kinsey fame) at Bloomington, Indiana, write: "One cannot explain homosexuality in one way and leave heterosexuality as a large residual category labeled 'all other.' The problem of finding out how people become homosexual requires an adequate theory of how they become heterosexual." The majority of homosexuals, according to Messrs. Simon and Gagnon, meet accepted standards of mental health. Glide Urban Center is an adjunct of the National Sex and Drugs Forums in San Francisco; its board of advisers includes Dr. Albert

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Ellis and Dr. Harry Benjamin. One of the center's pamphlets asserts, platitudinously, that "homosexuals, like heterosexuals, should be treated as individual human beings, not as a special group."

Dr. John Money, the eminent Johns Hopkins University psychiatrist, sums up the welter of hypotheses and "puzzling semantic technicalities" with: "Whatever the degree of an individual's homosexual commitment, the behavior concerned may be in some degree environmental, learned, and sociological. . . . Likewise with the transitory, facultative, optional, and induced homosexual." This position is a monument to the art of saying all things to all men, especially when he adds a footnote: "Exactly the same statements may be made of the heterosexual." In other words, we don't know. All of which underscores what a friend of mine once said: "Homosexuals are just like everybody else—only more so."

In the dimness of present-day enlightenment, it is impossible to arrive at definitions or etiologies. Explanations and theories flourish like the situations and manifestations themselves, each with documented samples, selected surveys, case histories. One, for example, develops the hypothesis that homosexuality is an acting out, an enactment, of the vocabulary ingrained in us from childhood. Epithets, such as "Who's on top?" "Screw you," and "Up yours," become actual and literalized to the homosexual, instances of the word wagging the head; indeed, one scientific paper is titled "What the Tongue Tells the Brain." Another has it that homosexuality does not exist, that all is "pseudohomosexuality." Still another propounds that homosexuals need reassurance of their own masculinity and demand the presence of another male organ for ratification as much as for gratification. Yet other doctors propose that the physical basis of homosex stems from a "first," or primal, pleasurable, satisfactory "touch response." But as far as we have got is where that covey of blind men was in describing the elephant.

There are, however, some miscellaneous, more or less established data. The theory that homosexuals are born, not made, has become vaporous. Male homosexuals have, science now proves, the normal X and Y chromosome count —those Barr bodies that define men as men, not women; their gonads are fertile and their hormones healthy. After thirty years of testing blood and taking urine samples from homosexuals, researchers have discovered nothing one way or the other, despite sporadic newspaper ripples about hormonal levels or sperm counts involving samplings of twenty homosexuals here, thirty homosexuals there. These samplings are based on "chemical hypotheses," which placate man's compulsion for freedom from responsibility, exonerate him from control over impulse, and place homosex's provenance as physical, rather than as mental. Research simply fails to support any single picture previously drawn of these "boys of summer in their ruin." Nor is homosex contagious, regardless of the length of contact and exposure to it. It is safe to say, gingerly, that an individual is homosexual or heterosexual by the age of two or three—about the same time as one develops language ability—and it has taken a battery of affects to imprint him or her. Further, that homosexuality relates somehow to imperiled father-son or mother-daughter relationships. And it would appear as though the burden on American men to be Steve McQueens has resulted for many in a collapse of the very goal. Hence, the self-multiplying minority.

Investigation has discounted the once accepted notion that homosexuals were the offspring of close, binding, intimate mothers and weak, absent, or dead fathers. Among others, Dr. Ray Evans, a psychiatrist at the Loma Linda University School of Medicine in California, reporting the results of a National Institutes of Health study, found that "only a little more than a quarter of [the] homosexual sample had such a parental combination," as well as that "11 per cent of [the] control patients also had such parents [yet] did not become homosexual." In brief, parents are off the hook, but without quite getting the brass ring.

One explanation for these many psychological *volte-faces* is that psychiatrists usually deal with disturbed homosexuals rather than with stable ones. Physiologically, life must be studied from a dissected cadaver, but the emotions are another matter—a lesson Anna Freud learned when she treated a man for an obsessional neurosis and found she had disposed of his homosexuality but had left the sickness.

As Dennis Altman in his *Homosexual Oppression and Liberation* points out, "The wonder is not how many homo-

A SELECTED LIST OF BOOKS ON HOMOSEXUALITY PUBLISHED WITHIN THE PAST YEAR

FICTION

Boychick
by Leo Skir (Winter House)

Maurice
by E. M. Forster (Norton)

Something You Do in the Dark
by Daniel Curzon (Putnam)

The Wrong People
by Robin Maugham (McGraw-Hill)

NONFICTION

Changing Homosexuality in the Male
by Dr. Lawrence Hatterer (McGraw-Hill)

Dancing the Gay Lib Blues
by Arthur Bell (Simon & Schuster)

The Gay Insider
by John Francis Hunter (Olympia Press)

The Gay Militants
by Donn Teal (Stein & Day)

The Gay Mystique: The Myth and Reality of Male Homosexuality
by Peter Fisher (Stein & Day)

Homosexuality
by Dr. Paul Rosenfels (Libra)

Homosexual Liberation
by John Murphy (Praeger)

Homosexual Oppression and Liberation
by Dennis Altman (Outerbridge & Dienstfrey)

Homosexuals and the Military
by Colin J. Williams and Martin S. Weinberg (Harper & Row)

The H Persuasion
edited by Sheldon Kranz (Definition Press)

Is Gay Good?
edited by W. Dwight Oberholtzer (Westminster Press)

Making Sexuality Human
by W. Norman Pittenger (Pilgrim Press)

The New Sexual Revolution
edited by Lester A. Kirkendall and Robert N. Whitehurst (Donald W. Brown, distributed by Scribner's)

On Being Different
by Merle Miller (Random House)

Screening the Sexes: Homosexuality in the Movies
by Parker Tyler (Holt, Rinehart & Winston)

The Sex Book
by Drs. Martin Goldstein and Erwin J. Haeberle, photography by Will McBride (Herder and Herder)

Sexuality and Homosexuality
by Arno Karlen (Norton)

Society and the Healthy Homosexual
by Dr. George Weinberg (St. Martin's Press)

Strange Loves
by Eustace Chesser (Morrow)

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"The charter for antihomosexuality has run out of time."

sexuals are neurotic but how many manage to develop happy and productive lives in the face of their repudiation of social norms." As Kinsey estimated, without "social factors" many people would merely carry on both heterosexual and homosexual activities "coincidentally." There are, nowadays, increasing exchanges between the medical profession and the nonpatient —what Larry Littlejohn of San Francisco's homophile Society for Individual Rights (SIR) calls "impatient"— homosexuals. These exchanges are not always pleasant occasions, and I was present at the first official one. Last May, at the 124th annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association, a representation of happy homosexuals —leaders in their field of propaganda— addressed an audience of not-so-happy psychoanalysts and therapists. In the large Ambassador Room of the Shoreham Hotel in Washington, the panel savaged the doctors for making money off homosexuality, for rehabilitating homosexuals as heterosexuals, for not defending the homosexual against society, and for not ridding him of his grievances—for, in short, their (the doctors') very existence. The meeting soon reached a racing boil. Finally, Dr. Fred Coons, a psychiatrist from the Institute for Sex Research, claimed the floor, called the event "an overt display of masochism" on the part of his colleagues, and attacked *them* for sitting through the "unjustifiable harangue . . . gross generalities . . . and demagoguery." The panel perdured in its sand-bagging condemnations. The wrecker's ball stopped bouncing only when Dr. Coons, astonishingly, stated he had just successfully treated two cases of impotence between homosexuals.

I am always distressed when gays excoriate psychiatrists, making overcompensatory counterremarks and statements with more feeling than truth and overlooking the good in order to exploit a believed evil. The homosexual, and not just homosensual, people I know who have been driven by misery into treatment benefit. Some gays sometimes ignore, it seems to me, the fact that psychiatry has grown up, just as the gays themselves have. Those who go to psychiatrists *go* to them; psychiatrists don't seek them out. Any decent doctor attends first to his patient's well-being, regardless of the patient's involvement in the homosexual whirl. The right not to be homosexual is as inalienable, I should think, as the right to be. And there *are* homosexuals in the countermilieu for whom the door from the outside is marked "Entrance" and from the inside "Exit." Homosexuality, after all, is really in the head of the person. And anything resident there cannot be measured, polled, computerized, or tested, except by honest asking and honest answers.

"In what other world can a man get inside another man's mind the way we do?" a homosexual friend of mine once asked me as if he needed to justify his way of life. Certainly, I have found that a friendship with a homosexual is deep, sensitive, and has little ice-skating and water-skittering about it, even at a nonphysical level. But a similar relationship with a heterosexual man, while perhaps more superficial and lighter emotionally, is shorter of pratfalls and trapdoors, those sudden crevasses that open up unexpectedly and swallow me in misunderstandings.

There are, indeed, terribly sad aspects of homosexuality, and to suggest otherwise is deceitful. For instance, three homosexuals committed suicide during Gay Pride Week in New York City in 1971. The gay liberationists cry, "Change society!" accentuating the positive in order to eliminate the negative. The psychiatrists say, "Change the symptoms." But as matters stand in this lifetime, both cause and effect must change. I have had occasion to know homosexuals who tell me they can never escape their reverberating nimbus of guilt, who liken their nights of loveless sex to daggers of icicles, who remind themselves hourly of their futility as men. I have heard others speak of how quickly the moment of diminishing returns arrives in relationships, sexual or not, how they lead treadmill lives of timid reform and incessant relapse. I know a fifty-year-old homosexual who, not having found a stationary kind of affection in his life, has contemplated death, and some younger ones who have actually tried it. I know, further, homosexuals whose bitterness against the world is so blindly diffuse that they try to destroy everyone around them.

In these terraces upon terraces, plateaus over plateaus, in the gay world, I have met homosexuals who have paid blackmail to the police, seen neighborhood rowdies beat up a "pansy," dined with a man who tried to murder his departing boy friend, and talked to several whose "fag-hag" wives (women) had old-fashioned nervous breakdowns when they, the husbands, went straight. I know men in high and low places in society, in government, at work, who would shrivel in shame if people suspected that they were even closet homosexuals. Just the other day, one young, liberated homosexual burst out, "Homosexuality is so horrible in this life, you've *got* to find someone to be homosexual with." And the most successful sexual athlete I've encountered, in the sense of "making" handsome men with Olympian frequency, was undoubtedly the unhappiest human I have ever been near.

But I have also met "normal" homosexuals—happy in their work, adjusted to their stratum of society, content that there are others both better and worse off than they are. They have friends, ambitions, middle-class virtues, a sense of usefulness to society and themselves. They watch TV, eat McDonald's hamburgers, attend church, and truly love life and those in it with them. I've never heard them complain about their sex life. Some of them are "married" to others like themselves.

It is impossible to be indifferent to homosexuality, since sex in general is an area in which everyone is an expert. However, maturity is the ability to live with conflicting pairs of truths. Opposing convictions have an equal claim to validity, even while determining circumstances constantly shift. One man's suffering might be another man's consolation; and today is not yet tomorrow. Society's attitude has perceptibly improved, although the homosexual still lives against the grain in the wood from which most Jacks build their house of life. But the sniggers are gone. The charter for antihomosexuality has run out of time.

I wrote, not long ago, asking my nineteen-year-old son, who attends the University of Denver, about Midwestern attitudes toward homosexuality. He answered simply, "Out here it's viewed from afar, for the people are kind and mild-mannered. If ever directly confronted with it in their own lives, most people would treat it with pity or disbelief." "Pity?" a gay liberationist said to me when I read him the letter. "That's the last thing we want. Pity means, 'They're not like us.' We don't want to be *like*, but as good *as*, heterosexuals."

The homosexual is getting there, all right. He has managed to wring a far larger measure of comfort than ever thought possible out of what once was a mangled way of life. Gradually, people everywhere are moving from recognition into tolerance into acceptance. Acceptance being, of course, a way of saying broadmindedness—recognition again, without, of necessity, participation. □

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Editorial

The Society—Organizing for Social Change

The last few decades have seen the American people arrive at a situation virtually unique in man's recorded history. The process of change, which is to a great extent the historical process, heretofore has been largely controlled by ruling elites. But great numbers of Americans have now gone far enough toward solving the basic problems of security, food, and shelter to begin thinking about the next step—participation in shaping their lives and their society. With our enormous resources, this seems an eminently reasonable expectation. Even so, most of us paradoxically feel as if we are the subjects of change rather than its masters, and the rigidity of the very institutions that have generated these resources has become one of the problems to be solved.

This week, *Saturday Review* introduces a new supplement on *The Society*. Like its sister supplements—*Saturday Review of the Arts*, *Saturday Review of Education*, and *Saturday Review of Science*—it will appear once every four weeks in a repeating cycle. Over the next year, *Saturday Review of the Society* will offer expanded coverage of its special franchise—the issues that evolve from, and often help to create, political, economic, and social change.

Insofar as a magazine with as broad an area of interest as "The Society" can focus on a single theme, that theme is change—why and where it is occurring, how it can be harnessed, what direction it should take. Twenty-five centuries ago, Heraclitus wrote: "You cannot step twice into the same river, for other waters are continually flowing in." The trouble is that in our post-industrial, technology-dominated society, the other waters are flowing in at a pace almost beyond intellectual absorption. This is unsettling, irksome, at times even terrifying. Yet, as a sixteenth-century English theologian named Richard Hooker wrote, "Change is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better." Worse to better: If one accepts—as the editors of this magazine do—that the changes now bedeviling and bewildering us will in the long run lead to better lives and a better society, then the inconveniences must be endured.

In focusing on change, *Saturday Review of the Society* intends first to search out who we are today and how we got this way. This requires a close analysis of the values, attitudes, and beliefs we now hold. We can look for our reflections in many places—in the studies of social and behavioral scientists, in the self-images projected by TV commercials, in the way a particular person in a particular place lives his life, even in the words we use to describe ourselves. Only by seeing and understanding ourselves can we begin to see and understand the overwhelming problems that we have inherited or created. The magazine will attempt to isolate these problems, to get at their roots, to discover which of the interwoven elements can be influenced so that we can get to work on solutions. Rarely will simple solutions be available. Technology alone will not solve the housing crisis, nor will busing and job training alone solve the race problem. But by fully assessing the intricacies of these problems we can start to concentrate our effort on those elements that will bring about change.

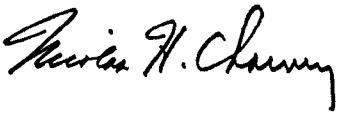
To seek the roots of problems also means going beyond the episodic nature of events. In studying welfare, for example, we have quibbled over statistics, procedures, and responsibilities. Who is eligible? How much should they receive? How should programs be financed? Only now are we beginning to step back and scrutinize the nature of the work that is almost invariably the alternative to welfare. Given the satisfactions that most of us demand from work, are these menial, demeaning jobs really the answer?

In addition to probing the roots of society's problems, the magazine must also confront the question: How do we organize to achieve change? It is distressingly easy to subvert laudable projects with the wrong machinery. The effort to enable the poor to buy homes wound up benefiting speculators and leaving the government in possession of wasting and abandoned houses. The "indeterminate sentence" designed to humanize California's penal system led to the longest average prison stays in the nation. Until we have a far more precise notion of how we can go about achieving the changes we want, we may only be creating new and more intractable problems.

Clearly, our present institutions are ill-equipped to smooth the process of change. Large-scale, hierarchical organizations matched our needs as we grew into a nation of abundance. As John Kenneth Galbraith pointed out in *Countervailing Power*, the formulas adopted by successful corporations were transferred to unions and then to government. In their earliest days, many of these corporations were infused with a spirit of innovation and adventure; what got transferred, however, was a deadening system of organizational charts and rigid routines that are incapable of the flexibility and responsiveness now required to effect change. That is why so many individuals today choose to work outside, or around, established institutions—at community-run day care centers, storefront law offices, free schools, and neighborhood clinics. Enough people have taken seriously the phrase "participatory democracy" so that a major new category of institution appears to be in the making, a kind of public lobby composed of groups like John Gardner's Common Cause, environmental protection organizations like the Sierra Club, and consumer movements inspired by Ralph Nader. Even within corporations there is growing evidence of a new awareness of social responsibility. This awareness is still embryonic, and it is often pursued more for cosmetic than for genuinely altruistic reasons. But at least these great organizations are beginning to acknowledge that their sole reason for existence is not merely to maximize their profits.

Plainly, the new engines for change are themselves just being built. The magazine will, nonetheless, attempt to look ahead to the difficult question of what kind of change we, as a society, should want. In a broad sense, this question is the easiest to answer. We should be moving toward increased options—in jobs, in schools, in communications outlets, in how we dress, in overall life-styles. Some may object that we are already plagued by a multiplicity of choice in many areas. Why add to it? The question must be answered with another question: How do we restrict choice without risking dangerous limitations on individual freedom? As it is, the individual is already circumscribed by the very nature of the social contract, which compels him to surrender a significant measure of freedom in exchange for the benefits of an organized society.

The articles in this first issue of *Saturday Review of the Society* begin to address all these problems. Eventually, in regular departments, we will be looking at politics from the local to the national level, at the workings of the law, at the world of business, at societies other than our own. Only by thoroughly examining these areas, and more, will we be properly equipped not merely to cope with change but actually to shape change for the benefit of man and his society.



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Fifty million Frenchmen thought Marie Antoinette was frivolous and stupid. One Swedish nobleman knew better.

Portrait of Marie Antoinette by Mme Vigee Le Brun (Camera Clix, Inc.)

He was Hans Axel von Fersen, and his friendship with the Queen of France endured for twenty years – from their meeting at a masked Opera Ball (when they were both 19) to their deaths: hers on the scaffold; his at the hands of an enraged mob.

Despite one Parisian's assertion that Fersen "was formed to be the hero of a novel, but not of a French novel," he had a profound impact on French history. His relationship with Marie Antoinette has been a source of much conjecture. Were they lovers? Did the King know of the affair? Did Fersen help the royal family in their disastrous escape to Varennes?

By highlighting a relationship that other biographers have kept in the shadows, Stanley Loomis not only gives us a fuller portrait of Marie Antoinette, but he brings the glitter and intrigue of 18th century France brilliantly to life around her. "He is a very gifted writer," the *New York Times* has said of Loomis, "and gifted writers are rare among historians." THE FATAL FRIENDSHIP, the product of careful research and scholarship, affirms the *Times'* verdict by being as absorbing as a novel – a novel not of Marie Antoinette, symbol of social irresponsibility, but of Marie Antoinette, woman. And of her mysterious, gallant, handsome friend.

THE FATAL FRIENDSHIP

Marie Antoinette, Count Fersen and the Flight to Varennes

STANLEY LOOMIS

The February Selection of The Literary Guild. At all booksellers.

DOUBLEDAY

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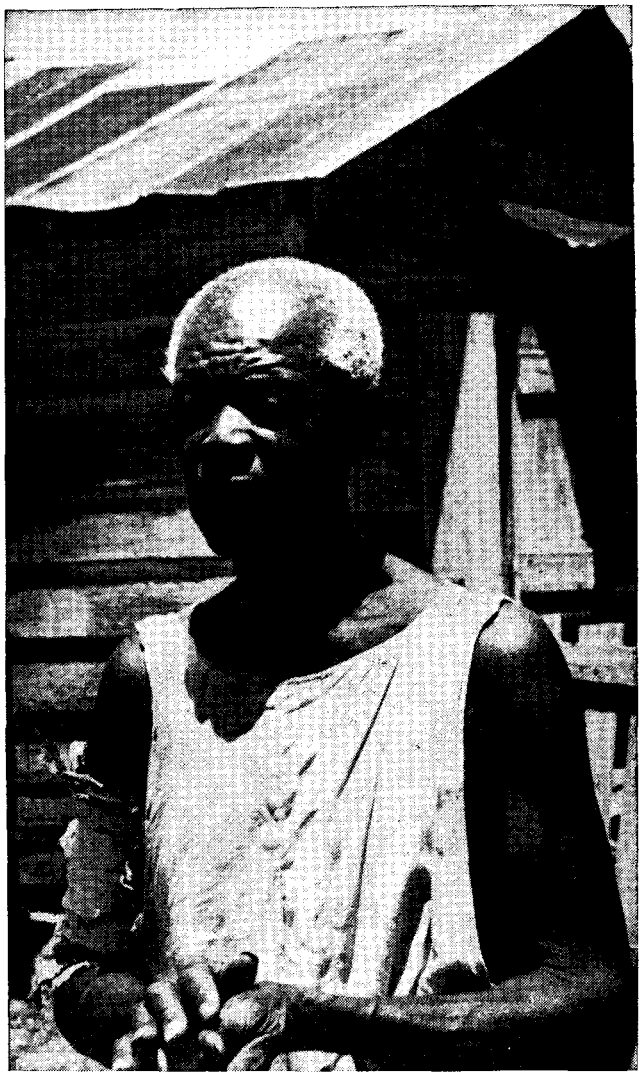
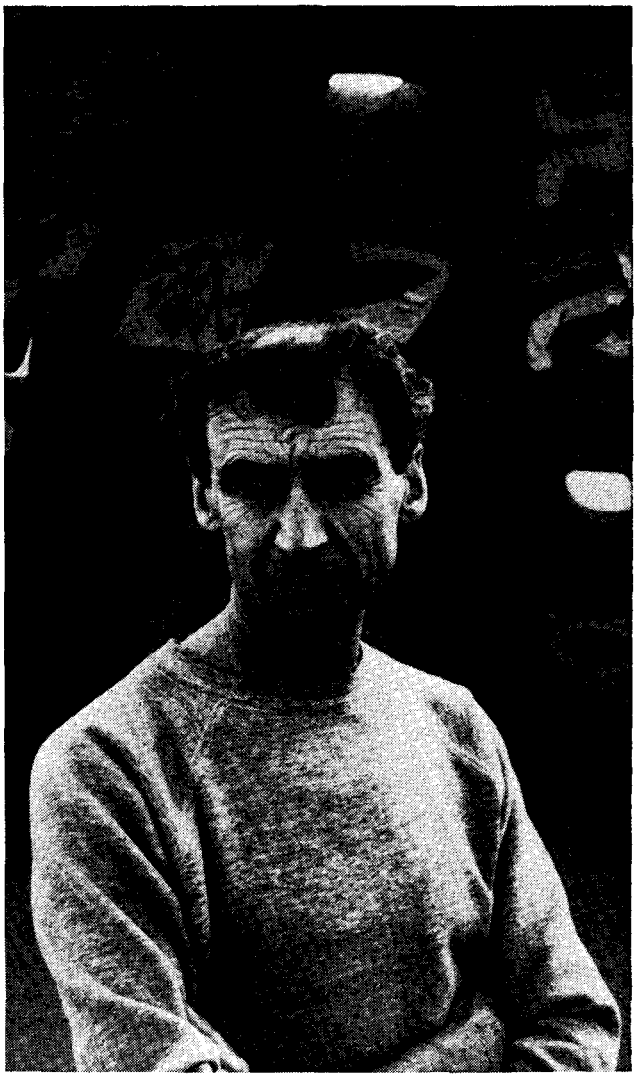
Saturday Review of
THE SOCIETY





Society is never static. It advances and recedes as we seek social systems that can ensure freedom for individuals without endangering the community. The pages of this new supplement reflect a diversity of problems, a plurality of solutions—in a report on the hard facts of the housing crisis, in a look at a visionary alternative of architect Paolo Soleri, in a closeup of how consumer advocate Ralph Nader works, and in images of a "new" South that is not changing as rapidly as we might like to believe.

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The Public Ways of THE PRIVATE NADER

For Consumerism's Chief Crusader, No Target Is Too Big.

BY CHARLES McCARRY

Since his emergence as a public figure during the Ribicoff hearings into automotive safety in 1966, Ralph Nader has enjoyed a good, even a spectacular, press. Largely as a result of General Motors' investigation of him at that time, Nader was invested with what might be called credibility-by-contrast. Those who tried, as he thought, to destroy him failed so publicly and had their motives so enthusiastically impugned that all the virtue they lacked became Nader's. He was perceived by reporters to be what in fact he is: the enemy of their enemies.

He is, moreover, untainted by politics or even by any of the more understandable forms of political ambition. Nader has described himself as a noninstitutional source, meaning that the information he provides to the press is uncontaminated by the interest of any group except the public. He is virtually the first such source in our history; so, in addition to his accuracy and his idealism, he has had novelty going for him. The Ribicoff hearings, made Nader's motives so plain and his honesty so palpable that reporters were largely freed from the necessity of viewing him—as they train themselves to view traditional sources—with suspicion.

Morton Mintz of *The Washington Post*, who has written more newspaper copy about Nader than any other reporter, speaks very plainly about the satisfactions of covering his activities. "This kind of news—and it is news—is not pamphleteering," Mintz says, "not crusading or advocacy. It's reporting matters of importance. Ralph's campaigns let you feel that there is some relationship between doing your job and the benefits flowing therefrom." For some reporters, stories about Nader's exposés became a sort of muckraking by proxy.

In Nader's handling of the press, during the early years of fame, there was an element that in a more frivolous man might have been called flattery. This did not take the form it takes with certain politicians who play up to newspapermen by asking their private advice on national policy. Rather, it involved the inclusion of the reporters in the secrecy, the strategy, and even the hardship of Nader's cause. He made participants of men who pursue a passive trade.

He also made insiders of the reporters with whom he dealt by taking them into his confidence, not so much to talk about his purposes as to give them access to his person. Nader's address and phone number were secret, and he himself was pictured as elusive, private, inaccessible. This impression in general was accurate, but to chosen reporters Nader gave his unlisted number and revealed his address. They guarded this information as zealously as members of an underground movement protect their passwords. Where the normal source would call a reporter during working hours for a quick conversation, Nader would call him at midnight, or after, for a long talk that would convey his mood toward an issue as clearly as it communicated the information he wanted to deliver. A telephone ringing in a bedroom late at night assumes an importance that the same instrument ringing at noon on a desk in a babbling city room does not. Nader may not have planned it that way because he always lived at night, but that's the effect it had. Lately, as Nader has been transformed, partly through publicity, from a lone operator into what Mintz calls a conglomerate, his midnight calls to reporters have dwindled.

None of these psychological factors would have meant much, of course, if Nader had not had something newsworthy to say. His fascination with information for its own sake is akin to a reporter's insatiable curiosity, and his ability to judge which information will arouse curiosity in others is a higher form of the talent which is called a nose for news. Reporters responded to him not only because he had accurate, and sometimes sensational, information but because he knew how to present it in a way that often saved them from having to do very much work. The facts were straight, the quotes were vivid, and the substance was a declaration of conscience. "Here was this incredible man," Mintz recalls, "generating all these stories and contributing to the desperately needed education of the newspapers. . . . These stories provide light. I wish that editors could understand how important this stuff is, compared to the columns and columns we run on what the Secretary of State says when he gets off an airplane."

Nader also has a certain sympathy for journalists, as long as they stick to the issues. It has been an unspoken but clearly understood part of his friendly relationship with reporters that his privacy could never be violated. There were no intimate little pieces in the Sunday papers about his favorite recipes, no flashes of his restless humor to lighten a news story. And, considering the way Nader ripped the skin off his targets, there was very little adverse comment about him from people who did not like him or disagreed with him. Hundreds of clippings in newspaper morgues leave the impression that no one has ever been blessed with more temperate enemies. Either the objects of his attacks could not be reached for comment, or they were remarkably undisturbed by the charges leveled at them.

A reporter who has had a close relationship with Nader throughout his Washington career still vividly remembers their first lunch together. Before the soup was cool, Nader simply blew away his companion's professional cynicism. "I discovered very soon that Ralph and I agreed on many things," he says. "I was the only reporter who stayed with the Roberts hearings [the first on the safety of automobile design, conducted by the then Alabama Congressman Kenneth Roberts in 1956], and Ralph was the only person I'd met who had read the hearings and, I felt, really understood the issues. . . . It was

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Charles McCarry is the author of *Citizen Nader*, which will be published in March by Saturday Review Press and from which this article is taken.

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JACK GREGORY/SEYMOUR MEDNICK

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Nader dislikes any descent below the surface of behavior, his own or anyone else's. Men are what they do.

natural to think that there should be someone or something to represent the public." The reporter had no doubt that Ralph Nader would soon be filling that role. When Nader explained that he could not afford to buy an extra copy of the reporter's publication, for clipping purposes, or to pay $3 for the government reports that came to the reporter free, his companion offered to save these things for him. There is still, in the reporter's office, a straight chair, piled high with press releases, documents, and clippings; it is known as "Ralph's chair." Every few days, Nader sends around someone from his staff to pick up the material.

Through most of 1966 and 1967, Nader remained primarily a critic of the automobile and its makers, but any expectation that he would be a one-issue evangelist then disappeared. Late in 1967, he fired the opening guns of campaigns that would lead to legislation regulating the danger of radiation, gas pipelines, and the meat industry. He attacked the textile industry for conditions that, he said, led to a high incidence of byssinosis, or brown lung, among workers. In 1968, he said that the Bureau of Mines "displayed little more than lassitude toward the demands of mine health and safety conditions," despite the fact that "roughly twenty per cent of all coal miners have coal pneumoconiosis, which begins with breathlessness and ends with death." Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall conceded, in a letter to Nader, that the Bureau had been lax in protecting the health of coal miners and he also said he was seeking stronger legislation.

After turning to foreign cars (Rolls-Royce for unsafe door catches and Volkswagen for a defective fuel tank, weak latches, a dangerous steering column, fading brakes, poor visibility, and poor resistance to the force of collisions), Nader took on the airlines, in an effort to prevent smoking on all flights. He also went after the railroads for dumping sewage on the tracks.

Newspaper files reveal relatively little in the way of response to Nader's attacks. In the best of circumstances, it would have been difficult to answer Nader's charges, for the reason that they were mostly true.

One corporation executive has the kind of admiration for Nader, he says, that a smart infantry general whose headquarters have been hit by the Vietcong might feel for the enemy. "I just admire the audacity of the son of a bitch," he says. "Nader can turn on a dime. At Senate hearings he's drinking it all in when we testify. As soon as it's over—over to the press table! I can't do that because I haven't got the authority and I haven't got all the facts. He doesn't need all the facts. So he ends up with the headlines, and four days later we get three inches on page fifty-eight."

Aled P. Davies, vice president of the American Meat Institute, who represented his industry in the battle that led to passage of the Wholesome Meat Act of 1967, describes the general problem: "I used to get calls—can't you do something about this s.o.b.? No. He's as clean as a hound's tooth. There's no point in taking him on when he's right. What's fair and not fair? There was enough truth in what he said to make a damned good case."

Nader understands the importance of timing in his campaigns. He almost always gives his material to reporters on a Friday night or a Saturday, and he has been known to hold a press conference on Sunday. It is very difficult to find government officials on a weekend—much less corporation executives. Often the result is that Nader's story livens a Saturday or Sunday edition, in which there is usually a paucity of breaking news, without comment or contradiction from the other side of the controversy.

A second Nader technique is the key to his extraordinary success as a propagandist. He always links his accusations to an action or, at the very least, to the promise of an action. He does not merely point out that a gas pipeline may explode beneath a housing development; he demands, in testimony before a Senate committee, that legislation be enacted to forestall the disaster. By combining the exposé with a demand for reform within the system, he invests his objectives with moral authority. The method is a subtle mime of the traditional techniques of Presidents and powerful Congressmen, who are always calling upon each other to repair omissions in the public weal. Nader's demands take on an added force because it is understood that he, unlike Presidents and Congressmen whose power depends on votes, will not settle for less than he says he wants.

Nader's long association with a group of newspaper reporters did not prepare him for the writers from national magazines who have begun to describe him in the second stage of his fame. The magazine article attempts to depict its subject as a rounded character moving through a landscape of events. It is standard practice to seek out the enemies as well as the friends of the subject and to quote them. The result can be something like a preview of Judgment Day, in which the subject sees revealed in print the sort of things that adversaries as well as allies say about him, though not necessarily to him. This, for Nader, has been an uncomfortable development. He is extraordinarily sensitive to criticism. It is natural, perhaps, that, having loaned his person to the issues, he should feel that an attack upon him is an attack upon the cause. Others feel the same. "I don't want to be associated with any negative stuff about Ralph Nader," John D. Morris of *The New York Times* says. An editorial staff member of one of the news magazines remarked after reading an article that contained a few lines critical of Nader: "We have to watch that kind of stuff—it sets back the cause."

"Ralph is a worrier," Theodore J. Jacobs, his chief lieutenant and best friend, observes. "I don't think he expects everyone to have wholehearted approval of him and what he does, but I'm sure he'd like it. I think he worries unduly about trivial criticisms. I used to tell him, when he'd dwell on something trivial, to forget it—that's yesterday and it's the price you pay for being a public figure."

Paul Sitton of the National Academy of Sciences says: "Ralph has really become something of a matinee idol. He's being taken in by the blandishments of the public at large while he lambastes Establishment figures for being taken in by the blandishments of the special interest groups. Ralph is more human than he thinks."

Nader says that he is sensitive only to certain kinds of criticism. "I hope I always am," he adds. "I don't get so mad over ideological things. What I do get angry about is people imputing very sensitive things that I was never asked about, putting words in my

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mouth. . . . To say that all I'm interested in is power, that's really outrageous. You don't say that to anybody who has no economic base and no political base . . . [if] he becomes powerful or persuasive it's a pretty good bet that it's because of his case, because he's up against all those odds, the system. The same sensitivity to that kind of criticism makes me never jaded when I see what I think are abuses. . . ."

If Nader is shown an advance copy of an article about himself, he will sometimes contact the people who are quoted to determine if they meant what they said—or if they said it at all. This can have an inhibiting effect on those who value Nader's goodwill. A Senate aide, interviewed by a magazine writer, called the writer in some anxiety to ask whether he was the anonymous Senate aide to whom a mildly unflattering remark was attributed. He was relieved to know that he was not—so that he might reassure Nader. Anonymous quotations, a traditional device to protect the identity of sources who might embarrass their employers by frank talk, are anathema to Nader. He goes to some lengths to penetrate such disguises. In his view, he is merely reserving the right to tell his critics when they are wrong.

"I think the reason Ralph and I have remained friends for such a long time," one man says, "is that I have never tried to approach any part of him that he considers private." Nader dislikes any descent below the surface of behavior, his own or anyone else's. Men are what they do, he feels. There is nothing about himself that cannot be explained by what he does in full view of the world.

What little is known of Nader's personal life, even by his friends, is derived from a sort of archeology. The student of the private Nader is alert, in the dust of his public life, for telltale shards; the shape of his personality is construed from the enigma of a marble limb or the puzzle of a worn inscription. "I keep thinking," one of his associates says, "there must be something else. Part of the fascination of the man is that he reveals nothing while convincing you that he is confiding everything."

Nader's clandestine methods do not make things easier. He is chief of intelligence for the multitude and uses most of the methods of a real spy. His network of operatives—Senators and Congressmen, editors and reporters, bureaucrats and legislative aides, students and corporate executives—is very like the apparatus a CIA station chief would try to establish within an adversary nation.

Nader keeps his own movements secret and his sources ignorant of one another. He communicates with his *apparat* through a system of "cutouts" (a suburban housewife receives some of his sensitive calls on her home telephone) and "dead-drops" (the newsstand of the National Press Building). On the telephone, and even in his own rooms, he speaks in ellipses, to defeat hidden microphones. "I've picked it up from Ralph," says one of his young lawyers, Mark Green. "He'll say, 'That memorandum, the one yesterday—you know.' And I'll reply, 'Yeah, *that* memorandum. Our eyes will sort of pass the secret across the table . . . it's like ESP, in case there are bugs. Sometimes I think of myself as a detective, the FBI or the CIA, moving around like a secret agent. That's Ralph, of course."

"I always have a feeling that there are ninety-nine Ralph Naders," a Senate ally says, "and which one do I know?" Another friend, a middle-aged matron who is regarded as one of his few confidants, can say, "I don't know whether Ralph trusts me."

For a man who can become emotionally and physically shaken over an injustice, as Ted Jacobs says, Nader goes about his life in a curiously bloodless way. He thinks of catastrophes in terms of their preventives. When the 1971 earthquake struck Los Angeles, he called Jacobs to read him the newspaper account of the disaster. What moved him, on the surface, was the stupidity, not the suffering. "It doesn't need to happen," he cried. "They know how to predict these things. *Why don't the fools use their knowledge?*" He does not mention victims except as a product of the phenomena that engage his interest. His view of the world is a well-lighted, black-and-white photograph. "There is," he says, "a technological solution to everything."

It is ironic that one who believes so profoundly in technique should be assigned the qualities of a poet or metaphysician. A Congressional aide, Richard Falknor, says, "Ralph's great strength is his spiritual quality. He moves around town like some fifteenth-century Franciscan, compelling men to act for the good." For Paul Sitton, he evokes Savonarola.

This image of Nader as a monk is natural enough when applied to a man who has so much to say about vocation and so little to do with women. No aspect of his character is so mystifying to others—or so explicable in Nader's terms. He is a handsome man and one with an aura. No one can watch the faces of young women in an audience while he is speaking and be unaware that some of them are moved by instinct. If Nader notices, he is careful to give no sign, and when girls approach him at the end of his speech he indicates his distance in a manner that can only be described as arctic.

Nader's coldness to strange women undoubtedly stems from his concern with being compromised and the feeling that he has reason to be wary of them. It is not his usual attitude toward girls. He has, in the company of women he knows or with whom he must deal professionally, a very different air. There is about Nader no trace of the male chauvinist. He treats women, even beautiful women, exactly as he treats men—without condescension, and in a language directed exclusively to the mind. Nothing in his manner draws attention to the fact of sexual difference.

"He'd never call you 'dear' or 'honey' or even 'miss,' " says one young woman. "I always think that he is silently calling me 'citizen.' "

To Nader, there is nothing puzzling about his celibacy. It is a matter of priorities, a rational choice. "Mostly it's realism," he says of his unmarried state. "What wife wants never to see her husband? It's natural to want the man around to help, to share emotions. I couldn't do that and go on with what I'm doing."

To go on with what he is doing, Nader works twenty hours a day. This leaves him four hours for sleep, beginning just before dawn. There is in this schedule, and in the devotional style of his work, a whiff of sackcloth and ashes. "He is always," a woman friend observes, "wearing a hair shirt."

"Americans understand the concept of challenge in athletics, on the battlefield, in economic competition," Nader

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The system cannot change... and it will not die. This perception has left him touched, for the first time in his life, by fatigue.

says. "You wouldn't ask an Olympic swimmer or a chess player why he works twenty hours a day. They don't understand why I do it because we haven't a tradition that explains me. Someday I think we will have."

Nader knows what the alternatives are. "I could have gone to Hollywood," he told a young associate, "and married a starlet and gotten fat and talked about what I used to do." It was never a temptation. The world of celebrities remains very remote to Nader. In Los Angeles he was introduced to Jack Lemmon, the actor, who identified himself as one of Nader's admirers. Nader did not know who he was.

The tendency to turn Nader into a celebrity seems to him not merely distasteful but illogical. "I want the focus to be on the issue, not the person," he says. "People come up to me and ask for *autographs*. It's come to that. I say, 'What is this asking for an autograph? You should be asking what you can do.' "

He has difficulty understanding how any activity apart from work can have meaning. When Jacobs and his wife took a summer house at the beach, Nader asked with genuine curiosity what they did when they were there. "Oh, we lie on the beach, we read the papers, we go for walks, we have lunch on the porch," Jacobs replied. Nader responded: "That takes all *weekend*?"

His feelings about some of his student volunteers are mixed. "Many of them have a low tolerance for sacrifice, for economic and time discomfort," he has said of them. "Now we've got the gentlemen reformers. They want the heart-warming bull sessions and the two-day weekend."

Those who work with him are aware of this attitude. "You get the feeling around here," one former Nader's Raider says, "that if you go to a movie you're a sellout."

The public Ralph Nader, with one foot on the carcass of the Establishment, may be seen as the implacable in pursuit of the doomed. But after five years of fame, during which he has gathered about himself a great coalition of the disgruntled, he still sees nothing but desolation. The system cannot change and it will not die. This truth has made him hoarse. He is, for the first time in his life, touched by fatigue. "How long do I have to go on like this?" he asks a friend bitterly. "I'm squandering time. There are books I want to write, other things I want to do."

Nothing can reconcile Nader to the time lag between the expression of his outrage and the obliteration of its cause. He is never satisfied: The auto safety law was not enough; the humiliation of General Motors is not complete; and even the newly aggressive Federal Trade Commission does not go far enough.

He is contemptuous of reformers who become so identified with their own reforms that they defend them even after they turn into abuses. Nader denounces everything—even his own work. Every time there is a test, it is demonstrated that the "consumer movement" has little power, for all its mystical appeal.

Nobody knows what, exactly, Nader wants. James Roche, retired chairman of General Motors, believes that he wishes to destroy the free enterprise system. "You wonder sometimes," Roche says, "if Mr. Nader had come along about sixty or seventy years ago, where the automobile business, or where the United States, might be today. . . . Mr. Nader doesn't seem to have many ideas about how he can improve [the system] within the facts of life."

Nader does not accept Roche's facts of life. He seems to think that the whole long process of concentrating the powers of the human race in institutions has been a mistake. He thinks structure of almost any kind is likely to be employed against the public interest, and cites the trade unions, with their humanistic origins and their parochial end, as an example. He dreams of new kinds of power. "We've got to have sources of power that will rise to the occasion," he argues. "Somehow unstructured power, *ad hoc* power, initiatory democracy, whatever you want to call it, is less likely to be abused and more likely to be continually nourished."

This power eludes him. Out of 300 Raiders, he gains six activists. In each audience of 2,000, drawn by the drama of his ideas, he sees no more than one or two who will give up comfort to follow him. But he believes that the time when he can marshal the manpower that he needs is not very far away.

There's no reason, in five years' time, why I shouldn't have four or five thousand professionals all over the country," he says. These professionals will operate as autonomous units, but they will be energized by Nader's view of the world, and they will attack on the basis of his priorities. He also visualizes a citizens' movement arising from his current study of Congress. "That's the major institution that can begin turning the country around [and] that's accessible to the people," Nader says. "If you're talking about leverage, there it is."

He moves continually between pessimism and optimism. One part of his mind despairs of the inertia of the people he is trying to reach—television-watchers, time-wasters. The other part sees a sunlit future in which the citizenry takes affairs into its own hands and breaks up the elite that he believes has all but ruined human existence.

Ironically, Nader's own constituency is part of the elite. His activity is based on the discontent of the white middle class; he does not stand among a rabble of mendicants but at the head of an army of the moneyed and the educated. His attacks on the safety of their $5,000 automobiles or their $600 color television sets or their processed food give them reason to believe that they, too, have somehow been punished by a system that has made them the most fortunate class in history.

So far, this constituency has not been very responsive, and perhaps Nader senses that he is being turned into the very thing he most despises—a mere entertainer.

Nader may be described in the press as "the consumer champion." But the questions to which he addresses himself are political questions. He is a revolutionary—in despair over what he regards as a society on the brink of shipwreck, animated by a burning sense of righteousness, endowed with personal magnetism, and gripped by the ruthless love of an idea.

It is permissible to wonder if the Nader constituency—which excludes all those black and poor and disadvantaged Americans who have been left out of this society's colossal delivery of goods and personal rights—will be willing to have him even as an entertainer once the depth of his intentions seeps through the television sets. □

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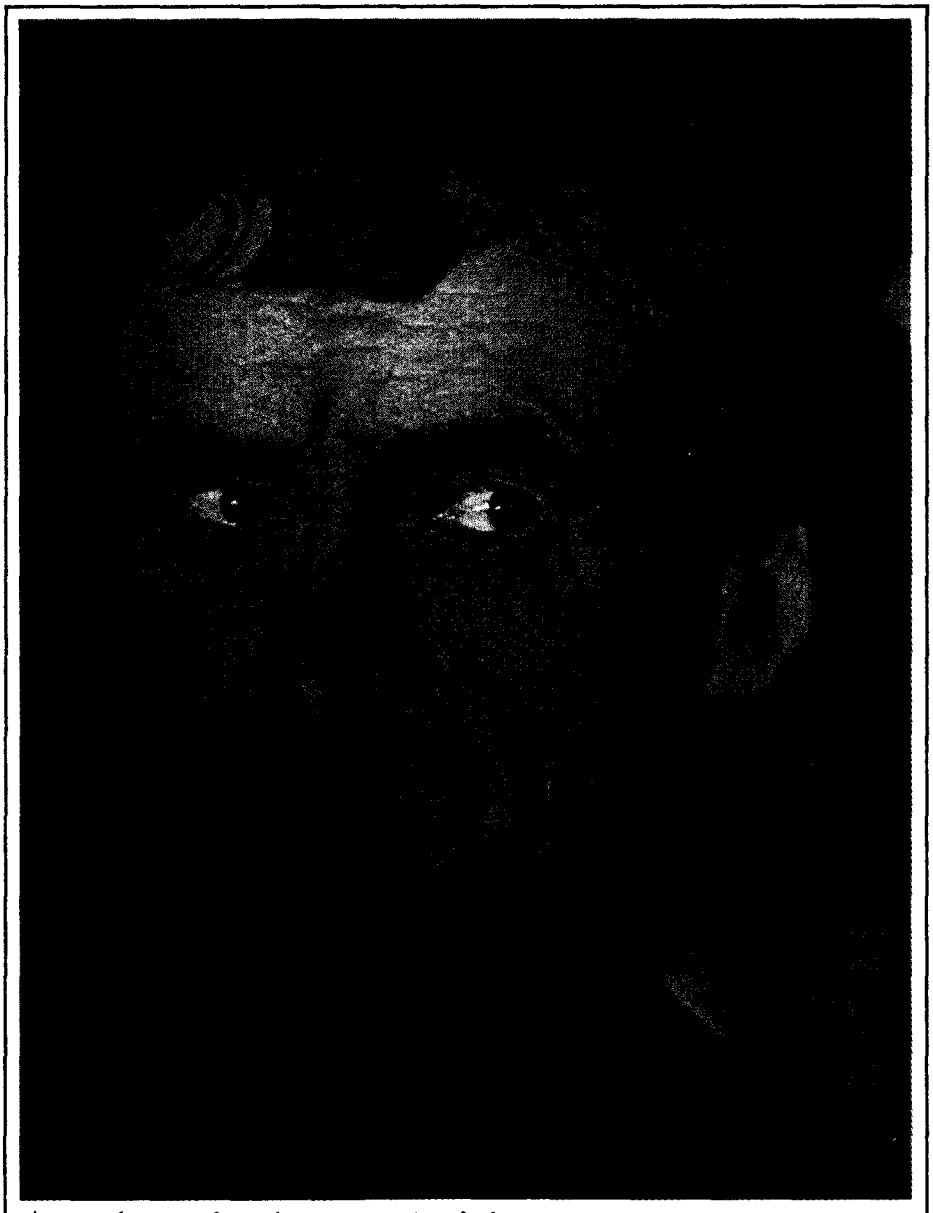
PAOLO SOLERI

Urban Prophet in the Arizona Desert



Arcology is the word visionary architect Paolo Soleri has created for our future cities, those that of necessity will combine architecture with ecology. The huge sculptural forms he sketches and models eventually may result in structures a mile high and a mile wide, producing not only a human survival system but also an environment that will further man's evolution into an ever more complex society.

BY ROBERT B. KAISER

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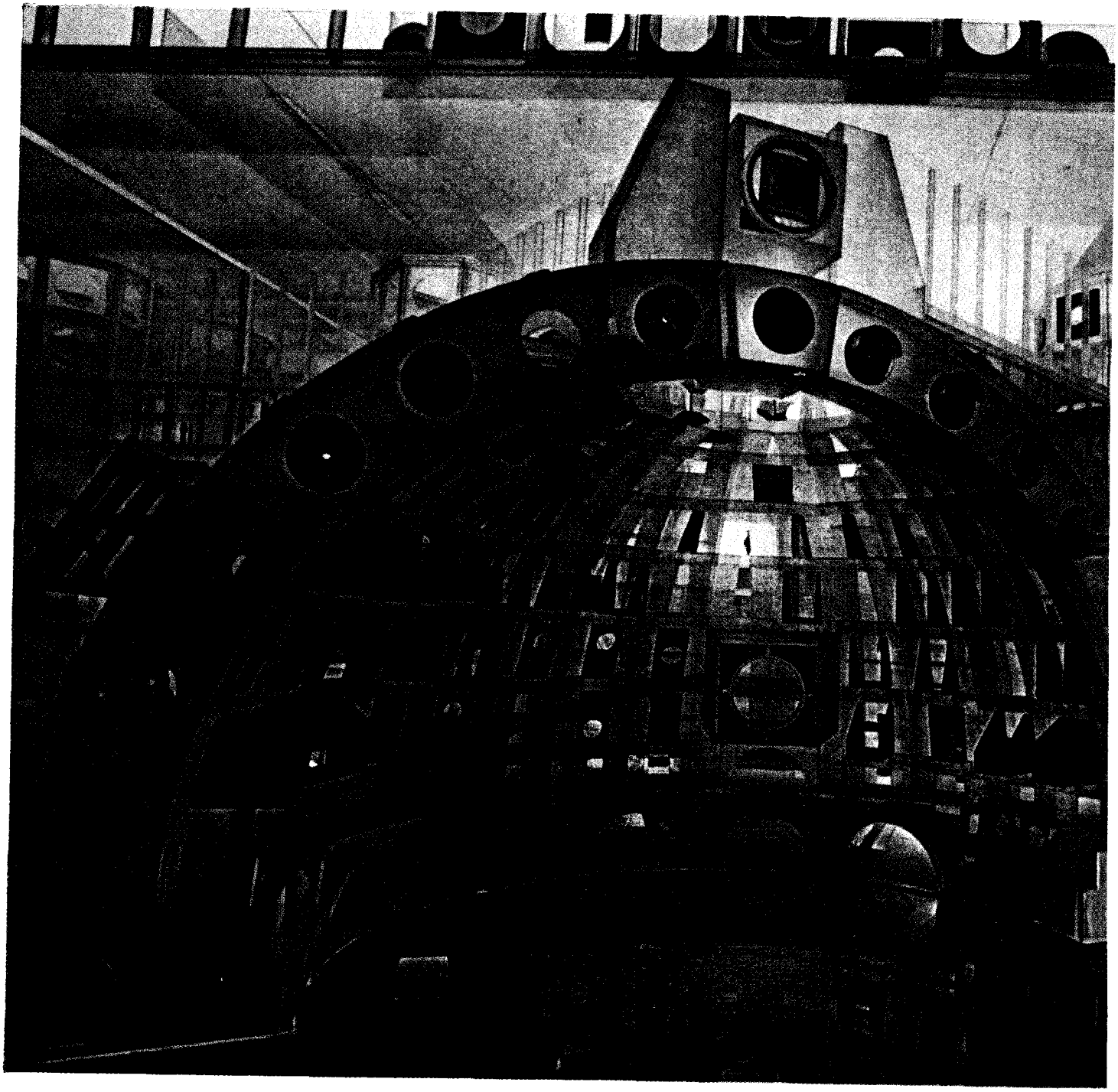

The condensed cities of Soleri's world are giant geometric shapes, self-contained units for urban life and work.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL A. VACCARO

For architect and philosopher Soleri, arcologies will fuse life, work, education, culture, and leisure for hundreds of thousands of people per square mile. The geometric shapes of his condensed cities will grow up, not out, and their compact forms will stand on relatively small areas surrounded by large expanses of open space. Arcologies will use frugal solar or nuclear energy systems, will replace automobiles with shuttles and moving walkways within the city, and will systematize recycling —ecological considerations will be a base of life.

Robert B. Kaiser is a former *Time* correspondent. Since the publication of his book *R.F.K. Must Die*, he has been freelancing for numerous national magazines.

The wiry, intense man who sketches future habitats so compactly and complexly came from Turin, Italy, to the American Southwest twenty-five years ago. With a doctorate in architecture, Soleri first lived and worked in the desert compound of Frank Lloyd Wright, then moved to Scottsdale, Arizona, to develop his own center. Today, seventy miles north of Scottsdale, he has begun to build a small arcology. It is called Arcosanti, and it will be the earth's first self-contained urban structure. Its aim is to determine if man can construct a viable environment that does not intrude on the ecosystem of the surrounding terrain. Designed to house 3,000, and only thirty stories high at its tallest point, Arcosanti is to be a

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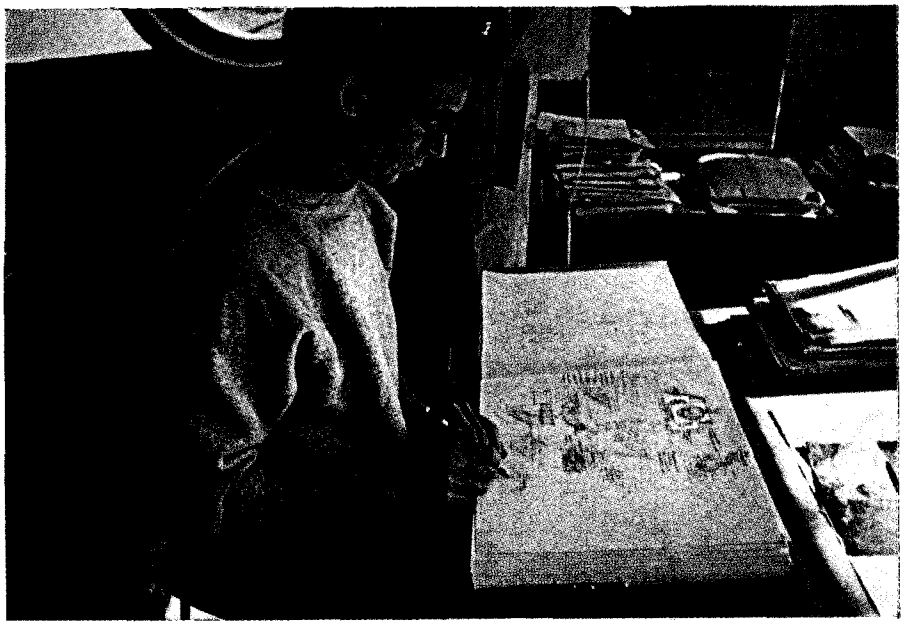

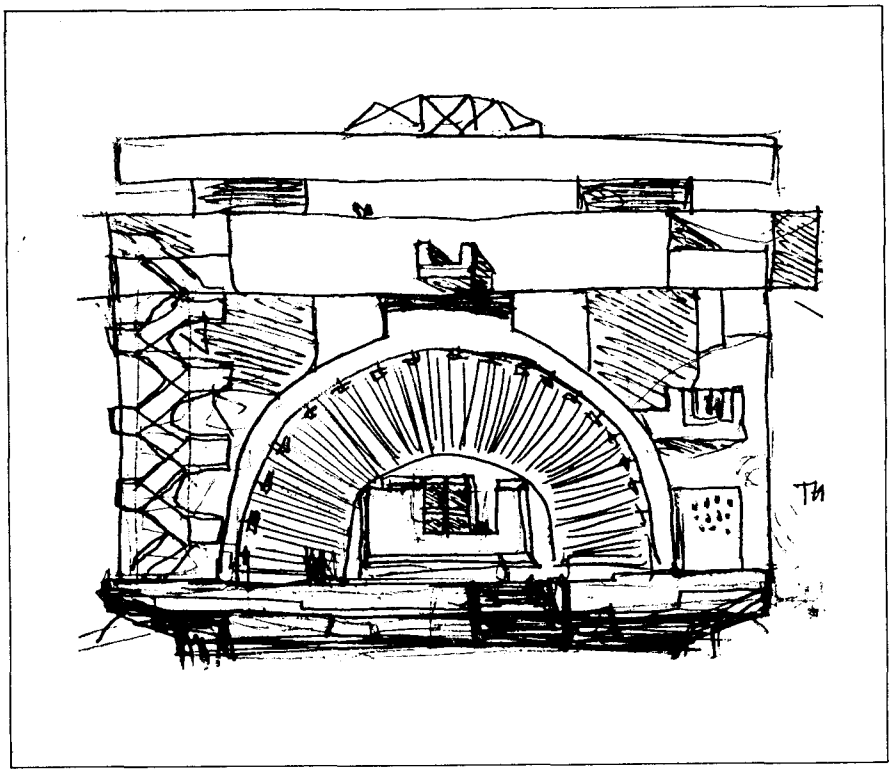

sized-down version of Soleri's dream cities. (Another would house six million in towers 400 to 500 stories high.) But even in the partial model of Arcosanti (above), one can see Soleri's architectural intent. Air bridges connect units. Roof gardens spread on top of truss systems into which residences are fitted. The apse is a powerful framing motif. "The core of life," Soleri has said, "is esthetic."

Even more than his esthetic concerns, however, it is Soleri's personal philosophy that governs arcology. Soleri sees man evolving from an exploration of nature to the creation of a neo-nature—one that is daily more complex. Since the energy of such complexity is dissipated unless contained, and since the container for modern man is the city, cities must be designed in as compact and organic a fashion as possible—thus arcologies.

Since the publication in 1969 of his book *Arcology: The City in the Image of Man* (MIT Press), Soleri has been heard as a new prophet of urban form. Arcosanti will be, in Soleri's words, "a self-testing school for urban studies," a place where the architect and his students will build, teach, and live in an environment that, according to Peter Blake, the editor of *Architectural Forum*, is the lesson itself. And the students have come. Many young people have asked, "What can I do to help?" Soleri usually responds by handing over a shovel.

In the Arizona sunshine Soleri often spends eight hours a day intently sketching his arcologies. The rough drawing above was minutely detailed before Soleri began work on the model at left—Arcosanti's giant apse. A creative study in the variety of geometric form, the 120-foot-high shape is meant to house the city's apartments and work studios.

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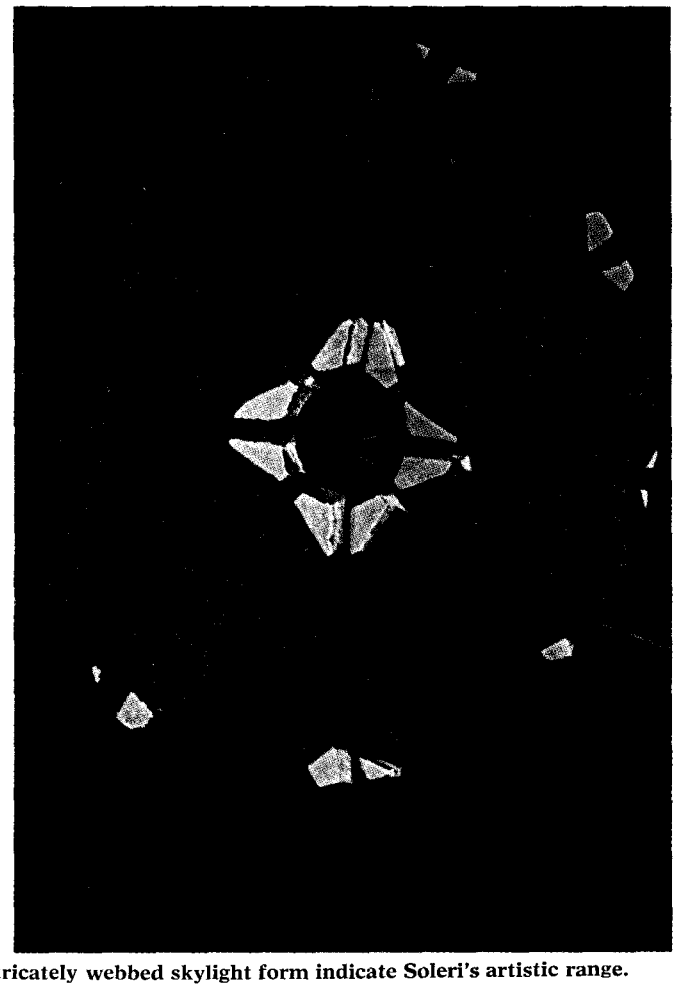
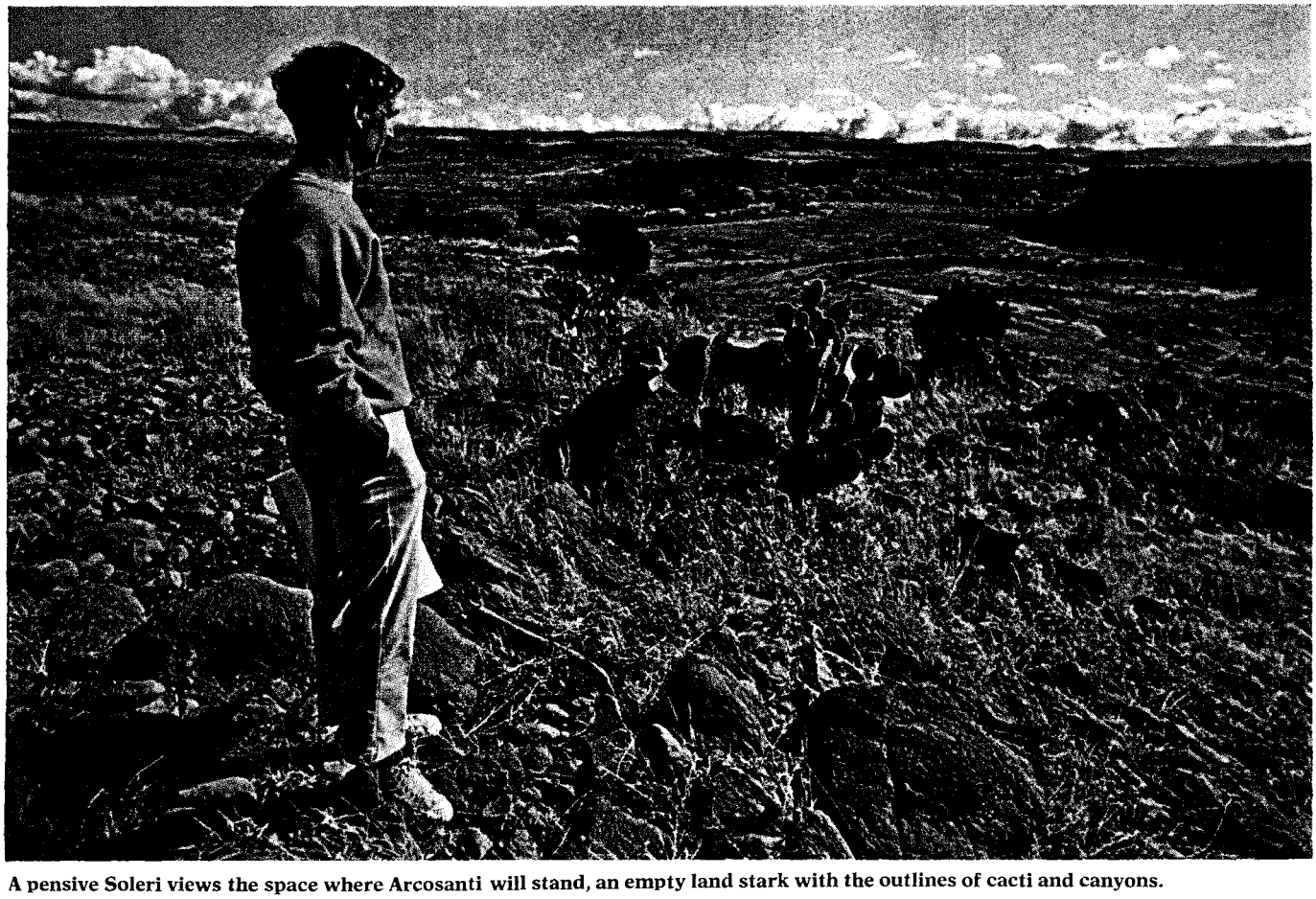


A plastic-on-cement image of primitive man and woman and an intricately webbed skylight form indicate Soleri's artistic range.



A pensive Soleri views the space where Arcosanti will stand, an empty land stark with the outlines of cacti and canyons.

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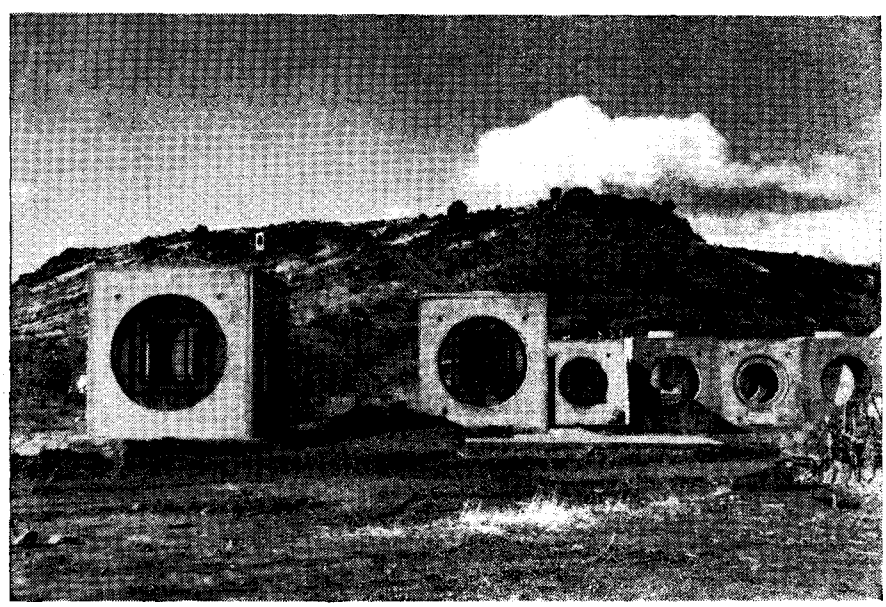
The foundations of Arcosanti have been laid. What remains is to see if Soleri's vision can be translated into reality. Recently, the architect showed me two massive, boxlike stretches of concrete foundation. Rooms in themselves, they will also provide support for a sixty-foot apse. The apse, cast in concrete, was lying about in sections.

"How much of Arcosanti does this represent?" I asked Soleri. His smile and shrug were like an apology. "Less than one per cent," he responded. "And who's building it?" I asked again, as if I had not understood when he told me the first time. "Under some little professional direction," he said, "just students." He waved at the camp below, down near the river, where the students live in cowboy simplicity while they build Arcosanti with almost nothing but their bare hands. Of necessity, then, not only do they garner ideas and inspiration from Soleri, they also learn basic building skills: to cast concrete, to lay bricks.

Soleri showed me around the camp. The dormitory is a series of eight-foot cubes in concrete made from the sand and gravel of a riverbed on site. The cube's furnishings—built-in bed, desk, and bookshelves—are of thick plywood, and the large round windows are filled with bright, translucent polyethylene. A new octagonal building, forty feet across, serves as a general meeting place. It is the exact size of the modules that will later be stacked thirty high at Arcosanti.

Arcosanti, then, will be a series of concrete modules slotted into place. Like other modular structures, Soleri's system will employ repetitive forms. But unlike others, which are generally a post-and-lintel grid into which even rectangular modules are fitted, Soleri's (as the intricacies of his drawings and models show) will be far more complex in the number of forms used and in their irregularly angular relationships to each other.

What kind of community will locate at Arcosanti? Soleri would like to have an ecological research corporation of some 800 employees and their families —people who do not require a city to fuel their activities, people who would prefer his new frontier as the link between their theoretical world and the actual world around them. What Arcosanti will offer them, instead of the variety, chaos, and resultant strain of the city, is an ordered life-work environment surrounded by wide-open land. For although Soleri has 860 acres along the Agua Fria River, Arcosanti will be constructed on a mere seven of those. The rest of the land will remain as it has been for centuries: pristine Arizona wilderness, river, valley, and a vastness of tawny hills to the flat purple planes of the Mogollon Rim.



Framed by the circular window of his concrete module, Paolo Soleri stands at the precise spot on the Arizona hill that his office will occupy when Arcosanti is finished. His module, a barely visible white square at the upper left of the lower picture, stands, like those in the foreground, as a tentative affirmation of the city's ability to move from the drawing board to desert.

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Just to the south of Arcosanti, in stark contradiction to the landscape Soleri envisions, is rising a complex that perfectly embodies the prevalent American view toward building houses. There, in the Arizona desert, a real-estate combine from Scottsdale, with the same amount of acreage as Soleri, has sliced up the entire space into 800 one-acre lots and a network of roads. It is this routine, unexamined response to empty land that, in large measure, has created megapolis and its attendant disorders.

But are Soleri's imagined cities viable alternatives? The answers may depend, in part, on whether Arcosanti can be built. Soleri does not talk much about the technology actually needed to raise the city, but his shopping list for this year—a ten-ton overhead crane, a cement silo—indicates that he has thought about his first steps. And while it is hard to look at Soleri's plans without wondering about the engineering feat involved, as Ada Louise Huxtable of *The New York Times* has wisely pointed out: "One practical decision after another has led to the brink of cosmic disaster. And there we sit, in pollution and chaos, courting the end of the earth. Just how practical can you get."

Finally, Arcosanti's practicality may depend more on money than technology. When I asked Soleri how much money it will take to build Arcosanti, his response was immediate: "Oh, the cost of one or two jet bombers."

Thus far, Soleri has attracted no wealthy patrons, no significant government or foundation support. We talked of the $500,000 that Christo, the sculptor, spent to drape a curtain across a Colorado valley. In a tight voice, Soleri concluded, "I don't know why a foundation won't give me two million—or twenty million—for something a little more important."

Most critics, whether they are proponents or opponents of arcologies, agree that the building of Arcosanti may be less important than its conception. For it is Soleri's ideas that have enlarged our notions of the possible in planning future cities. Peter Blake compares Soleri to Antonio Sant' Elia, the visionary architect of the early 1900s, "who never built anything at all, but whose drawings of ideal cities have profoundly shaped every modern city in the world."

To some, Soleri's future influence is disturbing. Anne Ferabee, editor of *Design and Environment*, rightly notes, "We have no idea of the sociological or psychological consequences of populations concentrated to the degree that Soleri's arcologies envision." Others have been alarmed at the rigor the disciplined systems within the arcologies might impose.

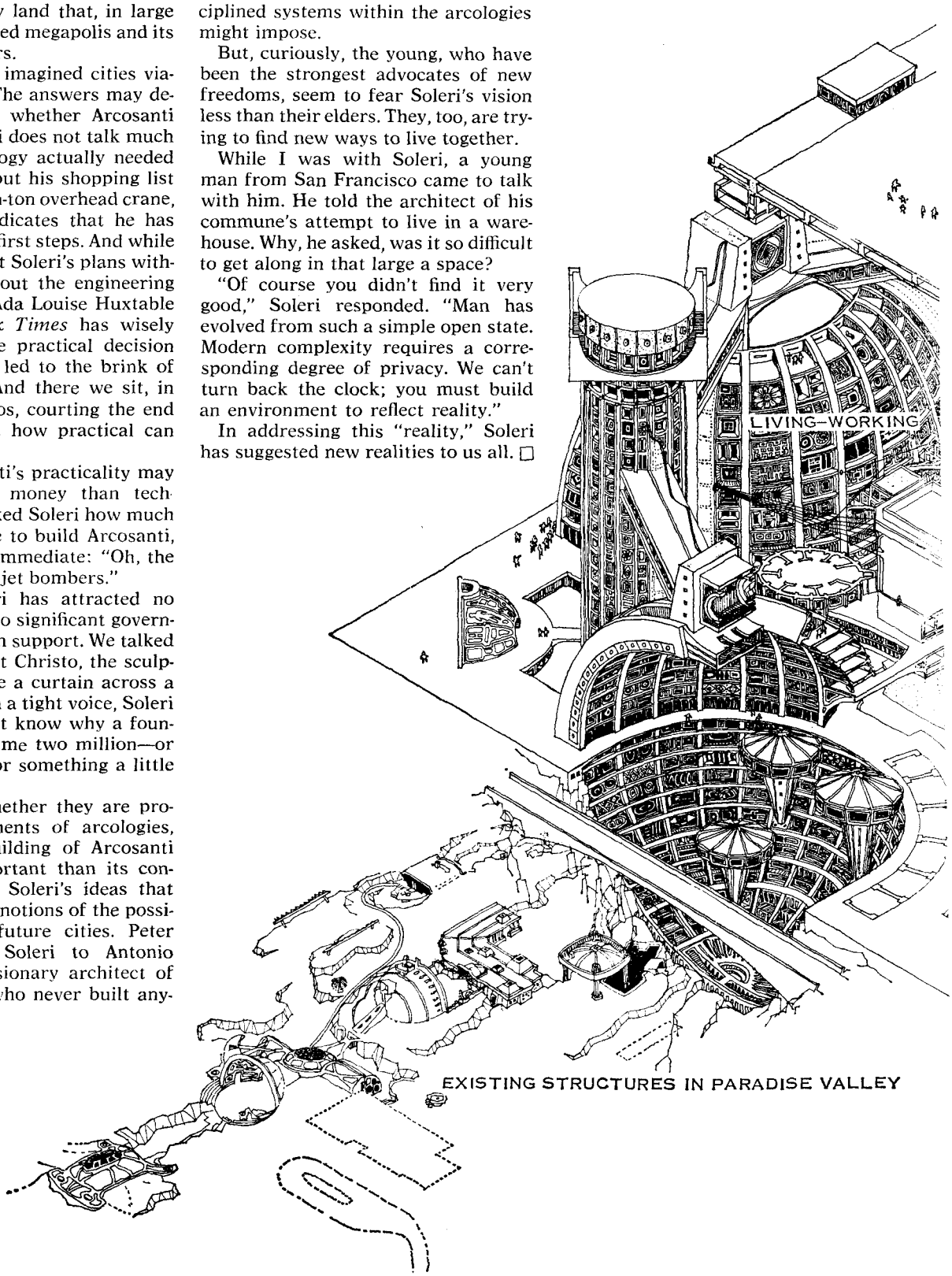
But, curiously, the young, who have been the strongest advocates of new freedoms, seem to fear Soleri's vision less than their elders. They, too, are trying to find new ways to live together.

While I was with Soleri, a young man from San Francisco came to talk with him. He told the architect of his commune's attempt to live in a warehouse. Why, he asked, was it so difficult to get along in that large a space?

"Of course you didn't find it very good," Soleri responded. "Man has evolved from such a simple open state. Modern complexity requires a corresponding degree of privacy. We can't turn back the clock; you must build an environment to reflect reality."

In addressing this "reality," Soleri has suggested new realities to us all. □

A routine question for Americans, "How can we house ourselves?" finds an uncommon, grand-scale response in Soleri's elaborate plans.



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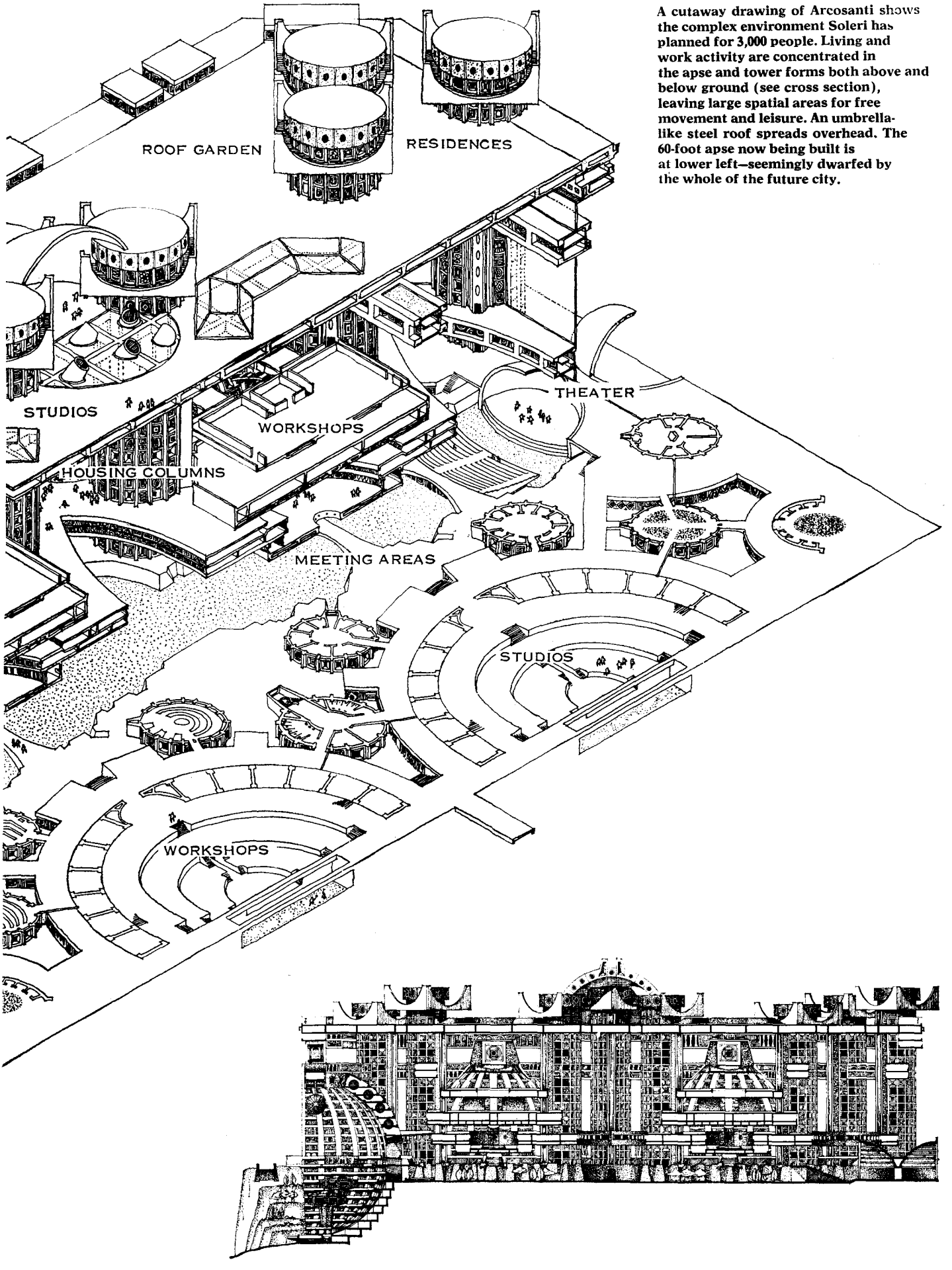

A cutaway drawing of Arcosanti shows the complex environment Soleri has planned for 3,000 people. Living and work activity are concentrated in the apse and tower forms both above and below ground (see cross section), leaving large spatial areas for free movement and leisure. An umbrella-like steel roof spreads overhead. The 60-foot apse now being built is at lower left—seemingly dwarfed by the whole of the future city.

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ANY HOPE FOR HOUSING?

BY JOSEPH P. FRIED

A decent home is — and may always be — out of reach for millions.

Twenty-three years ago, in the optimistic rhetoric of the Housing Act of 1949, Congress committed the nation to "the realization as soon as feasible of the goal of a decent home and a suitable living environment for every American family." In 1972, at least ten million American families—one out of every six in the nation—are still living in housing that is badly deteriorating, grossly unhealthy, or utterly wretched. The chances that most of them will soon, or ever, move into decent housing are slim. Overcoming the numerous obstacles that are deeply embedded in every corner of our economic, social, and political life will require a massive exercise of national will and cooperation. A nation torn by racial conflict, and persuaded that the major threats to it are external, may not be able to make the effort.

Just what the American slum-dweller —urban and rural—faces in trying to find decent housing is indicated by a few figures. The average cost of a new single-family home today is about $25,000; with a typical mortgage and average maintenance, utility, and other costs, this demands a monthly housing expenditure of about $250—or a $12,000-a-year income. Buy an old house? The average price for existing old houses is itself in the $20,000 to $25,000 area. Apartments? More than 80 per cent of the new rental units on the market are priced at more than $150 a month—and the larger apartments, which poor families most often need, are, of course, more expensive than the average. Very little that's livable is within the means of the poor.

Government housing-subsidy programs exist, but their overall history has been "woefully inadequate," as the President's Committee on Urban Housing put it in 1968. In the past few years there has been a dramatic increase in the levels of these programs, but it has been impressive only in relation to their past insufficiency and hardly in relation to today's real needs. Moreover, there are signs that a sizable portion of the recently built subsidized housing may be in financial trouble or may benefit real estate speculators and investors more than needy families. The subsidies may have to be cut back while the government undertakes yet another search for a sound approach.

The question invariably asked at cocktail parties and in campaign speeches is: Why is it that the society that sends men to the moon and returns them safely cannot use its ingenuity to provide decent housing for all of its people on earth? In the conquest of space, the major challenge is technological. But in eliminating the nation's housing deficits, the perfection of technology, as challenging as that may be, is ultimately the least of the problems.

Basically, a sound housing policy must provide both lower costs and government subsidies. Given the realities of income distribution in our society, some level of subsidy will probably always be necessary. On the other hand, simply spewing out subsidies without seeking to reduce the costs of housing, and thus of the subsidies themselves, is wasteful and wrong.

When most people think of reducing housing costs, they have in mind technological advances that would permit houses and apartments, or at least their major structural components, to roll off assembly lines as bountifully as new cars in Detroit. They think of Habitat '67 in Montreal, an accumulation of prefabricated boxes stacked together at the site, or various industrialized European techniques. They wonder why technology has not led American society to succeed in shelter as it has on the superhighway. However, while technological advances are important, *more* than just improved technology is needed if housing costs are to be lowered in the United States. Just as vital are drastic reforms in the nation's zoning, building, and property tax laws, all of which affect housing cost.

The components that determine the cost of a house or apartment fall into two groups. The production costs include the price of the land on which the housing is built, the cost of the money borrowed for the construction or purchase (the interest), the costs of the materials and labor, and the overhead and profit of the builder. The operating costs are property taxes, maintenance and repairs, expenses for heat and utilities, and, in the case of a rented apartment, the management expenses and landlord's profit. Just how much of the total each of these components represents will, of course, vary with the location and type of housing and the mortgage terms. But it is not unusual for the production-cost components to represent roughly half of the consumer's monthly housing expenditure and for the operating-cost components to account for about the same. Moreover, *within* the production-cost half, construction (labor and materials) can very well represent only one-third, when financing, land, and the other production costs are considered. Thus, construction costs might represent only one-sixth of a family's monthly housing expense.

So what, in fact, would technological advances contribute by themselves? Advocates of industrialized methods say that, employed at full potential, they can reduce construction costs by up to 30 per cent. But if construction costs represent only one-sixth of a family's housing outlay—make it 20 per cent for simplicity—then a 30 per cent construction-cost reduction would mean, in the end, only a 6 per cent reduction in the family's housing expenditure (30 per cent of 20 per cent). For the family spending $250 a month in that average new $25,000 house, major technological advances would thus mean $15 a month less in housing expenses—nothing to ignore, of course, but hardly sufficient to bring the house within reach of a poor family or even of a so-called moderate-income family with $6,000-to-$8,000-a-year income.

Admittedly, these calculations are not as "clean" as they seem. Housing-

(Continued on page 49)

Joseph P. Fried recently authored *Housing Crisis U.S.A.* He reports for *The New York Times*, for which he has covered real estate and housing news.

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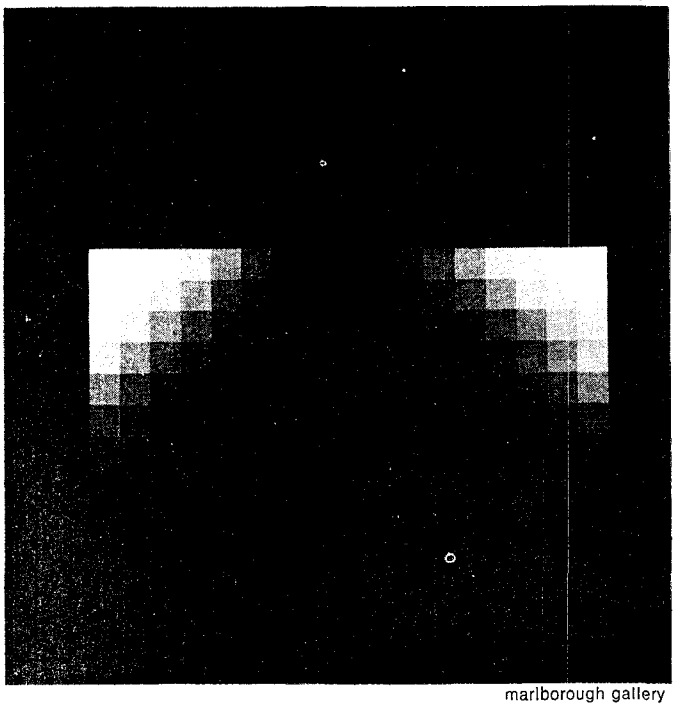
The ideal
A balanced society will be achieved when we erase pollution, poverty and other problems of our civilization.

artist: bayer



marlborough gallery

artist: escher

The real
Segments of society tend to pursue specific goals with narrow perspective, often putting one on a collision course with another.

Achieving national goals requires a balanced effort. We must continue to seek new ways to reduce air and water pollution . . . raise the standard of living of men and women whose potential contribution to society is not being realized . . . and maintain a sound economy, which will be necessary to achieve environmental and social goals.

Above all, we must broaden our perspective to weigh all our goals in making decisions. For these goals are interrelated. We cannot afford to pursue any one of them at the cost of another.

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Prudential is a sponsor of the nationally famous Newark Boys' Chorus School—a unique educational institution for gifted inner-city children.

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Special Prudential investments create jobs in areas that range from data processing to manufacturing to banking.

Top right
Prudential dollars help support work-study programs that mean diplomas for dropouts.

Bottom left
The Prudential commitment to better health care includes financial support for specialized medical training programs as well as assistance for the construction and improvement of hospitals and clinics.

Bottom right
Prudential's urban investment program has meant thousands of new housing units in cities coast to coast.

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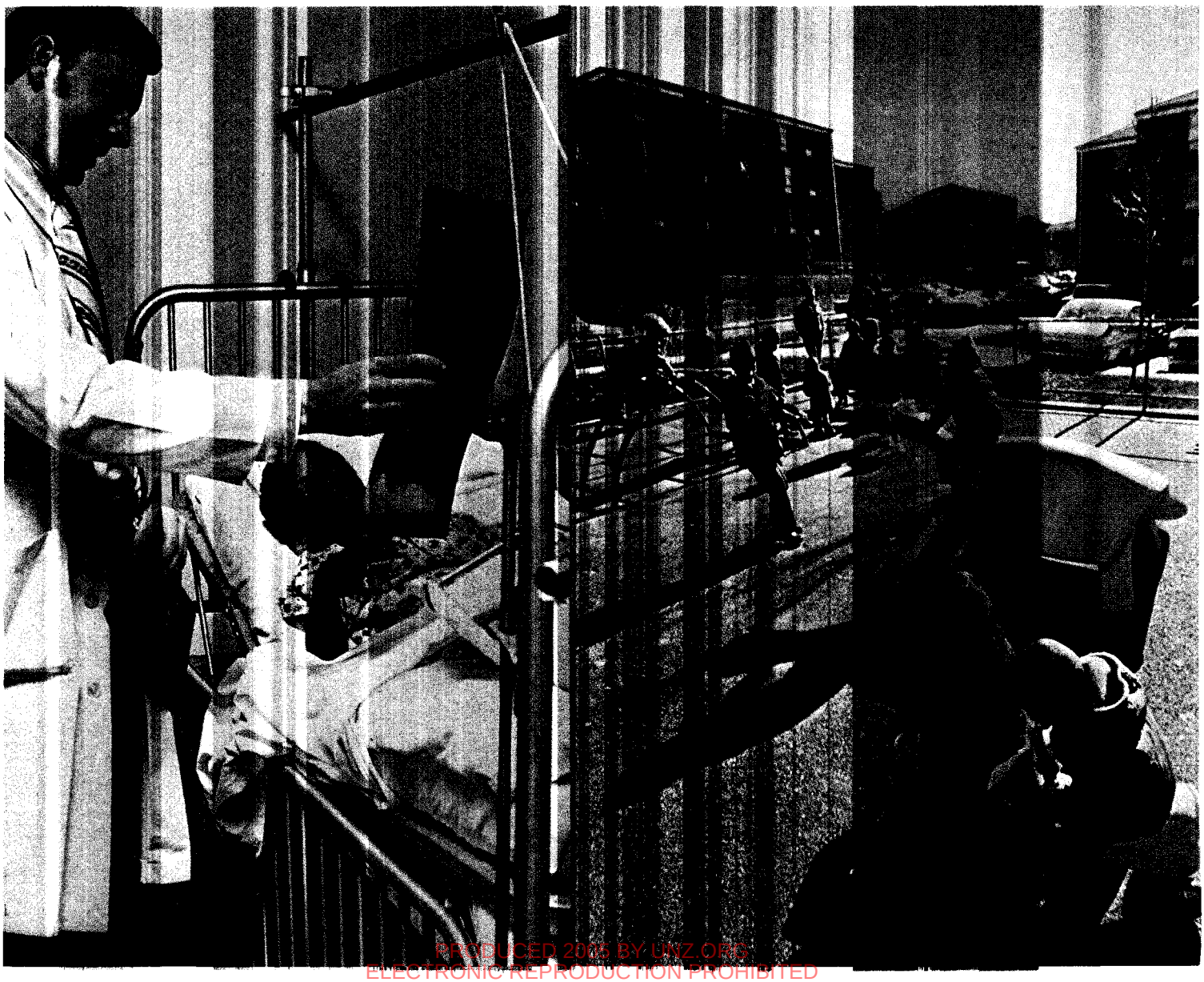
it means investments in people.



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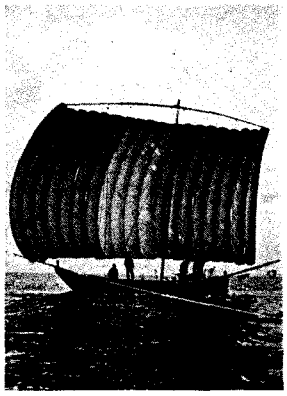
Beyond Tokyo, Kyoto and Osaka



Spend a couple of days off the beaten path. Discover the Japan where tourists are few, but always welcome.

By night, molten lava in the crater of Mt. Asama glows with an unearthly light. But you'll never know the unique sensation if you don't leave Tokyo behind for a day or so.

If you tire of the glittering Ginza, visit a town like Kusatsu, where 80 *ryokan* (Japanese inns) cluster about the town square. Let Kusatsu's hot springs bathe your body and soothe your spirit.

Step aboard a high-speed hydrofoil not far from Osaka, and race through a sea dotted with pine-clad islets that look the same today as they did when they inspired Japan's most famous artists centuries ago.

Glide in a flat-bottomed, air-propelled boat through the rapids of the Kumano River to the deep, still waters of Torohatcho gorge. Look down into the mirrorlike water and see the reflections of azaleas and rhododendrons perched on the granite cliffs high above you.

Let your imagination go when you visit the regions where tea is grown. The long, carefully manicured rows of tea plants suddenly begin to resemble green dragons asleep on the hillsides.

Wander the countryside of Japan and soak up the sights no city can offer: pearl divers disappearing in clear cool waters; villagers celebrating a rich harvest with *bon-odori* dances on the village mall; a craftsman fashioning a ceramic vase of classic Japanese simplicity.

The Japan you'll remember best is the Japan beyond the usual. For more information on the hidden Japan, send for our free booklets, "Northeastern Japan" and "Midland of Japan."

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A Japan few tourists see.

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Housing

Continued from page 44

cost components are interdependent in that a construction-cost reduction would also lead to some additional dollars saved in, say, financing costs, since the mortgage interest would be computed on a lower base. But the calculations make the basic point: The ultimate savings from advances in construction technology are only a fraction of what they appear on the surface. Furthermore, cost-cutting won through construction technology can easily be lost by increases in the other components. For a $15,000 house with a forty-year mortgage, a single percentage-point rise in the mortgage interest rate, from 6 to 7 per cent, has the same effect on the monthly housing expenses as a 13 per cent increase in total construction and development costs. To one degree or another, increases in the other costs can also undo the benefits that may be gained by the geniuses of construction technology.

Thus, while technological advances must be sought, they are no panacea. As one government-ordered study suggests, a cost-lowering program "must work on all the bits and pieces that make up the initial costs of a housing unit and its subsequent operating and maintenance costs."

The pursuit of "bits and pieces," however, takes the policy-maker right to the heart of the nation's economic and social problems. In the past, Washington often has chosen to fight inflation by a tight-money policy (encouraging higher interest rates in the hope of slowing down the economy) that meant a rise in the cost of mortgage financing as well. In the view of those concerned with the nation's shelter, housing has usually been given an unfair share of the burden of economic stabilization. Preserving a steady supply of credit at moderate interest rates is all-important to keeping housing-finance costs down.

A recognition of this need is implicit in the Nixon administration's current stabilization program. Whatever inequities it contains, it at least acknowledges that the burden of controlling inflation should not fall on the housing and construction sectors. However, a good many officials still seem to feel that using home-building to cool down an inflationary economy is more important than wiping out substandard housing as soon as possible, and this view may again hold sway.

The cost of land to build on has risen steeply in the recent years of heavy demand. In the major metropolitan areas the average price of raw land is double what it was twenty years ago. The zoning laws of many suburban areas have helped drive up the price of land by requiring that single-family homes be built on large lots and by excluding or severely limiting apartment-house construction. First, a large lot in the middle-class home-building market tends to cost more than a small one, all other things being equal (location and topography, for example). Second, the exclusion of apartment house construction prevents the land-use economies of that type of housing. Finally, as the supply of usable land is reduced through restrictive zoning, the cost of land generally is further pushed up in an area, if the demand for new housing is strong.

Property taxes, especially in the big cities, are also up sharply. The cities are under the pressure of rising expenses for municipal and social services, a pressure intensified by the vast citybound migration of rural poor since World War II. Restricted by the states to the property tax for the greater part of locally originating revenue, they have little alternative to raising these taxes. Suburban communities have felt the same pressure, especially to pay education. (The fear of attracting large numbers of additional children to educate has led many suburbs to "zone out" apartment construction and low- and moderate-income homes in the first place.)

What is needed, and will surely be a long time in coming, is strong pressure by Washington on state and local governments to end exclusionary zoning. One tactic would be to withhold federal water and sewer grants, highway development aid and the like from communities that effectively zone against lower-income and minority families. (The exclusion is often racially motivated, no matter what the publicly stated reasons, so that 23 per cent of the central-city population, and only 5 per cent of the suburbs, is black.) Such steps as withdrawing government business from companies that move to areas that do not provide housing opportunities for poor and middle-income families must also be considered.

And until some very fundamental changes are made in how the American people tax themselves and how they spend their revenues, the pressures leading to severely high local property taxes will continue. Federal spending priorities must be realigned to permit more funds to flow from Washington to the cities so that they can reduce the steep tribute, the equivalent of a 30 per cent sales tax in some places, that they now must exact from housing. One possibility is federal assumption of all welfare costs, a backbreaker for the cities. Another, as recommended by President Nixon in his recent State of the Union message, is some method of financing public school education that does not rely on the local property tax. (That method has been declared unconstitutional in several recent court decisions because of the unequal education it provides.) The revenue reforms must succeed in bringing more money to the cities and not just increase it in some categories of aid while decreasing it in others.

Recently, the administration has taken steps to cut the number of federally subsidized housing projects built in slums and ghettos, but these measures are only half a battle. They do not address themselves to the problem of bringing housing for the inner-city poor *into* areas now excluding them.

The maze of zoning laws, along with a jungle of more than 8,000 local construction codes, has had another negative effect: it has helped to stifle the kind of high-technology home-building industry that would contribute, however modestly, to cost reductions. The advance of housing technology depends in great part on the existence of a mass market for fairly standardized structural and utility elements. But

"Do you mind if we play through? My friend is having labor pains."

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such a market has generally been impossible where large areas of land are closed to many types of housing, and antiquated or unnecessarily rigid local construction laws remain inconsistent even in a single county. "How do you standardize your parts when you have to modify them for every wrinkle in every town's laws?" one builder asked.

Of course, there have been some technological advances in American home-building. About one-third of the housing produced recently is prefabricated to a sizable extent. Included are the annual 400,000 mobile home units, whose popularity is soaring and which are far more comfortable than the World War II-era trailers. About a quarter of a million other units have major elements—wall and floor panels and even entire rooms—that were factory finished for assembly at the site. Still, two-thirds of our housing production involves on-site construction, and even the prefabricated methods used are less advanced than the full technological potential permits.

In 1968 Congress established a major program of housing research and development that was to include experiments in industrialized-housing production. The Nixon administration, when it came to power several months later, implemented the program by sponsoring the development of more than 2,000 "prototype" housing units, using various industrialized systems, on nine sites in several parts of the country. Additionally, the administration wrapped the construction experiment into a package—Operation Breakthrough—that included provisions designed to attack the building-code and zoning problems. Generally, the provisions simply call for state and local governments to make the reforms. Secretary of Housing and Urban Development George Romney proudly notes that, thanks to Breakthrough, about twenty states have adopted statewide building standards for industrialized housing. But critics respond that building-code obstacles should be eased for conventional home-builders as well, and that more than appeals from Washington are needed to get the state and local action necessary to rescind the exclusionary zoning.

Even if the unlikely occurs and the social, economic, and technological problems are solved and the cost of housing is reduced, the price of decent shelter will probably still be beyond most poor families and even many moderate-income ones. Only government subsidies can lower prices further. Since the Great Depression, the federal government has subsidized the construction, rehabilitation, or acquisition of some 2.1 million homes and apartments for low- and moderate-income families—about one-fifth of the current estimated need of ten million, based on Census Bureau statistics. (Not measured in the census are such items as ventilation, light, room size, the existence of heating facilities, and the presence of foul or noxious odors from nearby industry. By the Census Bureau standards, one critic has noted, "a nearly weathertight box with pipes in it" could qualify as a sound house.)

About half of the 2.1 million completed units have been produced in the past three or four years, an indication of the utterly meager levels of the federal housing subsidy effort for most of its three-and-a-half decades. Washington's programs have taken a variety of approaches, including public housing built entirely with government money (the oldest program, dating from the 1930s) and housing developed by limited-profit or nonprofit private groups with the government providing such aid as rent supplements and mortgage-interest subsidies. The increase in the federally subsidized housing output in recent years stems from the housing legislation of the Johnson administration, particularly the 1968 Housing and Urban Development Act, and from the decision by the Nixon administration to follow through on one of its major goals—the production of six million new and rehabilitated units by 1978. This decision was a welcome change from the previous Republican administration. Under Eisenhower, the goals that had been set in the Truman era by the Housing Act of 1949, which authorized the construction of 135,000 public housing units annually through 1955, were totally abandoned. By that year, public housing starts actually plunged to fewer than 10,000 units. (The states, except for New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, did not begin to play an active role in subsidizing public housing until the 1960s.)

Although, at present, subsidized housing production is proceeding at half a million units a year, there continue to be troubling signs that the government still has not hit on a sound approach to meeting the housing needs of the nation's low- and moderate-income families. Many of the projects built or rehabilitated by private sponsors appear to be solid and succeeding, but a disturbing number of others are bankrupt or in serious default, and the federal government may ultimately have to take them over. There are many reasons for this situation: rising operating costs (which are not covered by the interest subsidies); "poor market choices" (translated as the overbuilding of projects in certain areas); the legacy of quick-buck speculators more intent on a swift and fat profit or tax shelter than on building durable housing and managing it well; Congressionally mandated construction-cost limits that may also have hindered sound construction; and the inevitable influences of general slum conditions that make some of the new developments as undesirable for upwardly mobile families as the tenements they replaced.

An immediate and intensive federally sponsored program to develop skilled managers for these housing projects is a necessary first step. (The value of such a program in providing job opportunities is obvious.) There must be actions to ensure that sound and durable new homes are built. Much more aid must go to the rehabilitation of existing housing; federal programs have not yet sufficiently emphasized the renovation of decaying, but basically sound, buildings. In fact, not only buildings but whole neighborhoods must be rehabilitated. While the administration has taken on the production goals of the 1968 act, it has not pursued the other provisions that call for increased spending for Urban Renewal and Model Cities, comprehensive programs for upgrading neighborhoods overall. In the long run, putting new housing in slums, where problems of narcotics, garbage, poor schools, and lack of jobs remain largely untreated, makes it far more likely that the new housing will be contaminated by its environment than that the environment will sparkle in the glow of the new housing.

Over the years, federal housing-subsidy programs, each with its own regulations and construction cost and maximum-income limits, have developed piecemeal and in a bewildering array. Now, some consolidation and simplification are required. One suggestion is the replacement of existing programs with a "single-subsidy mechanism" for all rental, cooperative, and private housing aided by federal money. Under this approach, any family found unable to afford decent housing in the private market would qualify for a federally subsidized unit. The tenant would pay a given portion of his income—say 25 per cent—for his quarters while the difference between the total cost and the rent would be made up by Washington.

These measures are not all that is needed—this list is intended to be representative, not inclusive. No doubt some persons will consider other suggestions more important than these. On the other hand, many people will say, like one impatient critic, "It's so utterly impractical to think all this can be accomplished. How about some practical solutions?"

But these are the practical solutions. The idea that anything less will do the job is just as fanciful a pipe dream as a $75-a-month penthouse on Central Park South. □

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A Hesitant New South
FRAGILE PROMISE ON THE LAST FRONTIER

BY PETER SCHRAG

The old ghosts keep coming back. Again it's the New South, the *New* New South, looking away now from the dusty crossroads and the men in white sheets, looking to suburbs, electronics plants, country clubs, and *moderation.* Talk progress, talk new attitudes, talk change. New men, new faces, new rhetoric. But the old myth survives, becomes part of progress itself, and each time we try to destroy it or explain it or debunk it we seem to give it new life. Perhaps the myth of the South is necessary to our image of America, is something we need to establish connections with the tragedy and darkness that shape the experience of other men in other places. Through the South, perhaps, through some Faulknerian reconstruction, we can make common cause with Greeks and Italians, with Poles and Frenchmen. We speak about the New South, read the statistics, listen to the rhetoric, say the clichés, mention the new names—Jimmy Carter, Robert Scott, Dale Bumpers—yet each time the scent of honeysuckle returns as strong as ever.

Returns enlarged. By God, maybe the South will save us all. Maybe the South contains the real American future. "I would see among blacks a new commitment to Mississippi *as a place,*" wrote Willie Morris in 1970, "expressions of a love and loyalty to Mississippi as a society worth working for, as a frontier for redeeming some lost quality in the American soul." The less romantic among us would say it in more *hardheaded* ways—Southern progress without Northern mistakes, growth without pollution, integration

"The more one pursues the changes, the more one finds situations, people, and attitudes that have hardly changed at all."

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with courtesy and understanding, a chance even for a new Progressive Era in American politics. The South as redeemer. "It may be the South," wrote Marshall Frady in *Life*, "where the nation's general malaise of racial alienation first finds resolution. Not in the order of division prophesied by the old segregationists' apologists but in the formal advent of a single people unique and richly dimensioned."

None of us is immune. We seem to need that myth—need it to shape, if we can, a new sense of national possibilities—and so, in an odd way, the South has replaced the West as the mythic American frontier. After being closed for more than a century, this is the territory that's opening up in the sense of development and growth and, more significantly, in seeming to offer resources and experience for an age that no longer takes for granted the old American immortality and that recognizes that the belief in some national immunity to error, limitations, and tragedy was an illusion.

At the same time, the contemporary South is closer to its own history, closer to the frontier, more visible still as a distinctive American place. The connections between past and present come easily: One does not have to travel far from the new plants and suburbs to be swallowed by the region itself—by the climate, the trees, the red soil—or to be engulfed by that gothic sense of doom that still lingers in the small towns, the shacks of the croppers, and in the mists that rise from the streams and swamps during the night. It is the last American region, and anyone concerned about the country's future must eventually return (or go for the first time) to see what's changed, to test his own versions, to see how it feels *down there* looking up. And yet the very need betrays more than a hint of disillusionment, a growing doubt about what the country has achieved, where it is going, and what progress means.

Clearly there is something new in the South, and it extends beyond the endless announcements that the region is becoming less Southern and more like the rest of America. Jackson, Mississippi, in 1972 is not the same town it was in 1960 or even in 1969. Can one imagine integrated groups of blacks and whites eating in the restaurants of Capitol Street? Can one imagine a black candidate for governor of Mississippi speaking unmolested from the steps of nearly every little county courthouse in the state? Can one imagine the citizens of Sunflower County trying the white killers of a black girl before a jury of nine blacks and three whites? Can one imagine watching the black sheriff of Greene County, Alabama, in a mod Italian suit, inspecting the watermelon crop on a thriving 4,000-acre farm owned by Muslims?

The South *feels* different, and every outsider who returns after an absence of a year or two perceives it. And yet the differences do not answer questions—they only change them. For the past three years the media have represented every new Southern politician as a moderate: Carter in Georgia, West in South Carolina, even Waller in Mississippi. If a man does not talk like Lester Maddox or John Bell Williams—if he doesn't shout nigger during his campaign or sport buttons saying "never"—he must be a progressive. When a man talks about reason and economic growth, when he mentions black and white working together, he is appreciated as a realist and a gentleman.

And so we suffer from a sort of split vision. On the one hand there is the South catching up with America, on the other the South as a source of political and cultural renewal. In the South, the exhausted liberalism of the Thirties still seems to make some sense; it has not yet been fully tried and has therefore not yet had a chance to fail. At the same time (for a minority of others), the South still seems to offer possibilities for a renewed radicalism, for a resurgent populism uniting blacks and poor whites against banks, utilities, and large corporations.

They all speak of possibilities now—the striking woodcutters of southern Alabama and Mississippi, the young academics, the kids, the liberal lawyers, the organizers, the black politicians (and the white), the bankers and editors—as if possibility itself had become the new creed. People who had conducted lonely fights through impossible years—those who got the burning crosses and the midnight phone calls—and people who had never dared speak at all have become part of organizations and are beginning to talk. The civil rights movement and the federal laws it produced emancipated a piece of everyone, and even the white politicians, except a few, are willing to admit it. Yet even those changes resolve nothing, and people now are as ready to fight about the meaning of the new faith as they once were prepared to fight for (or against) its coming.

The most fashionable of the new sects is the L.Q.C. Lamar Society, and in the long run it may well become the strongest. Its natural habitat is the academic study, the board room, the hotel convention, and the country club, and its most concise objective, according to its own literature, is devising "practical solutions to the South's major problems and constructive change." Although anyone may join for an annual fee of $25, the Lamar Society is, in fact, on the way toward becoming the voice of the New South Establishment, an organization of "moderate" businessmen, lawyers, newspaper publishers, politicians, university presidents and professors.

The society is integrated—leaders include John Lewis, director of the Voter Education Project, Vivian Henderson, president of Clark College, and Maynard Jackson, the vice mayor of Atlanta, all of them Negroes—and seems to share some spiritual kinship with John Gardner's Common Cause. Against the stridency of a Wallace or a Maddox it is liberal, but in the more subdued context—the *politesse*—of Jimmy Carter's Georgia or John West's South Carolina it is very much middle-of-the-road. "From now on," said a Lamar member, "decisions are going to be made by a center coalition."

Organized in 1969, the society "brought together persons who believed that the South's progress had been too long delayed by preoccupation with racial integration and disregard of other pressing regional problems." It was to be conscientiously nonpolitical, looking, according to its own literature, for "Southerners who are long on imagination, innovation, and professional competence, short on political dogma." The organization's primary objective—at least on the surface—is to sponsor studies, encourage regional planning, and "to present the people who make decisions with realistic alternatives." They were not, according to H. Brandt Ayres, the society's president, "going to be ideological cheerleaders." Yet clearly they would like nothing better than to be regarded as the embodiment of the reasonable New South.

The abiding principle is caution. Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, for whom the society is named, was a nineteenth-century Mississippian who served in the Senate during Reconstruction and later became the only man from his state ever to sit on the Supreme Court. "The Society believes," according to its brochure, "that the type of behavior exemplified by his struggle for reconciliation between the races and regions of this country in the divisive 1870s is worthy of emulation by his fellow Southerners in the 1970s."

The brochure says nothing about Lamar's support of the Compromise of 1877, by which the Southern Negro lost the protection of the federal government, nor does it say just what black people had done to whites and why therefore, "reconciliation" was the proper word. Thus it was not surprising that a leading Lamarist could propose that the way to resolve the regional controversy over the playing of "Dixie" by high school and university bands was to pair it with something like "We Shall Overcome"—as if the two were, in fact, symbols of similar

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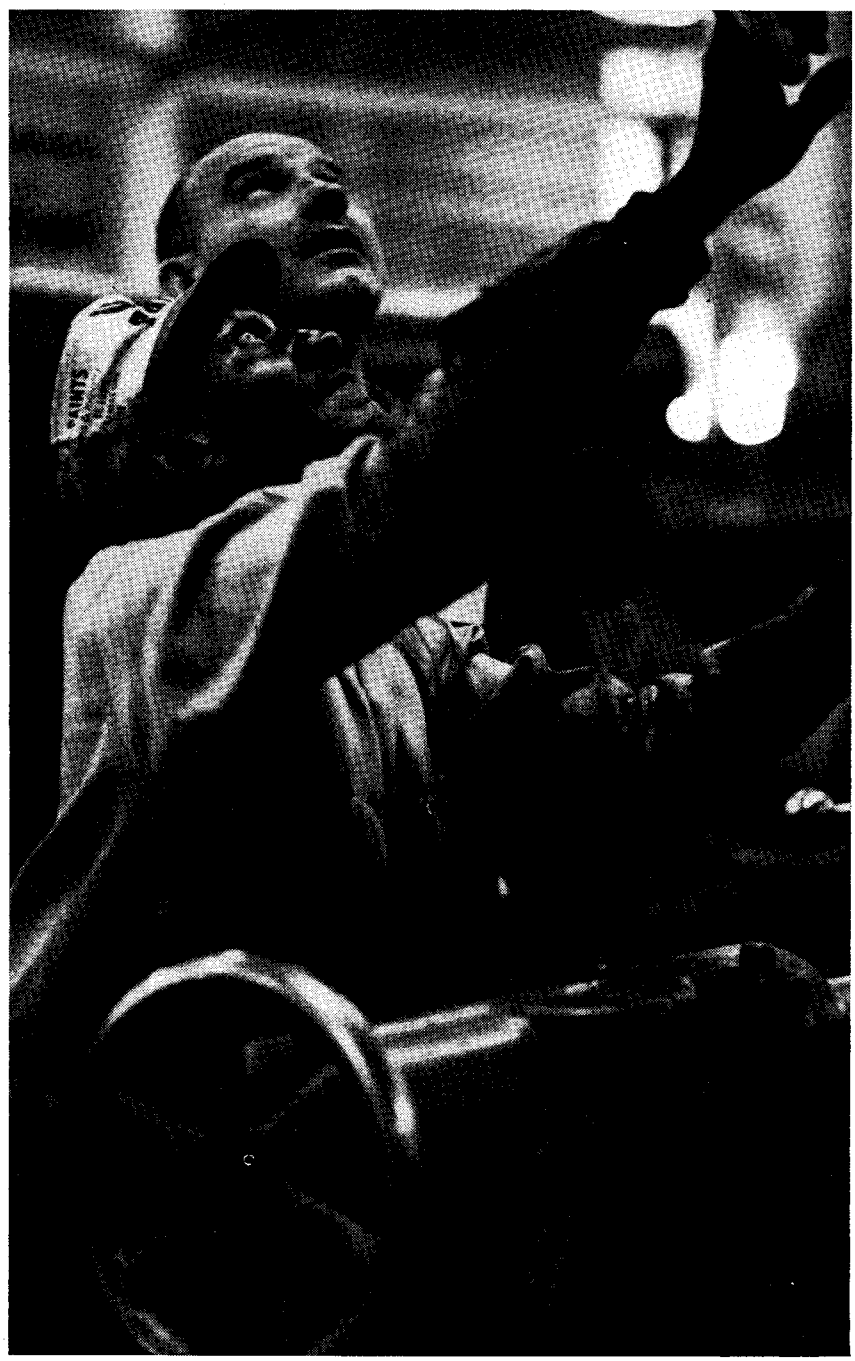

"Southern progress without Northern mistakes, integration with courtesy... a chance for a new Progressive Era."

movements, attitudes, and experience. First they'll play their fight song, then we'll play ours.

Considering its style, structure, and membership, Lamar is more likely to be a non-movement than a cause, more apt to represent a mood than to push a program. It will not *do* very much as an organization other than sponsor research, meetings, and publications (e.g., *The Urban South: Northern Mistakes in a Southern Setting?*), but no Establishment organ ever does. H. Brandt Ayres, who is also editor and publisher of the Anniston (Alabama) *Star* and who, as much as anyone, was Lamar's chief organizer, suggests that someday the society might become a sort of "distant early warning apparatus" with an executive committee that can deal with crisis situations.

That day, needless to say, has not yet come—"We can't even deal with crisis situations in our own communities," Ayres says—yet the society's influence, even as an informal communications device, can be substantial. As in most Establishment situations—at the country club, or the informal lunch, or the Council on Foreign Relations—the more private the decisions, the more effective they are likely to be.

The impact, despite all the disclaimers, obviously will be political: compromise over contention, gradualism over militancy, "progressivism" over populism. Lamar will not create that impact but give it focus, respectability, and support. Privately Ayres believes that Lamar itself is "an expression of a new progressive movement in America. Populism is limited by its mode of attack, although it has some real substance. The progressives in America are taking over the agenda and starting to implement it."

In concrete terms that means tax reform, ecology, regional planning, legislative reorganization, and expansion of higher education, all accomplished through moderation, reason, and compromise. Clearly there are things worth preserving—courtesy, civility, due process—no point in "destroying each other in contentiousness." Civilization is too precious and precarious for that. What a stupid thing it is to bus school children just to achieve an abstract mathematical formula. "We've got to learn to live in communities, as friends and neighbors, and not just as contending factions."

In more general terms Lamarism means other things. Racial conflict must not be replaced by class conflict. The blessings of this economic order, properly adjusted to accommodate certain environmental considerations, would (hopefully) be extended to increasing numbers of people without restructuring the order itself. Thus the populism of George Wallace—his

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attacks on banks and utilities—becomes as much of a threat as his racism, and the redneck, cleansed of his backwardness and his nigger-baiting, becomes a recruit for the great ascent through Upward Mobility.

The great hope lies in education and research, planning and intelligence, items that have special meaning in the South. For one thing (like liberalism itself), they have rarely been tried; for another, they look especially attractive against the lingering fear of strife and violence. For no matter how joyful the professions of a new Southern mood, new attitudes about race, integration, and all the rest, every Southerner knows that there are a lot of guys out there with guns, and that while Northern radicalism might be a parlor avocation, it constitutes fighting words to many. Populism can go to the right or to the left, can turn moralistic and reactionary, can be racist or egalitarian, or even both at the same moment, can turn on Jews or capitalists or intellectuals with equal fervor.

Every Southerner also knows that for a century the region has been dominated by the economic power of the North, by paper companies, steel mills, utilities, and banks whose directors sat in New York and Pittsburgh, not in Atlanta or Birmingham. With hindsight we may eventually conclude that those days have come to an end and that the psychology of outside domination and the penchant for direct violence faded together, but so far there is no way to be sure. The special political skills of the South are themselves products of that historic threat of violence: It is always hard to tell which part of a man is simple charm and grace and which is political calculation because the parts are inseparable; people learn their gentility and their politics together, partly in self-defense against the economic and political power of the North, partly against those at home whose honor and convictions are offended too quickly. Out of sheer necessity to survive, the Southern Negro learned to con the white man; for related reasons, the Southern white learned to con his rich cousins up North and his poor kinsfolk at home.

For all Southerners then, fear of violence is interlaced with simple self-interest—to protect and enlarge possessions and control. Nigger talk historically had been sufficient to put down any class movement, to keep the unions on the defensive, and to keep white upstarts in their place. If a man refused to work for $1.75 a day, someone had said, "the boss would hire a nigger who'd work for a dollar," and when the unions did come, they were conned with nigger talk, too.

Now for the first time there is a problem. The old form of discipline is be-

"Football is a surrogate for the promise of youth, for the closed frontier, and, finally, the forum of the battle against time itself."

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coming increasingly less effective: Wallace has failed on race, Maddox has failed, Faubus has failed. In Mississippi alone 6,000 people were sending their kids to White Citizens Council schools, and no one was sure how many thousands more were supporting private academies, but these people were going broke and beginning to suspect that when it came to money and public services they were no better off than the blacks. "Now," said George Dean, an American Civil Liberties Union lawyer, "some of them are going to start thinking. Race was the last solid support, and once that's gone they'll know they're getting screwed; they won't take much more: It's time to roll up your sleeves and go after those banks and those corporations."

Here and there, where schools were *de facto* integrated, poor whites were already joining with blacks to get better textbooks (or to get free textbooks at all), to demand more money, to get a response from the bureaucrats, and in the backwoods of Alabama and Mississippi 8,000 woodcutters—60 per cent black, 40 per cent white—had organized to strike mills and lumberyards. So far such people have no real voice—"God has to send us *someone*," Dean said—but it is possible that something could happen, that in this, the poorest of all American regions, the diminishing satisfaction of being white was no longer enough.

"At the dawn of the 1970s," said Virginia Governor Linwood Holton in his inaugural address, "it is clear that problem-solving, and not philosophical principles, has become the focal point of politics." One should take these echoes of John Kennedy and Daniel Bell as an attempt to put the fire-eaters in their place once and for all. But as quoted in the literature of the Lamar Society, they can also be interpreted as a way of resisting any racial resurgence, of trying to assert economic home rule, and, simultaneously, of showing the nation what reasonable people Southerners had become.

Beneath it all there remains the more ominous possibility that, in the great orgy of Southern moderation, the Compromise of 1877 will be re-enacted. John Mitchell and Richard Nixon were quite willing—even eager—to dilute the Voting Rights Act of 1965 when it came up for extension, thereby throwing blacks back into the hands of Southern election boards, registrars, and legislatures. The act was extended by a close Congressional vote in 1970, but enforcement by the Justice Department of school integration orders and civil rights laws has, at best, been unenthusiastic.

The Southern strategy failed for the Republicans in the 1970 elections—the old Wallace vote went overwhelmingly to the Democrats—but the consequences for the South itself were not so plain. Obviously, the changes of a decade in race relations could not all be undone, but with the disarray of the civil rights movement, the nationalizing of the race problem (as manifested, for example, in the issue of busing), and the general eagerness to regard nearly every Southern governor as a moderate, the pace and direction of further change are doubtful.

The more one pursues the changes, the more one finds the residue—situations, people, and attitudes that have hardly changed at all. Some are obvious—the poverty, the racism, the continuing sense that nothing can be done. At the same time there is something more subtle, perhaps more important: In the newer suburbs, in the football stadiums and country clubs, in the motels and bars, in the vast region of the pin curl, the tease, and Miss Teen Age America, the great battle is still the struggle against time itself.

The residue is not 1840 or 1870 or 1910, but 1945. It is the Pride of Mississippi Orchestra playing vintage Glenn Miller at the big political bash for the state's Regular Democrats; it is the crowds flowing from Legion Field in Birmingham and a dozen other stadiums, filling Holiday Inns and Ho Jo motels, the women in their bouffant hairdos, the men with their pinky rings, clinking glasses, how-ya-doin' across parking lots and lobbies, shouting To Hell with Mississippi, To Hell with Georgia Tech, To Hell with Tennessee, knowing that those boys down there on the playing field are "fighting all our battles for us"—Archie and Steve and Bobby Jo, new faces every other year, but the bodies always lithe and beautiful and young.

At the heart of it is football. Not football as the national Sunday madness, the solitary television-filtered landscape, but the special version of *Southern* football that knows levels of meaning, intensity, and violence entirely foreign to other regions. In Alabama and Arkansas and Mississippi, they used to say, football means more because "they don't have much else to be proud of; in everything else they were always last," but that's only the beginning of an explanation, for football is also a surrogate for the promise of youth, for the closed frontier, and, finally, the forum of the battle against time itself. Football gives life a focus; football stops the clock. Each week they move from place to place, from Athens to Tuscaloosa, from Knoxville to Jackson, converting vacations into a succession of catatonic Saturdays and laryngetic Sundays, hiring special trains, meeting the old crowd, talking real estate in Tupelo and weddings in Biloxi, but returning always to that game, reliving the glorious moments of another day.

It is a complex and arduous ritual, a fantasy of the race, where the time is always vaguely 1945 or 1950, a time between times, the Old South with the promise of Northern prosperity, the New South without integration or social ambivalence. Two elements are essential, the Negro and the Woman. Because each can be cast at will (alternately and exchangeably) into the role of adult or child, tower of strength or reed of frailty, each helps sustain the white male's adolescence. The woman as mother or daughter, the Southern woman who, on the one hand, as Virginia Durr said, "bears all, suffers all, endures all" and is rewarded with a pedestal to her own purity and who, on the other, can be the perpetual coquette; the black as boy or as mammy, irresponsible child, or faithful retainer.

But now the ritual is threatened. The Negro refuses to play his part if he insists on being a man then the white boy must become a man as well. The Negro is time's intruder: Each time he carries the ball or knocks down a white with a block or demands political parity, another crack opens in the adolescent cocoon. Put a party of blacks into a motel dining room and the decibels of pre-football revelry begin to sink and the level of decorum begins to rise. Take the black servants out of the sorority houses or have them refuse to address little girls from Mobile as Miss Susan or Miss Mary Jo and the girls begin to wonder. If they are not Southern belles, what are they? While they are taking care of the white boys, who will take care of them?

Because of their impact on the struggle against time, the integration and emancipation of the blacks from social subservience are likely to have effects far beyond the semblance of "equality." What will happen when (or if) there is a black quarterback at Alabama or Ole Miss? What will happen when black cheerleaders have to throw white girls in the air, or when the black beauty queen has to be kissed by the white president of the student council (or vice versa)? So far those problems have been avoided by careful selection and eliminating portions of the ritual, by letting blacks run with the ball or block or tackle, without letting them call the plays or dominate the game. But each time one amputates a piece of the ritual, each time one cancels a ceremony of custom, each time one of *them* participates in something that used to be exclusively one's own, resistance becomes more difficult.

And yet the ritual continues. The growing resistance among blacks is hardly universal and may, in the long run, channel itself into the enlargement of parallel black bourgeois structures,

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encapsulating white fantasies without destroying them. Where black power and identity are recognized they are generally seen in political rather than social terms—you negotiate with Julian Bond or Charles Evers or John Lewis but deal with the maid, cook, and gardener in the same old way.

More important, the white woman has barely begun to resist, and there are indications that no major movement can ever be organized as long as women—white women of all classes—continue to serve their double function: dirty workers on the one hand, perpetuators of the mythic bloodline on the other. "The women tend to be receptive," said a community organizer in a poor white neighborhood of Jackson called Battlefield Park. "They are interested in day care, abortion counseling, and all the rest. But the men are afraid they'll lose power over their wives. They want to keep them down, keep them at home. And the important thing is for every woman to have a man. You don't count for a whole lot if you don't."

For a time in the late Sixties it appeared as if the national militancy of the young would spread through the South. A demonstration at the University of Alabama against the Cambodian invasion of 1970 turned into a major confrontation with the Tuscaloosa police. Earlier that year Alabama students had heckled George Wallace (a university alumnus) so effectively that he was unable to complete a scheduled address. Underground papers were started in Tuscaloosa, Birmingham, New Orleans, Atlanta, and a dozen other locations; William Kunstler and Abbie Hoffman spoke on (or near) Southern university campuses, usually to capacity crowds; draft resistance spread and became respectable despite the South's particularly strong tradition of military service. Most significant, a growing number of Southern university graduates—lawyers, teachers, social workers—resolved to stay in the region and launch legal services, community action programs, and other reform organizations.

There is a chance that all of that will survive and grow, even without a serious national youth movement in politics, that there will be more activists, more kids who will not play the game, will not be hostages to time, but that chance is still small while the pressure to comply remains immense. For most of the kids now in college, the most visible future lies, therefore, in the conventional American route into business, into the suburbs, into the proper civic organizations. They will conduct themselves honorably, trying to trade their adolescence for paternalism, updating their music, modernizing their racial rhetoric, talking about development and growth, yet knowing also that to confront the old fantasies head on is to risk forms of chaos and violence that the region might not survive.

"The time is always vaguely 1945 or 1950, a time between times..."

To say that the South is catching up with the nation is, at best, no more revealing than to say the nation is catching up with the South. There is evidence for both, but neither means much unless there is some agreement about direction. Per capita income in the South rose sharply through the Sixties; the landscape is covered with new developments, factories, and highways; and public opinion polls suggest that on most issues—busing, the economy, Vietnam, drugs, crime, and all the rest—the South does not differ very sharply from the rest of America. At the same time, the problems of Northern cities, as we have heard time and again, are, in some important respects, the converted problems of the South brought north—rural unemployment and deprivation turned into "ghettos," "welfare," and "crime." The statistics (on income and attitude) are therefore evening out not only because some Southerners are better off, but because a million others, most of them poor, are now counted as part of New York, Chicago, and Cleveland and not with Georgia, South Carolina, or Mississippi.

Twenty years ago we could berate the South for this backwardness because we still took for granted the legitimacy and permanence of national progress and rectitude. Today, having lost that confidence, we are more tolerant of the South and, at the same time, look to it for those possibilities we can no longer find in ourselves. Shortly before the 1971 Mississippi gubernatorial election Charles Evers declared that it would be easier for a black man to become governor of Mississippi than to become Vice President of the United States. "Governor of Mississippi," Evers answered. "I expect to become governor."

In fact, of course, he was not elected and didn't expect to be, although he believed he would do better. (He received approximately 22 per cent of the 700,000 votes cast.) There were people, however, who not only thought it would be easier for a black man to become governor of Mississippi (an indication, surely, of how we now thought of our national racism) but who also felt that Evers, once a Chicago pimp and hustler, and now the Mayor of Fayette, really had a chance. What would have been a joke ten years ago—a Flip Wilson routine, perhaps—had become an article of hope in 1971.

The Evers campaign was more than a curiosity; it was a landmark of how far—and which way—the South had come. It also indicated how difficult it will ever be to separate the South from its mythology and from the burdens outsiders were trying to impose on it.

Occasionally Evers himself would treat the campaign like a joke, the best hustle of his life. One morning a few days before the election he showed up at the Governor's Mansion in Jackson for an "inspection." The mansion had been closed as unsafe; it required structural repairs. Governor John Bell Williams was living elsewhere, and the expense of restoration had turned into

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a political football. The reporters and cameramen were at the gate but not allowed in. Still Evers made the best of it. "This is dirty," he said, running his hand over one of the columns. "Now if John Bell would get a little soap and water and do a little cleaning twice a year this place would look a lot better. They talk about black folks not taking care of their places. . . . I'm going to move right in after the election and then it's all going to be open—all the state facilities—because they belong to the people, the black, the poor, everybody. We're going to have barbecues here, fish fries, picnics—open it to the people. . . ."

It was the great entertainment—the reporters, the bodyguards, the rallies, the statements—a black man standing on the courthouse steps in dozens of small towns, packing the meeting rooms at the Black Elks, jamming the churches, passing through the whole geography of Southern racial violence, West Point, Philadelphia, Clarksdale, McComb, Grenada, Indianola, the landmarks of death, telling how he was going to be governor. It was part hustle, part revival, the biblical cadences strung out against an organ continuo and punctuated with hallelujahs and amens: "We're going to turn that state Capitol inside out; we carry no racism, no hate, we'll just carry our sorrows. . . . Precious Lord, take our hand; Precious Lord, lead me on. . . . We're going to take it into the Capitol, and we're not going to do it no different."

In the end, the hustler got outhustled. The Evers organization thought they knew what they were doing, but it turned out that, though they had counted on some 350,000 registered black voters, there seemed to be only 200,000. But what hurt most is that in the end it was not Evers who proved that such a campaign was possible but his opponents. They got the credit for moderation, for conducting a decent campaign, for the fact that Evers himself had not been physically attacked.

Evers got used in the name of the New South. We all used him: the Northern liberals who came to work, the Southern moderates, the press. He was to demonstrate the South's new racial tolerance, its changing climate, and its mythic capacity for an honest confrontation with those historic inequities and limitations that the rest of the nation still managed to ignore. He was to be the link between the old and the new, the bridge across the adolescence of the Fifties. It was possible for his liberal adherents to be romantic about his Old Black South style, his revivalism, his Bible talk and, in the same moment, to see him as the representative of a contemporary political movement uniting the young, the black, and the poor against the Establishment. Charles

The Strike That Brought the Races Together

James Simmons of Forest Home, Alabama, calls himself a redneck. In 1968 he voted for George Wallace for President. In 1971 he endorsed Charles Evers, a black man, for the governorship of Mississippi. "Four years ago," he explained, "if anybody had told me that I'd ever appear at an Evers rally, I would have told him he was crazy." But in four years a great many things happened, and James Simmons, chief organizer of the Gulfcoast Pulpwood Association, changed his mind and his politics.

The central event in that conversion was The Strike: The Association—3,000 white and 5,000 black woodcutters who cut and truck pulpwood from the forests of Alabama and Mississippi to lumberyards and hardboard plants and paper mills—took on some of the most powerful people in the South, defied the local press (which either ignored them or called them communists), and began to unload the burden of a century of acquiescence and self-denial. People like Simmons are not given to rhetoric, and men who average $2,000 a year for hard physical work are not likely to walk off the job on impulse. There was no idealism in the strike; from the start it was a straight matter of survival.

The boycotts began in 1968—sporadic strikes punctuated by threats or token increases in compensation—but they did not escalate into a regional movement until late summer of 1971. In the meantime Simmons had been driving hundreds of miles each week, talking to woodcutters, organizing, trying to talk up the cause. At the beginning, there had been no strong tradition of union activity, no sense of political potential, only a belief that to be a white man—an independent white man, no matter how poor—was better than being a nigger. But they had broken all that. Charles Evers had come to help. He told them that "we've all got to run together or we're all going to sink together," and they found themselves applauding.

They didn't want much, only a uniform standard of measurement and what they regarded as a fair price, but that proved hard to get. In Washington County, Alabama, police and sheriff's deputies had surrounded a woodcutters' meeting in an effort "to prevent violence"; in Jackson the *Daily News* published a cartoon of a woodpile labeled "Laurel Pulpwood Agitation" which partially covered a flag with the hammer and sickle. (One of the woodcutters later said that he went to the dictionary to discover the meaning of "communist" and learned that, among other things, it had something to do with equal rights property. "I guess that was us, all right.")

Inevitably, however, the harassment led to bigger confrontations, to anonymous phone calls about bombs, and finally to unexpected action by local welfare agents, who cut off the strikers' food stamps. Simmons turned to Senator James O. Eastland of Mississippi, whose assistants suggested he stop associating with agitators, to John Sparkman of Alabama, to the candidates for governor of Mississippi, to anyone who might help. Only Evers came through. Within a few days he had Simmons and a handful of others on a plane to Washington to see George McGovern and Teddy Kennedy, and within a few days after that the food stamps were restored.

Still, it was only the beginning, small and painful and uncertain. The association was an integrated organization and its leaders had begun to understand what it meant to buck the system. The strike remained unsettled. The test would not come in the first round of negotiations, but in the pattern of demands that the cutters pursued and in the compromises they were willing to accept.

It is always tempting to envelop people like Simmons in the reflected glow of our own ideology, to see in the beginnings of any organization, any strike, any conversion, the seeds of a regional or national movement, a new populism, or a new political force. But there will be overwhelming financial pressure to settle. Perhaps Simmons and some of his colleagues had begun to explore a new kind of politics, but out there on the back roads lived poor men whose only chance of survival was to cut and haul wood. □

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A Black Sheriff Tries a Different Direction

Greene County, Alabama, is located at the edge of the Black Belt forty miles southwest of Tuscaloosa. Its population, now estimated at 11,000, is 80 per cent black and is one of the poorest in America. What makes it unique in its region, where many are poor and black, is that in two recent elections the people of Greene County elected a black sheriff, a black probate judge, a black school board, and black county commissioners. Greene County's government, therefore, is as black, or blacker than, any in America.

There are three of us in the car heading south through the county on U.S. 11A: Tom Gilmore, the black sheriff, Bill Field, a white student from the University of Alabama, and myself. Gilmore, in his gray pinstriped suit, looks more like a lawyer or writer from New York than a thirty-year-old country boy who was raised on a farm twenty miles away. For a time he had been away—two years at a Bible college in Selma, two years in Los Angeles—but most of his life he has been here, preaching, organizing for the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, talking up the potential of political power, and reassuring the fearful that "we'll always be here" to protect them if gun-toting sheetheads should come around in the middle of the night.

Gilmore is also a part-time student at the University of Alabama, and he further confounds the sheriff image with the paperback books on the front seat: Camus, Rollo May, B. F. Skinner. Is this really the county sheriff? "I'm just like my prisoners in the county jail," he said as we drove. "I'm in a cage, too. It's just that the bars aren't iron and the walls aren't concrete."

Gilmore and his fellow black officials are understandably reluctant to speak too much of what might yet be. The problems are too staggering. Even before the 1970 election several hundred whites, anticipating the inevitable, had begun to move away, and there was no telling who was friend and who was just waiting until disaster struck. A few other whites, however, were accepting the change. It was their county, too, and they meant to make the best of it. Nonetheless, the possibilities remain uncertain. The county's unemployment rate stands at 40 per cent, its median per capita income at about $400. It would take $5-million, went one estimate, to free the county's blacks from their creditors. Until that freedom is bought, political power would mean nothing.

There were some things about the sheriff's business, Gilmore said, that he didn't want to learn. His own political career had begun in an encounter with a state trooper. His car had spattered mud on the trooper's car: "The trooper stopped me, cussed me out, and pulled his pistol; he told me if he ever saw me again he'd blow my brains out." Two years later, he said, he was beaten up by the sheriff, a former All-American tackle at the University of Alabama whose family had controlled the sheriff's office for forty years. "When he beat me up," Gilmore said, "I decided I'd beat *him*."

But he also decided that he would become a different sort of cop, and so, shortly after the election, he had started going through the records of the local court to see which former residents of Greene County, now in state prisons, could be returned home in the custody of the sheriff; he wanted to try some serious work in prisoner rehabilitation, had already sent a couple of county prisoners back to school, and had found a job for another. Each week, moreover, he conducted meetings with his prisoners, served them coffee, and discussed their problems; perhaps he could get federal money to initiate prison reform; perhaps Greene County might be a model; perhaps. . . .

Still, he was reluctant to talk. "If I say too much I'll telegraph my plans, and the opposition can set up a good defense. The system, you could say, was almost made to make men destroy each other. Maybe if I knew as much as Skinner I'd try to do things his way. The whites in the South conditioned the blacks—and each other. Maybe I could do a different kind of conditioning." □

Evers would lead the kids and the rednecks against the barons of Capitol Street. If we couldn't beat them in Manhattan, we would take them on in Tupelo and Jackson. It was never understood that we weren't merely fighting racists—were certainly not just fighting the Establishment—but were up against a collection of dirty little political machines that had been running Southern counties for a century and that were not about to tolerate challenges from anyone, white, black, or brown. It was the New South that permitted him to run; it was the Old South that beat him. Both the old and the new could therefore be regarded as winners. They had always had their implicit understandings, their arrangements of convenience—tax breaks for the boys downtown, road contracts and a little patronage for the county politicians—and those understandings, though perhaps subject to alteration, would continue.

There is a New South, a region now creeping hesitantly past the year 1954. But the South is not yet in a position to save anyone. The pressure of an organized underclass, black and white (should it ever come), combined with the new official tolerance of the Establishment, may mitigate the vast inequities of status and income that have always characterized the region. Under the right conditions, with luck, with great skill in organizing, with the proper leadership, the South could even enjoy a resurgence of moderate populism.

All of it remains fragile. The wisest political management may find itself overwhelmed by the poverty or suspicion of its own constituents and by the power of the absentee-owned corporations that have always dominated the region's economy. The South's civility, moreover, has not yet been tested without the props of class structure and racial separation. In its confrontation with the civil rights movement it failed miserably, running before demagoguery, hysteria, and violence. Civility with paternalism is easy; without paternalism it requires the kind of maturity that the region badly lacks.

Most important, the South still has no clear vision of its future, no persuasive dream about its own version of the good society. There are pieces of it, but no coherent whole, and many of the people who should be most concerned with its formulation are still too immersed in the preservation of an adolescent fantasy. What the South does know is that things in the past decade have become a great deal better; but from the outside, where things have become more doubtful, if not actually worse, the prospects of the South appear even more hopeful than they really are. □

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Eat! It's something to do when you're bored or tense. (Sure, your doctor told you how many calories you should take in in a day. But it's been a long day.)

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As Others See Us

WINNIPEG:

Pre-Election Strategy

The pre-election strategy of the American and Canadian governments is running in curious parallel. Both hope that economic conditions will be helpful to them next autumn or, in Canada's case, possibly before midsummer. And for both, a climate of prosperity, actual or anticipated, is a political imperative. . . . If Phase Two succeeds, even in a rough fashion, the strains will be eased. The nations will have the chance to put their affairs in order after a decade or more of illusion and mismanagement. Under the best of circumstances, this task will require high courage in national governments and sensible behavior in their citizens. Among governments, that of the United States is certainly showing courage, though not always wisdom, along with its obvious political strategy.

The Winnipeg Free Press

LONDON:

Realism and Courage

American defense expenditures are to be drastically increased. This increase comes after years of cuts carried out in the vain hope that Russia would follow the good example and stop the arms spiral. In the present state of the world this can only be good news to all those, whether in the United States or elsewhere, who have watched with alarm Russia's unsparing efforts to upset the balance of power. While Western expenditures, in real terms, have been declining, Russia's have relentlessly increased. . . . President Nixon is showing realism and courage in his determination to stop the slide and will need all his political skill and toughness to carry through his plans in the face of the protests that are bound to come from the left-wingers, the ostriches, and the pipe dreamers who will strive to frustrate him.

The Daily Telegraph

Not Much Confidence

On the domestic front, Mr. Nixon boasts that the cities are no longer engulfed by civil disorders and that universities have again become places of learning instead of battlegrounds. This is true as far as it goes, but the problems are still there, and Mr. Nixon has not been able to persuade a lot of people that he has particularly imaginative answers. His appeal is primarily to the prosperous majority. For the poor, the black, and the underprivileged, he offers compassion and some reforms, but he has not managed to persuade them that his response is sufficient to meet their problems. . . . In foreign policy he has formulated, to his great credit, the plan to visit both Moscow and Peking. . . . Yet his method of making decisions, his fumbling in Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, and Pakistan have not won him a lot of confidence abroad.

The Times

MOSCOW:

Beginning of the End

The refusal to exchange the dollar for gold still remains in effect, enabling the U.S. monopolies to continue their international speculative transactions and to buy up foreign companies. As a result of the devaluation of the dollar and the revaluation of some other currencies, many U.S. companies have profited by increasing their competitiveness on the foreign market. U.S. commodities have now become cheaper, whereas prices of foreign commodities have gone up. This development is ample compensation for the United States' lifting of its 10 per cent surcharge on certain imports back on August 15, 1971.

However, while having attained a temporary solution in its favor, Washington has suffered a setback in something far more important. Namely, it has officially admitted that it can no longer ensure the stability of the existing financial system. And this means the beginning of the end of U.S. economic and financial domination of the capitalist world.

Pravda

Hope Followed by Disillusionment

Analyzing the domestic situation, President Nixon had to admit that the 1960s were a period of great agony—the agonies of war, inflation, rapid growth of crime, worsening state of the cities, origination of hopes followed by disillusionment, indignation, and dissatisfaction that ultimately led to violence and to the biggest civil disorders of the past century. The President said that in the closing years of the past decade the country was so torn into parts that many had questioned whether America could be governed at all.

Tass

PARIS:

Sleeping Demons

How much will Europe have to pay for the devaluation of the dollar? Ten years to the day after Europe's agricultural policy was initiated, the Americans arrived in Brussels on January 14 ready to hustle along the resumed commercial negotiations. It is, however, not this haste that worries the Six, nor the domination of the agenda by oranges, tobacco, and cereals; it is what is to follow. By increasing their pressure, the Americans may yet stir those sleeping demons within the Six, which on other occasions have come close to bringing the Common Market structure down.

Nevertheless, it is hardly thinkable that the enlarged Common Market would find it to its advantage to develop in opposition to the United States, when European defense depends on the U.S. atomic umbrella, and when the Old World nations, including France, want American troops to remain in Europe.

Le Monde

STUTTGART:

With a Grain of SALT

The first agreement expected in the SALT negotiations won't stop the atomic armaments race, for it will merely include the weapons systems that, in the meantime, are gradually becoming obsolete. The vicious circle of inventing and applying ever more complicated and expensive weapons systems won't be broken. Thus, the grotesque result will be that the U.S. military budget will continue to increase, although most American soldiers are back from Vietnam and U.S. allies are taking on more of the burden to maintain military preparedness in Europe. "Military strength," said Nixon in his State of the Union message, "is the guardian of peace," but it seems more like a vicious circle.

Stuttgarter Zeitung

PEKING:

The War in Vietnam

Public opinion in various countries of the world strongly denounced the criminal acts of U.S. imperialism in bombing North Vietnam and rebutted its absurd pretext for covering up its crimes of aggression.

No matter how it tries to justify its acts of aggression, U.S. imperialism cannot escape punishment by the Vietnamese people. In the past few days, the Vietnamese people have shot down a number of enemy planes and captured a number of U.S. pilots. This is a powerful reply to the American aggressors.

The barbarous bombing of North Vietnam is nothing but a desperate struggle of U.S. imperialism. It shows that the so-called Vietnamization plan pushed by the Nixon government is suffering defeats, and that it is trying to save itself from defeat by such war adventures. But facts are entirely contrary to what U.S. imperialism has hoped for. The Indochinese peoples are winning one victory after another in

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their war against U.S. aggression and for national salvation. U.S. imperialism suffers disastrous defeats wherever it makes provocations, embarks on adventure, and expands the war.

Peking Review

MADRID:

Wallace and McCarthy

Has the historic structure of American democracy, based on a bipartisan system of Republicans and Democrats, reached the point where it's threatened by polarization to the right and to the left? On the one side, there was the abortive youth movement of Eugene McCarthy, and, on the other, there are the millions of silent followers of George Wallace.

Even before the defeat of their hero at the Chicago convention, the desperate young people, many with heads broken, lined the curbs of Michigan Avenue and began their clamor for a third, Left-oriented party. Today a "new Left," headed by Dr. Benjamin Spock, is trying to develop a people's party, anti-Vietnam, anticapitalist, pro-civil rights. What will happen when eleven million eighteen-year-olds vote this November?

On the right, the situation is clearer. The conservatives are represented by the ambitious, popular politician and demagogue George Wallace. This nervous little man systemically cultivates the conservative sentiment in the United States. He is for "segregation now, segregation forever," and his message sounds good to many ears.

ABC

MILAN:

Defeat in Victory

Everything seemed settled after the meeting on the island of Terceira in the Azores, the location of the most important diplomatic rendezvous of the postwar period. De Gaulle, wearing the boots of Don Quixote, had attacked the windmill of Fort Knox; now Sancho Panza Pompidou was sure of getting from Nixon a cutting-down-to-size of the dollar. . . . He was counting on a Nixon come to Canossa, an agonizing American economy coming on its knees to beg France's pardon for not having listened when the General prophesied the dollar's abdication. But, for Nixon, devaluation was an investment, not an admission of defeat. Days later, French farmers learned that the price of devaluation was to be a flood of American agricultural products "dumped" on the Common Market. For French workers, there was the prospect of unemployment. According to a recent poll, Pompidou's popularity has sunk two points after the "victory" of the Azores. Which goes to show that you shouldn't sell a coonskin until you have shot the coon.

Weekly L'Europea

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

What a Memory

A reader's letter reminded me that during the First World War, when air raids began to start, I was living near the East Coast. We moved away to Redhill in Surrey.

On the night we arrived, there was a heavy thunderstorm, and as the hotel was only about 200 yards from the station, we hurried through the storm, the only lighting being from lightning.

The next morning my father went out to explore the vicinity, and a gentleman standing at the door of a stationer's shop stopped him and said: "Hello, Mr. Hart, I knew you were here. I heard your voice in the black-out last night."

And they had not met for thirty-five years.

Mrs. S. L. Samuels,
The Sunday Express, London

VD Dangers

An unfair and gross injustice will continue to be done to the young so long as they are not made fully aware that protection against any of the seven common forms of VD by passing water after sex is sheer nonsense, and that any form of soft-pedaling of this most important issue can only do incalculable harm. How many youngsters are warned that symptoms of the more serious types of VD are often not apparent in girls until irreparable damage and sterility have taken their toll?

A recent medical report made it clear that in this respect it is the girl or boy friend in all classes of society, however "steady" they may appear, who is now a greater danger than the professional prostitute. . . . The widespread provision of the Pill or other forms of contraceptive (with abortion as a long stop) will lead to a still sharper rise in VD in this country, and so to all the ill-health and misery with which our hard pressed VD specialists can scarcely keep pace.

Physician,
The Observer, London

Protect Wildlife

It is said that hunting is a sport. But to me, it is after all just a means by which a mass of hunters gang up and slaughter wild birds and animals.

Even without legally permitted hunting, the poor living things are being driven away from their peaceful haven by various kinds of environmental disruption. On top of that, to kill them off by hunting is certainly brutal. . . .

If legal killing by hunters is permitted, it would seem to me that just establishing no-hunting zones here and there will not be enough. Nothing can save wildlife if the entire country is not made into a prohibited zone.

Kiyoshi Saito,
Mainichi Shimbun, Tokyo

Trade in Women

The article "Traded Across the Border" reveals the tragic life of the poverty-stricken Nepali girls who fall prey to brothel owners, as well as the notorious activities at Hazi Malang Hill conducted under the nose of the Maharashtra government.

I have often read in the papers about the good mutual relationship that exists between Nepal and India. The King and Queen of Nepal have come to India on several occasions as the guests of the Prime Minister. It is distressing to note that buying Nepali girls for prostitution in India should continue despite our friendship with Nepal.

The way the holy Hazi Malang Hill is abused is also most annoying. Besides, it is ironical that the rogues who ruin the lives of these young girls continue to live safely under the so-called able administration of the Maharashtra government.

S. G. Sabnis,
Times Weekly, New Delhi

Small, Hard-to-Get Bolt

A woman bought a washing machine and was extremely satisfied with it. Everything went well until a small bolt fell out of the machine. It fell out, and it was as if it disappeared into the ground. No matter how the whole family looked for it, no matter how much they crawled around on all fours, they could not find the little bolt. It was that small and inconspicuous.

But the machine would not start up without that little bolt. The timing relay switch would not work right, or something like that. We won't go into the technical details.

The woman went to a service combine and addressed herself to the washing machine repairman. But when the repairman found out what was going on and heard that a small and insignificant bolt was the problem, he actually burst out laughing.

"I'm not about to make a house call for such a small thing," he said.

"Then what are we supposed to do?" the woman asked. "Maybe rent a truck and bring the machine here?"

"It's not worth it," the repairman said. "We don't have those bolts anyway. Now, if the whole switch had fallen out, that would be a different story."

"Well, then we'll say the switch fell out," the woman said.

"Oh, no! If the switch didn't fall out, it means it didn't fall out."

"Then replace the little bolt."

"But I already told you we don't have one."

"But why not, if it's such a small and simple one?"

"With the kind of supply system there is, you should be surprised at what we have, not what we lack."

What we find most surprising is that, with the state of appliance repairs being what it is, this woman does not see the advantages of the ordinary washtub.

Panteleimon Koryagin,
Izvestia, Moscow

Compiled by Nicholas G. Balint

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Queensmanship

Perhaps the first thing to note about Robert Bolt's *Vivat! Vivat Regina!* is that all the i's in the title are pronounced "eye," in accord with the British custom, rather than "ee," which is the way we learned it in Latin class. The fact that the popular British usage prevails immediately announces that this new historical play is essentially a piece of theatrical trickery devised to hold the attention of widely assorted theatergoers through a rapid succession of royal confrontations.

The play sets out to demonstrate Bolt's reasonable contention that Queen Elizabeth I gradually abandoned vivaciousness to become a marvelously skillful head of state, while her rival, Mary, Queen of Scots, turned into a richly human woman as she lost her political battle.

Bolt's plan is simple. He offers us alternating glimpses of Mary and Elizabeth that jump carelessly through the years from 1559, when the sixteen-year-old Mary became Queen of France, to 1587, when she was executed for conspiring to assassinate Elizabeth. The time jumps do not matter. What Bolt is interested in is the gradual change in the characters of the two queens.

The character transformation works better for Elizabeth than for Mary. Although the "Virgin Queen" is predisposed toward coldness by her unhappy childhood with no mother and a father who disowned her, in her early scenes with Robert Dudley we nevertheless feel that she might have bloomed more fully if that romance had not been blighted by his fickleness and her royal obligations. As her adviser, William Cecil, puts it, she could have gone to bed Elizabeth the First and risen the second Mrs. Dudley. But later, when she sees that the ambitious Dudley is somewhat too willing to sacrifice himself as a prospective husband for Mary, something snaps in Elizabeth, and she resolves to concentrate on the dry pleasure of politics.

Mary, on the other hand, appears a carnal woman from the start, and the episodes of the play prove this point repeatedly. She begins with an adolescent seduction by the Cardinal of Lorraine, moves on to the handsome but weak Lord Darnley, and after an interlude of frolicking with her Italian playmate David Rizzio, ends up a love slave to the roughhewn Lord Bothwell. It is a defect of the play that it remains unclear as to whether a less amorous Mary might not have been able to outmaneuver Elizabeth.

But *Vivat!* has a number of theatrical virtues. First of all, there is Bolt's way of making history seem modern by introducing realistic details not found in some history books. For instance, no fewer than three of Mary's intimates have had or have syphilis, though fortunately she never catches it, as far as we learn.

Then there is Bolt's wit. When Cecil asks Elizabeth if she wants him to say what he thinks or what she wants to hear, she replies capriciously, "Oh, Cecil, can they never be the same?" Or when her ministers plot to deceive the public, Elizabeth advises them, "The world is deceived by nothing. The world must be given something by which to *seem* deceived."

And finally, there is Bolt's dramatic sense. He can, for instance, get great fun out of having Elizabeth dictate instantly a decision that she claims to have arrived at through "long thought and anxious prayer." He knows how to make startling a deliberate understatement at the climax of a scene. He has found an ingenious way to bring home the truth to Elizabeth by the indirect device of having Cecil tell her all the things Mary was not ("worthy, thoughtful, self-denying, diligent, prepared"). And one admires his nerve when he has Mary discard her black cloak and go to her death in a red nightie.

Certainly *Vivat!* gives performers stuff they can do with relish and flair. Eileen Atkins, who gave such a sensitive performance in *The Promise* here four years ago, is marvelously mercurial as Elizabeth. To describe her as Nicol Williamson in drag is merely to suggest that she has achieved a wonderfully effective way of combining wit, scorn, and shrewdness in her role. She can be sharply hilarious, as when with perfect timing and a sense of her own absurdity she informs her court, "There. My merriment is over." Or she can suddenly shake us all with a shriek of disgust, as when she discovers that her advisers have maneuvered Dudley into leaving her for Mary. Beyond this, she manages most subtly the transition from youth to age.

As Mary, Claire Bloom also gives a finely controlled performance. It is difficult for an actress to show us in one scene enough intelligence to debate theology and in the next to show that intelligence overwhelmed by her sexual attraction to a man, but Miss Bloom does both superbly. She has not yet found a way to emotionalize fully the piteous moment when she discovers that all of the toys and letters she has sent her son have been intercepted, but the play might turn mawkish if she did react more strongly.

Outstanding in the rest of the cast are Douglas Rain as a Cecil "too clever to be honest," Alexander Scourby as John Knox, the colorful Scottish theologian who "modestly" regards himself as "nothing more than a wee trumpet in the hands of the Almighty," and Lee Richardson as the fiery romantic, Lord Bothwell.

Peter Dews, who directed *Hadrian VII*, seems to have the popular touch, so that the history whizzes by us painlessly. Designer Carl Toms has solved the problem of going back and forth between the two courts by use of vertical transom panels behind raised platforms. And his judiciously designed costumes put the focus on the two queens and are especially helpful in suggesting Elizabeth's inner decay.

Elizabeth (Eileen Atkins) vs. her alter id, Mary, Queen of Scots (Claire Bloom).

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That we tend to be intrigued and amused more than we are moved by *Vivat!*'s unabashed use of theatricality suggests that Bolt's storytelling scheme here is less effective than the one he used in *A Man for All Seasons*. But his insight into both stories may be equally profound, and his behind-the-throne glimpses make spiffy theater.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The Sacco-Vanzetti case challenges all capital punishment, but it has a particular pertinence in Massachusetts. Therefore, it is most appropriate that Springfield's resident professional theater, Stage/West, present the world premiere of *This Agony, This Triumph*, a full-scale work expanded by Reginald Rose from his earlier TV play.

The play takes the position that the two victims were obviously innocent and died because people "patriotically" felt that it was a good thing to eliminate dangerous radicals and admitted draft avoiders whose efforts could lead to violence and trouble in the factories.

Like many other plays that deal with fact, *This Agony, This Triumph* is a mixture of that which can be documented and that which is conjecture. Most effective of its strictly factual parts is the projected slide that lists five Supreme Court Justices, including Brandeis and Holmes, who came out against a reprieve. In the conjectural portions, one is impressed with the probing of the different reactions of the two victims to their option of either hurting their chances of survival by being proud militants (favored by Vanzetti) or possibly saving their skins by abandoning their radicalism and humbling themselves (favored by Sacco).

Under John Ulmer's direction and with a splendidly integrated multi-location setting by William F. Matthews, the production achieves many of its goals. Jack Gianino is most genuine as Nicola Sacco, beautifully expressing an unspoken agony. Eric Tavares captures the color of Bartolomeo Vanzetti and judiciously understates his famous triumphant speech rationalizing their death. The supporting cast is less fortunate, for Rose's play tends to polarize them into either unredeemed villains or shouting defenders of justice.

Although its re-creation of the Massachusetts social climate of the Twenties is not very successful and its focus on the personal pressures and inner conflicts of its protagonists should have been a little stronger, *This Agony, This Triumph* selects its facts in such a way that we are continuously stimulated and find ourselves drawing contemporary parallels. □

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

An Era's End: A Pioneer, a King, and a Dancing Prince

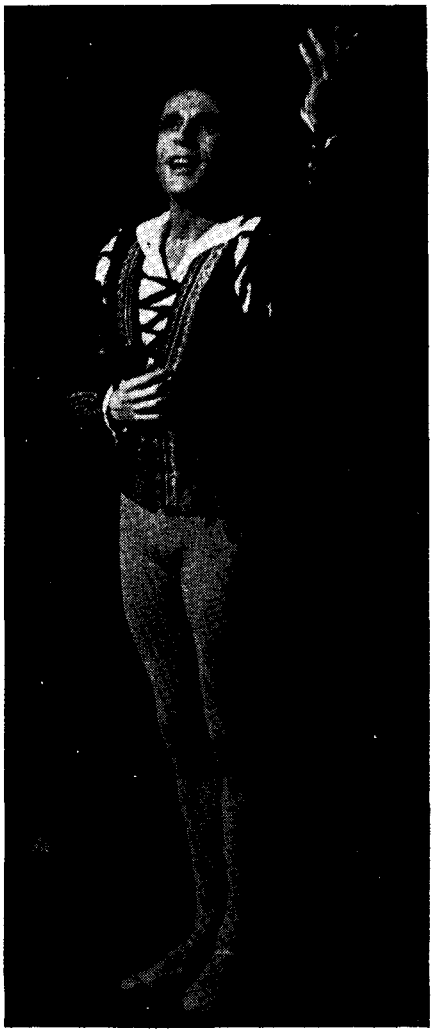
It was a celebration. The vast red-carpeted reading room of the New York Public Library's Dance Collection at the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center was jammed with dancers—white, black, Oriental, from teen-agers to persons in their seventies and early eighties. There was a warm and appreciative letter from the President of the United States; there were cables from all over the world. Gloria Swanson, representing both screen and stage, was there; Dame Alicia Markova, an all-time ballet great, stopped in on her way to London; old stars and new stars and promising beginners were all there. It was Ted Shawn's eightieth birthday. For dancers, it was "Papa" Shawn's birthday; for history, it marked a milestone in the career of the Father of American Dance.

Last fall [*SR*, Oct. 23] I reviewed a career of sixty years and endeavored to focus upon those aspects of Ted Shawn's life that affected not only male dance and American dance but the world's dance. Two months later, Shawn was hospitalized with emphysema, which had plagued and weakened him in recent years, and on January 9, 1972, he died. *SR*'s World of Dance prefers to say farewell with last year's statements of celebration rather than on a note of mourning.

Of the many honors given him during a long life, Shawn was especially proud of the fact that he was made a Knight of the Order of Dannebrog by command of King Frederik IX of Denmark; Shawn had introduced a contingent of the Royal Danish Ballet to America in his Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival with such resounding success the the full complement of Europe's oldest royal ballet toured the United States. He was also highly honored that the King granted him a private audience, the first time that a non-Dane of less than ambassadorial or royal rank had been received by a Danish sovereign in the 1,000-year history of the monarchy. Shawn always loved telling the story of how, as he backed out of the royal presence, the King said helpfully, "The doorknob is on the *right*, Mr. Shawn." Realizing that the King had never backed out of a room in his life, Shawn, with a dancer's instinct, reached back with his *left* hand and grasped the knob.

A week after Ted Shawn's death, the world's most famous royal balletomane died in Copenhagen. King Frederik was a familiar figure to summertime festival audiences in Denmark. He attended many ballet performances and almost always had a musical score on the regal knees (he was an expert orchestra conductor) as he checked tempos as well as steps in the old classical ballets (mainly Danish) that he preferred to modern works. If there was a departure from tradition, he would summon a dancer to the King's salon in the Royal Theater and say, for example, "Mr. Bjornsson, why did you toss your hat on the second beat instead of on the fourth as you usually do?" Inge Sand of the Royal Ballet once told me that it could be disconcerting when the phone rang in the early morning and a voice said, "Here is the King," and you tried to curtsy while in bed.

A very special favorite of the Royal Family and His Majesty's most famous dancer is Erik Bruhn. The King, unlike the rest of us, was privileged to watch Bruhn from the time he first appeared on stage at age nine to his years as an international star, the greatest *premier danseur noble* of our era. Mr. Bruhn, admired by his sovereign and loved and honored by Ted Shawn, has just announced his retirement from the stage. A nagging illness, which can be relieved by the removal of performing pressures, will not be immediately cured, but Bruhn now can be assured of a long and valued life behind the ballet scenes.



Erik Bruhn—"The Prince of Dancers" says farewell to a worldwide public.

Bruhn has already made extra marks as not only a choreographer but also a director, for it was he who lifted the Royal Swedish Ballet from opera ballet status to independent ballet prestige. Will he return to Stockholm? Will Italy's La Scala or New York's Metropolitan Opera vie for his directorial talents? At the moment there are rumors, conjectures, possibilities. The future for Erik Bruhn is bright.

For his fans, there are memories—memories of a dancing prince of noble mien, elegant gesture, and a shining (not tinsel) virtuosity. I remember him, on leave from the Royal Danish Ballet, as a young, blond, handsome soloist with the American Ballet Theatre, an asset but not a star. He returned to Denmark, and when he subsequently rejoined ABT he danced the "Black Swan Pas de Deux" with Nora Kaye in Princeton, New Jersey, delighting the audience. Miss Kaye, manifesting her irrepressible good spirits, did not resent the junior star who had won the contest with a great ballerina. She simply said, "Well, get him! I guess Mother had better get crackin'." Thus, a *premier danseur* was born.

Bruhn came as close to perfection as any dancer I have ever seen. The sense of line—body lines as etched in space—was ever impeccable; aristocratic deportment—four centuries of courtly ballet etiquette—characterized his presence in classical roles; the sustained, slow-motion turns—often as many as five—on high half-toe with the other leg extended *à la seconde* in such razzle-dazzle pieces as the "Grand Pas de Deux" from *Don Quixote* marked him as a virtuoso who never let brash display distort balletic elegance; the open-arm leaps in the old Bournonville ballets of Denmark and the chilling servile bow, brushed with contempt, of the sexy butler in *Miss Julie* were exquisite.

But I remember the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London. Rudolf Nureyev and Bruhn were guest stars. For Nureyev's performances, the teen-aged fans screamed and yelled their approval. As for Bruhn, countless rose petals, tossed from boxes and balconies, showered him with great love. The Prince of Ballet had danced. □

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The Anatomy of Passion in the Consummate Henry James

by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

HENRY JAMES:
The Master (1901-1916)
by Leon Edel

Lippincott, 591 pp., $12.95

Ever since the appearance of the first volume in 1953, one could be confident that Leon Edel had in progress the definitive life of Henry James. Now, with the publication of this fifth and final volume, it is clear that Edel has in fact produced something far more remarkable—not only a major biography but one of the truly distinguished works of creative scholarship of our time, perhaps of all time. The sole contemporary work with which it can legitimately be compared is Richard Ellmann's *James Joyce* and, of the two, Edel obviously had the harder task, the more difficult subject, a much more complicated problem of coordinating the imaginative processes of the artist with the physical facts of the artist's life.

Joyce was an excellent illustration of Eliot's statement that "the more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates." One is struck again and again by how completely Joyce, living in exile, was able to transmute the often merely squalid or irritating experiences of his early life in Dublin into the materials of great art through the mythologizing powers of his imagination. James may, as Eliot also famously said, have had "a mind so fine that no idea could violate it." But he was the very opposite of Joyce in the sense that throughout his life his mind was constantly being violated by experience, and it was directly from the quality of that experience, often overwhelming in its complexity and sheer abundance, that he derived his fictional materials. The process in his case was not so much one of imaginative inflation as of finely critical distillation. Eliot called James the most intelligent man of his generation. He may, in fact, have been the most intelligent man who ever wrote in the novel form, and the defining feature of his intelligence, "untouched," as Eliot remarked, "by the parasite idea," was that it was touched by absolutely everything else with an intensity that would undoubtedly have reduced a lesser mind to madness.

Any biographer who hopes to deal adequately with James must, therefore, be prepared to approach him on at least three levels simultaneously. He must cope with a writer who had an extremely complicated creative intelligence, who led a hyperactive emotional and social life, and who recorded his responses to that life in some of the most intricately imagined fiction ever written. And these formidable materials must finally be presented in some sort of coherent, interacting relationship with one another. Edel has managed from the beginning to do all this with particular skill, and in his concluding volume with astounding success, for the coverage is of that rich but multiform final period, the years from 1901 to 1916, when James reached his full artistic maturity, produced the great novels of his career, and brought out the New York edition of his complete works with the critical prefaces. At the same time he was living in the most precarious state of psychological balance. Depressed by the death of his brother, William, and of several close friends, he was deeply troubled as well by the symptoms of his own advancing age, his sense that his best work had failed to win him adequate recognition, and by the outbreak of World War I,

John W. Aldridge, professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of several works of criticism. His most recent is *The Devil in the Fire.*

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

65 **"Henry James: The Master (1901-1916),"** by Leon Edel

69 **"Jeeves and the Tie That Binds,"** by P. G. Wodehouse; **"The World of P. G. Wodehouse,"** by Herbert Warren Wind

70 **"Uncommon Sense,"** by James MacGregor Burns

72 **"Truth and Untruth: Political Deceit in America,"** by Paul N. McCloskey, Jr.

73 **"One Hand Clapping,"** by Anthony Burgess

74 **"Voyage to the First of December,"** by Henry Carlisle

75 **"SDS,"** by Alan Adelson

77 **"The Revolution Script,"** by Brian Moore

79 **"Phoenix with a Bayonet: A Journalist's Interim Report on the Greek Revolution,"** by Bayard Stockton; **"Eyewitness in Greece: The Colonels Come to Power,"** by John A. Katris

80 **"The Fatal Friendship: Marie Antoinette, Count Fersen and the Flight to Varennes,"** by Stanley Loomis

84 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

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which he described as "the plunge of civilization into this abyss of blood and darkness." To him it meant the collapse of that whole brilliant culture he had spent his life shaping to the varied forms of his art.

Edel offers an account of James's development through these years that is both a triumph of biographical reportage and the subtlest kind of psychological portraiture. The suffering man and the creative mind are beautfully integrated; large masses of information are given their appropriate meaning through being placed within the context of James's emotional torments; and the result is not only a new creation of James, the most complete and satisfying we are likely to have, but a fresh interpretation of mysteries that have often led to serious misunderstandings about his life and work.

One of the oldest and most tenaciously coveted of these misunderstandings is that James was a writer who, by some process of imaginative chicanery, was able to create great literature while living an arid emotional life and a public life of singular isolation and social impoverishment. This view was rather gleefully promulgated by certain of his contemporaries—jealousy among literary rivals having been at the time as potent a motive for ill will as it is today. Arnold Bennett expressed doubt as to whether James "ever felt a passion, except for literature," and H. G. Wells, in his infamous *Boon* attack, called James "the culmination of the superficial type," then went on to document the charge in what is surely one of the cleverest wrong-headed critical statements to be found in literature:

> The only living human motives left in the novels of Henry James are a certain avidity and an entirely superficial curiosity. . . . It is like a church lit but without a congregation to distract you, with every light and line focused on the high altar. And on the altar, very reverently placed, intensely there, is a dead kitten, an egg-shell, a bit of string. . . .
>
> Having first made sure that he has scarcely anything left to express, he then sets to work to express it, with an industry, a wealth of intellectual stuff that dwarfs Newton. . . . And all for tales of nothingness. . . . It is leviathan retrieving pebbles. It is a magnificent but painful hippopotamus resolved at any cost, even at the cost of its dignity, upon picking up a pea which has got into a corner of its den. Most things, it insists, are beyond it, but it can, at any rate, modestly, and with an artistic singleness of mind, pick up that pea. . . .

In *The Pilgrimage of Henry James* Van Wyck Brooks elaborated this argument into an indictment of what he saw as the adverse creative effects of James's prolonged self-exile from America. With an obtuseness equal to Wells's but less cleverly expressed, Brooks insisted that the great novels of the mature period, *The Ambassadors*, *The Wings of the Dove*, and *The Golden Bowl*, are devoid of human and emotional content because James cut himself off from the nourishment of his native materials—which gave vitality to his earlier work—and had remained isolated from English society. Even such a sensitive reader as Edmund Wilson appears to lend a certain credence to this view of James's "emotional starvation" while arguing very effectively against Brooks's low assessment of the later novels.

A great deal of this sort of misunderstanding is the result not only of the seeming tenuousness and overcerebration of James's mature style but of the mystery which until now has obscured his personal life. James never married and, for all anyone knew, he never had, could have, or wanted to have physical relations with a woman. In 1861, when he was eighteen, he suffered what he obliquely described as a "horrid even if obscure hurt," which may, as Edel suggests, have been a sacroiliac strain or some incapacitating sexual injury. As a result of this it has been widely assumed that he was forced into the celibate life, could have had no direct knowledge of sexual passion, and, therefore, wrote novels which were pristine of eroticism and fastidiously evasive about most of the central realities of emotional experience.

That this was a preposterous assumption will be obvious to anyone in the least familiar with James's work. From his very first novel, *Watch and Ward*—which contained such crude, if unconscious sexual imagery that brother William later urged Henry to be more cautious—through the great novels of the late period his dramatic situations are charged with eroticism. In fact, the eroticism deepens as the art matures. There is nothing more implicitly sexual than the relationship between Strether and Maria Gostrey in *The Ambassadors* or, for that matter, between Olive Chancellor and Verena Tarrant in *The Bostonians*—to say nothing of the several works in which overtly physical love affairs are at the very center of the action. *The Other House*, which was first performed as a play in London in 1969, is as sexual as anything by Tennessee Williams and infinitely more intelligent. But the point, of course, is that because in the bulk of James's work the consummation of passion is usually rendered impossible by personal scruples or social convention, the erotic element is most strongly felt as generalized tension, a continuous building to narrowly averted climax, and it is finally inseperable from the whole elaborate moral and psychological interplay which gives James's characters their vitality.

Sexual frustration or inhibition in fact worked for James as not only a dramatizing but a thematically liberating force, since it enabled him to explore the full complexities of relationship short of the sexual which exist between highly organized people—in particular, those fine nuances of feeling experienced but left unexpressed or sublimated into a passion of intellectual sensibility. In witness of this one has only to imagine what *The Ambassadors* would have been like if Strether and Maria had felt free to make love. Clearly, it would have been a far different novel and a far less satisfactory one—except perhaps for Strether and Maria—because, in effect, it would have climaxed at a level of melodrama far beneath the level created by the psychological implications of the plot. And if the conventions of Woollett, Massachusetts, had not dictated that Chad Newsome and Madame de Vionnet ought not, even in Paris, to be having an affair, there would have been no novel at all. James recognized, whether by wisdom or by prudery, that what he called "the great relation" between men and women is carried on most interestingly, perhaps even most passionately, when the parties involved cannot or dare not take each other to bed. In our present preoccupation with the purely sexual we have lost sight of this truth. So many of our novelists since James seem to believe that when they have brought their characters to orgasm, they have fulfilled their function, forgetting that the news of orgasm has long since reached us. The inexhaustible mystery, the drama that is forever refreshed because it is nowhere ever the same, is to be found in the nature of the people in the relationship being consummated.

As he grew older, James's sense of the erotic became stronger and found increasingly explicit expression in his work. About the reasons for this Edel provides some rather startling new information which should settle once and for all any questions concerning the quality of James's personal life—in particular, his capacity for close emotional involvements with men and women. Edel explores in considerable detail his relations with a number of women—most notably, the American novelist Constance Fenimore Woolson, with whom he seems to have had something like a serious, if platonic love affair—and with three attractive young men, the sculptor Hendrik Andersen, the novelist Hugh Walpole, and a sporting Irishman named Jocelyn Persse. James's feelings for these men would now be recognized as decidedly homoerotic. At least his amorous declarations in his letters to them would seem suggestive of something more intimate

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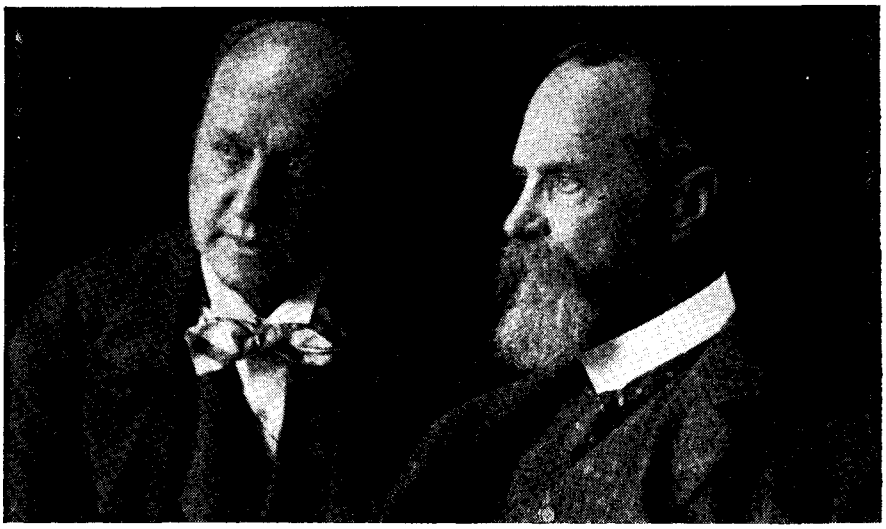

The Jameses—"brother William (right) urged Henry to be more cautious."

than simply avuncular sentiment. But if certain codes of behavior were stricter in James's time, those governing the expression of affection between men were far more liberal than they are today, and there seems to be no reason for supposing that his passion ever took overt physical form. The question in any case is of no particular importance. What interests Edel and should interest us is the effect James's involvements had on the quality of his work.

One of Edel's major contributions toward a revised and humanized image of James is that he is able to connect James's awakening to erotic feelings for these people with the richer eroticism of the later novels. Edel even suggests that this awakening was directly responsible for a crucial revision which James made in *The Portrait of a Lady* when he was preparing the later New York edition. In the original version of the kissing scene between Isabel Archer and Casper Goodwood, the kiss is described in a single sentence: "His kiss was like a flash of lightning; when it was dark again she was free." In the New York edition the scene is extended to a paragraph in which Isabel's response takes on distinctly orgasmic overtones:

> His kiss was like white lightning, a flash that spread, and spread again, and stayed; and it was extraordinarily as if, while she took it, she felt each thing in his hard manhood that had least pleased her, each aggressive fact of his face, his figure, his presence, justified of its intense identity and made one with this act of possession. So had she heard of those wrecked and under water following a train of images before they sink. But when darkness returned she was free.

Edel says that "the earlier Isabel was incapable of this kind of feeling," and so, it would seem, was the earlier Henry James. But we are reminded that in the last great novels, *The Wings of the Dove* and *The Golden Bowl*, there is abundant further evidence that James in his maturity was able to confront erotic relations between men and women with an honesty about the erotic element he had never displayed, evidently because he had never consciously possessed it before. Edel believes that the involvements with Andersen, Persse, and the others were primarily responsible for this development, that James emerged from them as a person who, in Stephen Spender's phrase, "after overcoming great inhibition, has accepted the *idea* of people loving . . . after a lifetime of deep human understanding, has arrived at a stage where in suffering and pity he could accept the physical fact of love."

Surely, one can conclude that if James was actually rendered impotent by the injury he suffered in his youth, he was not, as has so often been supposed, rendered emotionally sterile. In fact, it is possible that the injury was the most fortunate event of his life, for in liberating him from localized phallic sexuality it may have enabled him to create in his work an image of the erotic which, just because it transcended the limits of the copulative act, became symbolic of the most universalized passion operating at every level of human loving and consciousness.

Another major misunderstanding about James is that his public life was as isolated and arid as his emotional life was supposed to be impoverished, and here again Edel provides important corrective evidence. The fact is that James led one of the most vigorous social and literary lives any writer has ever enjoyed. Not only was he almost ludicrously social during his years in England (at one point in his notebooks he remarks with evident amazement that he had somehow managed to dine out 107 times in a single London winter), but he traveled extensively, especially during his early and middle years, in France, Italy, and Germany, made several trips back to America, and established friendships with almost everybody worth knowing in the international world of arts and letters. Just as his philosopher father had been a friend of Emerson, Thoreau, Carlyle, and Thackeray, so James at various periods in his life knew Dickens, Flaubert, Turgenev, Tennyson, Browning, Trollope, and George Eliot as well as more immediate contemporaries such as Conrad, Meredith, Mark Twain, Stephen Crane, Kipling, Wells, Ford Madox Ford, Pound, Howells, and Edith Wharton. He had, in addition, the most incredible and complex connections with that whole vast society of great families who contributed so much to the intellectual culture of the period, and with some of whom James maintained relations from earliest childhood to the end of his life. In America there were the La Farges, Nortons, Fullers, Higginsons, Lowells, Adamses, Wisters, Vanderbilts, Fullertons, Holmeses, and Perrys—to name only the most distinguished. In England, in addition to a host of socially prominent people, mostly single women, there were the du Mauriers and the Leslie Stephenses, one of whose daughters was Virginia Woolf. Families of this kind formed a society that was remarkable for its combination of wealth, artistic and intellectual talent, and the most highly civilized taste, and from his association with it James derived not merely social stimulus but some of his richest literary materials—at just the time when he was supposed to be dying creatively because he had dared to live abroad and so isolate himself from the vital resources of his native land. James may have had a great gift for making much out of little. That, at least, was the standard complaint against him during his lifetime. But it is evident that he suffered not from a paucity of experience but, if anything, from an excess, and the wonder is that he was able to process such abundance and subdue it to the coherence of major art.

Yet even as he was giving it enduring life in his fiction, that society was dying, and James knew it was dying. When he made his last visit to America in 1904, the places he remembered from his childhood were haunted for him because they were associated in his mind with so many dead friends and because the changes that had occurred during his years abroad had in some cases transformed them beyond recognition. On one occasion in Boston he returned to Ashburton Place, the house where he had lived during the last two years of the Civil War and where he had heard the news of Lincoln's assassination, the end of the war, and

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the death of Hawthorne. The place held, as he later wrote, old secrets and old stories, "a saturation of life as closed together and preserved in it as the scent lingering in a folded pocket handkerchief." When he came back a month later for a second look, the house was gone, every brick of it—"the brutal effacement, at a stroke, of every related object, of the whole precious past."

The climactic stroke, not simply of effacement but of wholesale devastation, was the outbreak of World War I, occurring at a time when James, already very near the end of his life, was in failing health and mentally depressed over the commercial failure of his New York edition. It was characteristic of him that he was able to assess precisely the meaning of the war, to see the disaster in his imagination in terms of the darkest apocalypse. As he wrote to his friend Rhoda Broughton:

> Black and hideous to me is the tragedy that gathers, and I'm sick beyond cure to have lived to see it. You and I . . . should have been spared this wreck of our belief that through the long years we had seen civilization grow and the worst become impossible. . . . It seems to me to *undo* everything, everything that was ours, in the most horrible retroactive way.

Yet it was also characteristic of him that when Henry Adams during the same period wrote him a deeply despondent letter James should have replied with a reaffirmation of the one faith which even the cataclysm of war could not bring him to question:

> "*Of course* [he wrote] we are lone survivors, of course the past that was our lives is at the bottom of an abyss—if the abyss *has* any bottom. . . . [Nevertheless] I still find my consciousness interesting—under *cultivation* of the interest. . . . You see I still, in the presence of life . . . , have reactions—as many as possible. . . . It's, I suppose, because I am that queer monster, the artist, an obstinate finality, an inexhaustible sensibility. Hence, the reactions—appearances, memories, many things, go on playing upon it with consequences that I note and 'enjoy'. . . . It all takes doing—and I *do.* I believe I shall do yet again—it is still an act of life. . . . There we are, and it's a blessing that you understand. . . ."

There, indeed, we are. Art is still, despite everything, "an act of life," and as he said elsewhere, "Art *makes* life, makes interest, makes importance." We have long had the evidence of his art in confirmation of this. We now have the full evidence of his life, the life that made the art possible. It was a life wholly consecrated to art, but it was also a life wholly and richly lived. We may wonder how soon, if ever again, the two will come together in such perfect union in such a monumental talent and exemplary human being.

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JEEVES AND THE TIE THAT BINDS

by P. G. Wodehouse

Simon & Schuster, 189 pp., $5.95

THE WORLD OF P. G. WODEHOUSE

by Herbert Warren Wind

Praeger, 104 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by John K. Hutchens

■ In a world trembling with uncertainties there is always Pelham Grenville Wodehouse. It is a fact to lift the spirit, and if that "always" has a cocky, assured sound, who is to say that the parent of Bertie Wooster, Jeeves, Gussie Fink-Nottle, Psmith, Rev. Stinker Pinker, Lord Sidcup, and other immortals will not, a century hence, himself be an immortal celebrating his 190th birthday?

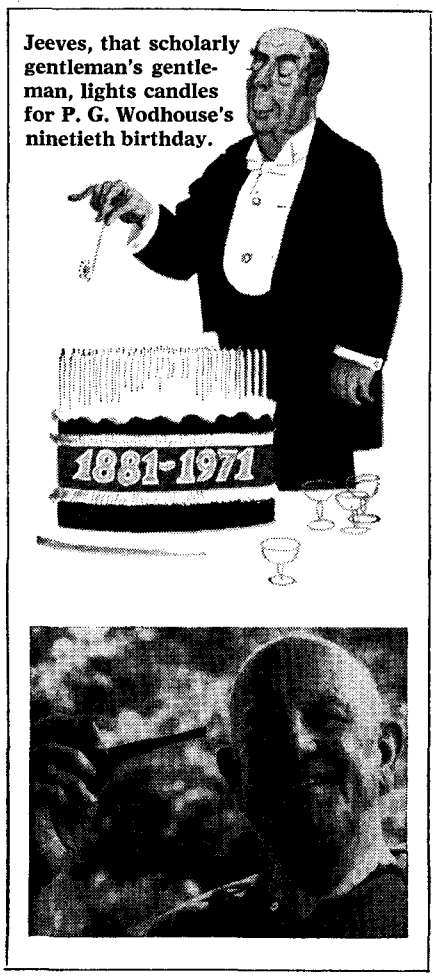
I for one would not bet against it, simply because it is impossible to imagine a world without him and *his* world, as unfaltering in its serene, happy lunacy as in the marvelous skill with which he presides over it. Since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary—at least, the memory of most people now living—this has been going on apace, at the rate of approximately one book a year since about the time the Duke of Wellington was closing in on Napoleon.

Inquire of any good Wodehousian what his hero's newest book is "like," and the fellow will stare at you as if you were the idiot you must be to ask such a question. It is like *Stiff Upper Lip, Jeeves*, like *Bertie Wooster Sees It Through*, like *A Damsel in Distress*, and like all their magnificent company in its rippling, apparently effortless narrative, its uninsistent comedy of word play and wildly plausible situation, its characters who could not conceivably be confused with anyone else's characters or with one another—and, yes, in the characteristic Wodehouse courtesy, too.

For he actually believes that some of the readers of *Jeeves and the Tie That Binds* may only now be finding their way to the Bertie Wooster saga, and as briefly as possible he sets about to enlighten them. He virtually apologizes. "I don't see how I can avoid delving into the past a good deal, touching on events which took place in previous installments, and this will make it heavy going for those who have been with me from the start. 'Old hat,' they will cry, or, if French, '*Déjà vu.*' On the other hand, I must consider the new customers. . . . The only way out that I can think of is to ask the old gang to let their attention wander a bit—there are heaps of things they can be doing, washing the car, solving the crossword puzzle. . . . while I place the facts for the newcomers."

A bit of background, then, about how Bertie had recently escaped from the adoring Madeline Bassett, daughter of Sir Watkyn Bassett of Totleigh Towers, Glos., and so on, only to find himself—shortly after this segment opens—trapped in another series of potential disasters. Well, to be sure, precedent says that that scholarly gentleman's gentleman, Jeeves, will glance up from his reading of Spinoza long enough to plan a rescue campaign, but when and how and after what embarrassments have threatened? The West End butlers' club to which Jeeves belongs is known to have compiled a record of certain aspects of the private lives of its members' employers. Will the contents of this file be made public? Can his enemies pin on Bertie the disappearance of a priceless silver porringer?

The Wodehouse plots are precision instruments, and if you think you are going to learn more here about this one you are ready for a loonybin as crazy as Bertie's Aunt Dahlia's house at Market Snodbury in Worcestershire. But you will take my word for it, I hope, that the master's phrasing throughout is as deft, in that casual throwaway manner of his, as always. *Item*: "It was one of those heavy, sultry afternoons when nature seems to be saying to itself, 'Now shall I or shall I not scare the pants off these people with a hell of a thunderstorm?' but I decided to risk it." *Item*: "She had a beaky nose, tight, thin lips, and her eye could have been used for splitting logs in the teak forests of Borneo." However, as someone has remarked, it is dangerous to start quoting Mr. Wodehouse. One is apt to go on forever.



Jeeves, that scholarly gentleman's gentleman, lights candles for P. G. Wodhouse's ninetieth birthday.

It isn't exactly true that he is only now being recognized as the artist he is. H. W. Wind tells us in *The World of P. G. Wodehouse* that, some forty years ago, Hilaire Belloc called him "the best writer of English now alive," and that Evelyn Waugh saluted him as one who "satisfies the most sophisticated taste and the simplest"—praise the more striking coming from a couple of literary gents not excessively given to throwing bouquets at fellow authors. Still, it is gratifying to see that critical respect for him now increasingly both reflects and explains his long established general popularity. Mr. Wind's excellent litle study of Wodehouse suggests some reasons for his power to charm.

He has, among other things, Wind writes, "the uncommon gift of being able to tell a story that is great fun to read. The earlier writer he most resembles, perhaps, is Charles Dickens—the young Dickens of the *Pickwick Papers*." Wodehouse's facility is awesome. Even now, Wind reports, his average output on "a good working day" is a thousand words. When younger he produced 2,500, and one day, back in 1933, 8,000 with which to top off *Thank You, Jeeves*. But facility is surely not the important thing about him. He can spend three months on the outline for a novel, and, in the case of *Leave It to Psmith*, he simply scrapped the first 30,000 words of a draft when the outline proved defective. In short, Wodehouse is that old-fashioned literary figure, a disciplined writer. He *works*.

One must believe also that he enjoys working. It would not otherwise happen that, as Mr. Wind observes, "it is always a bright spring morning or a soft summer evening in Wodehouseland," where we have been his fortunate guests for so long. And, by the way, I am indebted to Mr. Wind for the reminder that Mr. Wodehouse has been no mere guest of ours. He has spent more of his adult life in the United States than anywhere else, and this "typically English writer" is now an American citizen. Our import trade must have started to look up on the day he came here to stay.

John K. Hutchens, a former book reviewer for the *New York Herald Tribune*, is a longtime admirer of P. G. Wodehouse.

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UNCOMMON SENSE

by James MacGregor Burns

Harper & Row, 196 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Milton R. Konvitz

■ Throughout our nation's history there have been men who claimed that there is an American mission, or that we have a national purpose, or that the United States has a special destiny, just as there have been those who have groped for a statement of American values or ideals, or tried to discover an American ideology. It was as a President embued with this indigenous passion for introspection that Dwight D. Eisenhower appointed a Commission on National Goals. Do the Swedes or the Dutch or the Japanese, say, worry about such questions? Hardly. They assume that their nations are nations, much as lions are lions and mice mice. Americans, however, feel themselves constantly challenged to justify their existence. Perhaps this is because our origin in history rather than nature is an inescapable fact, one that ever impinges on our consciousness and makes us self-conscious. We cannot help but trace our origin back to compacts or covenants: the Mayflower Compact, colonial charters, the Declaration of Independence, and state and federal constitutions, with their bills of rights or their preambles that set forth purposes. The Declaration of Independence, especially, states national convictions, besides expounding its signers' credo as to why governments are instituted among men. Moreover, almost alone among the nations of the world the United States has a Supreme Court that continually reformulates American ideals in terms of contemporary currents.

But a concern with national ideals and a national mission or purpose necessarily entails a criticism of and an attack on the perils and obstacles that stand in their way. Thus, from the beginning of our existence as a people, parallel with the writings on American destiny there has grown up a literature on American backsliding, on our sins and failures, on the perversions and corruptions of our national purpose. John Cotton and his grandson Cotton Mather attacked the lapses in religious terms; Thomas Jefferson wrote against the evils of cities; Alexander Hamilton and James Madison worried about commerce leading to the accumulation of riches in the hands of the few, and were concerned that opulence and its evils would displace simplicity of life and manners; and John Woolman traveled about preaching against the monstrous evils of slavery and about the devastation of Indian life.

These have been the two sides of a single theme: the character of the American—for ultimately America is what Americans do. "In the long run," Thoreau wrote in *Walden*, "men hit only what they aim at." Accordingly, if they hit what is good, or if they hit what is evil, it is because they aimed at one or the other. The goals men set for themselves define their character. To speak of the American character, then, is also to speak of the American mission or of American ideals.

Uncommon Sense, by Williams College Professor James MacGregor Burns, a distinguished historian and political scientist, will take an honorable place among the books that have dealt with this subject, those by Crèvecoeur and de Tocqueville, Lord Bryce, Hugo Münsterberg, Harold Laski, Denis Brogan, Clinton Rossiter, and Daniel J. Boorstin—to name only the more notable. "This book," says the author, "is a call to undertake that most demanding and revolutionary of all activities—rethinking our goals and our means of attaining them." Professor Burns's conclusion is that the remedy for our evils "is the same as in 1776 and 1787—to rediscover our overarching values, to recommit ourselves to them, to restructure our institutions to fulfill them, and to support and sustain leaders who will serve them."

What are these overarching values or ideals? According to Burns, the three that must take first place on the American agenda now and for the years ahead are: 1) the defense of civil liberties and civil rights, 2) the abolition of poverty, and 3) the protection of the environment. The book's value lies in its detailed explication of these seemingly trite and conventional proposals. Professor Burns convincingly demonstrates how liberty and equality are interdependent, each needing support and development if the other is to be vindicated. He explains, further, how liberty came to mean, for Americans, something negative—namely, freedom from government control or regulation; and how, thus conceived, it worked to reduce equality until it meant merely equality of opportunity. What America now needs, Burns argues, is a commitment to equality of condition, and the enhancement of that positive liberty that carries out Franklin D. Roosevelt's Four Freedoms, which promised freedom from want and from fear, as well as freedom of speech and of religion. Burns essentially agrees with Roosevelt, who in 1944 contended that America required a second Bill of Rights, one that would go beyond the guarantee of equality of opportunity to assure everyone the right to a useful and remunerative job, the right to have a decent home, the right to have adequate medical care, the right to a good education, and the right to freedom from the fears that old age brings—sickness, accident, and unemployment.

But, Burns warns, if we are to fulfill the promise of liberty and equality, and the commitment to end poverty and provide a wholesome environment, we can no longer pursue a policy of piecemeal change. Poverty and the ills of the environment in particular cannot, he says, be dealt with at the pace that reformers and liberals have hitherto found acceptable. Because these problems are complex, many factors must be dealt with simultaneously and with equal energy. It is not, therefore, merely a question of spending more money but of reordering priorities in such a way that adequate means

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

BY ANY OTHER NAME

These twelve characters either used aliases or were referred to by other appellations. One of the tasks set by Alvin Serkland of Fergus Falls, Minnesota, is to link the right pairs of names. The other is to connect each person with the appropriate place. If you get lost, turn to page 78.

1. Athos ( )	A. the Artful Dodger	a. Africa
2. Natty Bumppo ( )	B. Ayesha	b. Bombay
3. Lucas Burch ( )	C. Joe Brown	c. Jefferson
4. Mr. Burchell ( )	D. Count de la Fère	d. La Rochelle
5. Edmond Dantès ( )	E. Hawkeye	e. London
6. Jack Dawkins ( )	F. the idiot	f. M—— sur M——
7. John ( )	G. Father Madeleine	g. Marseilles
8. Joseph ( )	H. Monte-Cristo	h. New Mexico
9. Prince Myshkin ( )	I. the nigger	i. New York State
10. She ( )	J. Osarsiph	j. St. Petersburg
11. Jean Valjean ( )	K. the Savage	k. Thebes
12. James Wait ( )	L. Sir Wm. Thornhill	l. Wakefield

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will be employed to achieve the desired ends. Delays, deals, compromises must be shunned; easy expediencies will not do; no longer will mere patchwork keep the fabric of the nation intact.

Some of the steps Burns recommends to help America achieve its promise involve a restructuring of Congress, a strengthening of the President's powers in certain respects, the formation of a national political movement, and various other institutional changes, each of which deserves detailed, careful consideration. Written in an imperative though nondidactic tone, *Uncommon Sense* is a book from which everyone can learn and benefit. If the work suffers from any one flaw, I would say that it lies in the author's too easy rejection of the strategy of compromise. "When we reflect," wrote Jefferson, "how difficult it is to move or to inflect the great machine of society, how impossible to advance the notions of a whole people suddenly to ideal right, we see the wisdom of Solon's remark that no more good must be attempted than the nation can bear." *Uncommon Sense* would be a better book if Professor Burns had first thought through and tried to meet philosophically the arguments for compromise as formulated by Jefferson, as well as those presented by John Morley nearly a century ago in his treatise *On Compromise*. This shortcoming aside, Burns's book provides a critical and provocative view of our gains and failures, and of our national goals, which —as Professor Burns reminds us—always assumed not a planned but a planning society.

Milton R. Konvitz, professor of industrial and labor relations and professor of law at Cornell University, is the author of *Expanding Liberties*, among other books.

WIT TWISTER #256

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The shattered — — — — — of the soldier rests
Against a willow blasted from its bed;
Upon its — — — — —, to preen their bloodied breasts,
The vultures — — — — — and contemplate the dead.

—A. S.

(Answer on page 78)

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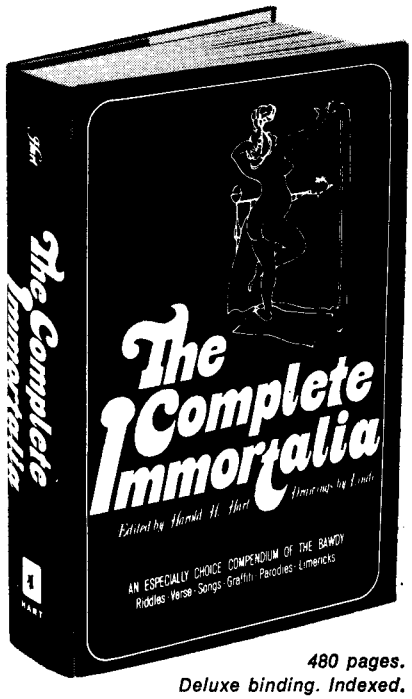
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TRUTH AND UNTRUTH:
Political Deceit in America

by Paul N. McCloskey, Jr.

Simon & Schuster, 264 pp., $7.95; paperback, $2.95

Reviewed by L. L. L. Golden

■ Four years ago in the New Hampshire primaries, Senator Eugene McCarthy derailed the political experts and President Johnson, propelled Senator Robert F. Kennedy into the contest for the Presidential nomination, and wrought general havoc in the Democratic Party. Now those who admire President Nixon as much as they did President Johnson hope that a young California Congressman, Paul N. McCloskey, Jr., has as much impact on the Republican Party in the New Hampshire primaries that take place next month.

At this time, though, even McCloskey joins the consensus in conceding that his chances of defeating Nixon in the primaries are slim indeed. In fact, the insurgent Republican has made it clear that he is most unlikely to win the contest and has said that he will drop out if he is badly beaten. Others expect that the McCloskey vote will offer some measure of the Nixon strength, for if the President gains less than an overwhelming vote of confidence it can signal that there is trouble ahead for his hope for a second term. But what complicates the Republican primary in New Hampshire is that McCloskey is not the only challenger to Nixon. Representative John M. Ashbrook of Ohio, too, wants to register a protest against the direction that the President has taken.

McCloskey, unhappy with Nixon's lack of liberalism, his refusal to move American forces out of Vietnam fast enough, his "untruths," is attacking from the left. Ashbrook complains about Nixon's effort to ease tensions with China and other apostasies from Ashbrook's concept of the orthodox Republican position; he is attacking from the right. And since all this puts Nixon in the position of being in the center, a posture so sought after by leaders of major political parties, the voting in New Hampshire's Republican primary may not reveal much on which to base November forecasts.

Now McCloskey has written a rather slight book, expounding the basis of his challenge to Nixon. Its thesis, as McCloskey points out, is that "lack of truth—on the part of politicians in both the Administration and in Congress, grudgingly acquiesced in by the press, and accepted by the people with less and less concern—is at the heart of the growing loss of our American faith and confidence."

Truth and Untruth adds little to the knowledge of McCloskey for those who have watched his moves from dissent from the Nixon policies to outright antagonism and the decision to run in the March 7 primary against his own party leader. It is clear that he is not in the McCarthy mold, nor is he an intellectual or an original thinker. McCloskey does not believe in changing our political and economic system. This is explicit when he writes: "Citizen action *can* revolutionize American government. The system itself is sound. We need only return to truth as the cornerstone of that system, and seek a new national ethic of informed, committed citizen involvement."

As part of the new national ethic, McCloskey advocates the adoption of a tithe—"ten per cent of one's time, energies, resources and effort directed to achievement of excellence in government. Each citizen might choose an issue, a party or a candidate to which he will devote ten per cent of his free time during the year and ten per cent of such cash resources as remain after he has fed, clothed and educated his family. . . . In cash expenditure it should amount to not less than five dollars per month for wage earners at the lower end of the scale and perhaps one hundred dollars per month for the affluent." The likelihood of this proposal's adoption is a measure of the experience or sophistication of the California Congressman who defeated Shirley Temple Black in a Republican primary for the seat he presently holds. Rare indeed is the old political professional, worn hard by his daily confrontation with voters, who would believe with McCloskey that the tithe idea would work.

What makes McCloskey run? What motivates him? What manner of man is he? If *Truth and Untruth* tells one anything about the candidate it is that he is a decent man, with good instincts; a person who would like to see a better world, is opposed to lies and deceit, but does not grasp the realities of life. Manifestly he is not a philosopher; nor would he get high marks as a student of government. The likely conclusion is that Paul McCloskey does not have the qualities that make a President, even in days less tumultuous than the present.

It is interesting that McCloskey finds it necessary to write: "I would ask the reader to understand that these are my views alone, not the property of any ghost writer, adviser or any other invisible agent." Certainly the hiring of a good ghost writer would have made *Truth and Untruth* more readable than it is even though the ideas remained untouched.

Paul N. McCloskey, Jr., in Vermont—a new national ethic with tithe.

L. L. L. Golden, public affairs counsel and author of *Only by Public Consent*, keeps a constant eye on political activities.

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ONE HAND CLAPPING

by Anthony Burgess

Knopf, 216 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Harry T. Moore

■ While Anthony Burgess's novels always have action and an array of characters, their outstanding trait, usually, is a flashing of verbal fireworks, as in the stepped-up Elizabethan language of *Nothing Like the Sun* or the grotesque, seemingly part-Slavic speech of a possible future Britain in *A Clockwork Orange*. No such pyrotechnics occur in *One Hand Clapping*, a book that came out in London in 1961, shortly after the publication of Burgess's *Malayan Trilogy* (in America entitled *The Long Day Wanes*). In the latter Burgess scrutinizes the decay of outlying parts of the Empire; here he turns to the disintegration of values among young Britons at home.

Janet Shirley, who tells the story, is a blonde with a magnetic effect upon men. A lower-middle-class girl who lives in a fictitious Midlands city called Bradcaster, Janet is married to a used-car salesman whose rather flagrant honesty does not endear him to his boss. Yet Howard Shirley is something more, because he has a "photographic brain" that ultimately wins him a thousand pounds on a television quiz show, for which he has to make weekly trips to London. Although his education, like Janet's, has been only "secondary mod," Howard displays a mechanical knowledge of English literature which allows him to scoop up mean grounders that Ph.D.s in the area would have a hard time fielding. Who, for example, are Glossin, Imlac, and Densil Ravenshoe? Just ask Howard.

Howard's demonstrations of his prodigious memory don't particularly impress Janet who, after his somewhat haughty early appearances on TV, has had to cope with spiteful and envious remarks about him at her job.

. . . you could see there were some who were just dying for Howard to fail on the thousand pound question. I knew all about this, because, after all, I worked at the Hastings Road Supermarket and heard people talking by the wrapped loaves shelf and near the washing powders and so on, and a lot of them didn't know who I was. . . . I tried to keep my temper, of course, but it was a bit difficult, especially when some of the other girls at the Supermarket had their own bit of a sneer about me still working while Howard was at home poking the fire, and one girl, Edna Simons, called me "Your ladyship." That was uncalled for, that sort of sarcastic thing, and I turned on her nastily and would have scratched her face if she'd been worth wasting energy on, so I contented myself with upsetting the pile of tins of cut-price peaches in syrup she'd just put on the floor, and then she started to cry out like a really common thing. The whole Supermarket seemed to turn sour on me that day. . . .

Later, staying at the fanciest hotels in the United States and the West Indies, Janet is almost equally uncomfortable, since she misses England and her lover, a tattered young poet and scrounger named Redvers Glass.

Howard's sudden transformation from used-car salesman into an independently wealthy man—he parlays his quiz-prize money into a fortune by intuitively picking a succession of winning racehorses—puts a strain on the novel's credibility. And as black humor, with occasional overtones of Edgar Allan Poe, takes over, the story becomes more unbelievable yet.

An exuberant celebrant of *Finnegans Wake* and the deft inventor of *A Clockwork Orange*, Burgess manages to remain mischievously amusing throughout most of this farfetched novel, whose Zen Koan title is also that of a play which Howard and Janet see in London. From Janet's description of it, the play sounds very much like John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*.

When the curtain went up, what should it be but some young people in a very dirty-looking flat, with washing hanging up, and a girl ironing in her underclothes. And that scene didn't change once, it was the same scene from beginning to end of the whole play. What the play was about was about everybody being very unhappy because they'd got their education paid for by the government, or something, and there was no war for anybody to fight in, or something like that. . . .

The angry-young-man movement, which was flourishing at the time Burgess wrote this novel, is only one of the many aspects of English life satirized in *One Hand Clapping*.

Harry T. Moore, a research professor at Southern Illinois University, edits the series Crosscurrents/Modern Critiques.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1491

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1491 will be found in the next issue.

RMDQ RB ADOO XWYTWBII

SI QMB BZAMDPTB YU YPB

PGSIDPAB UYV' DPYQMBW

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—M. BOOSI

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1490

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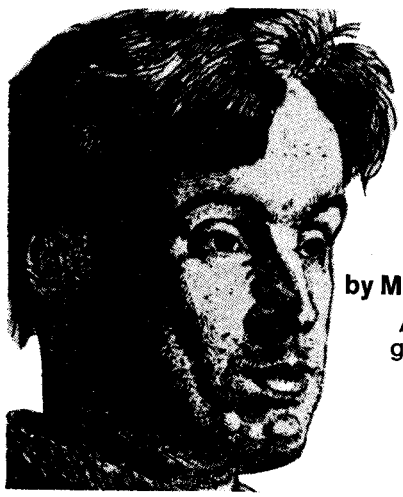

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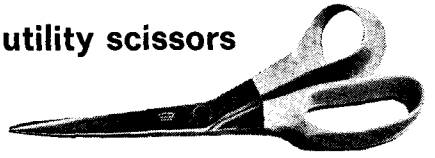

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VOYAGE TO THE FIRST OF DECEMBER

by Henry Carlisle

Putnam, 253 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Alden Whitman

■ Historical fiction is difficult to pull off. Either the author so distorts the basic incident that its reliability as re-creation strains the credulity of even the hardiest reader, or he gallops off into Freudland on a psychological hobbyhorse. Henry Carlisle has wisely done neither in recounting the purported conspiracy to mutiny aboard the United States Navy brig *Somers* in 1842.

The incident itself involved some then notable persons—Philip Spencer, the chief accused conspirator and son of Secretary of War John C. Spencer; Commander Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, related by marriage to the Perrys—Oliver Hazard and Matthew Calbraith; and Guert Gansevoort, related to the Albany Dutch patroons. Briefly, what happened is this: During the brig's return to New York from a training cruise to Africa, Mackenzie believed that he had uncovered a mutiny plot organized by Midshipman Spencer, who was put into irons with two suspected confederates among the crew. After a trial at which the accused were not present or represented, all three were hanged at sea. There was public outcry but Mackenzie was exonerated by a Naval Court of Inquiry and cleared a second time by a Naval tribunal, though not with honor.

Mr. Carlisle retells the episode through the eyes of Dr. Robert Leacock, the brig's surgeon, a man of conscience who was skeptical of young Spencer's guilt and that of his two friends. He draws also on the records of the Naval Court and contemporary newspaper articles. One result, and a gratifying one, is character keenly etched in authentic background.

Although the mutiny story might easily have been presented as a period piece, Mr. Carlisle has skillfully managed to make it a thoroughly 1970s tale. He does so by posing the gist of the dispute between the antagonists as both generational and ideological—authority being represented by Mackenzie; the subtle subversion of it, by the nineteen-year-old Spencer.

By focusing on these differences as the central tragedy of the *Somers*, Mr. Carlisle has produced a taut, suspenseful, and provocative novel. And one, moreover, that because of its fidelity to the historical record is completely credible.

Alden Whitman is a frequent contributor to *Saturday Review*.

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SDS

by Alan Adelson
Scribners, 276 pp., $10

Reviewed by Mary Breasted

■ Covering a radical group presents problems for even the best of reporters. As self-avowed true believers, radicals do not appreciate being spied upon by the unconverted. Furthermore, reporters often make story leads out of their most outrageous statements or report only their unusual or shocking activities, while ignoring the humdrum routine of their workaday lives. Both the radical right and the radical left spend most of their time in organizing, but it is only when their members are caught with guns or overheard hatching wild plots that we read about them in the papers. It is not, therefore, surprising that, as a rule, only the reporter who has proved himself a kind of fellow traveler is suffered by radical groups for any length of time.

Alan Adelson—whose *SDS* deals with the second most publicly defensive radical left group in the country (the Black Panthers lead the pack in this respect)—describes himself, in effect if not explicitly, as a convert to SDS politics. In his introduction Adelson states that his book was written "by someone who used to say: 'I support these student radicals. I believe in their cause, and if I were still a student I'd be one of them.' But by someone who has since come to understand that if you do believe strongly in a cause, there's no excuse for only giving it that kind of lip-service support."

Winning the trust of SDS members must have been a formidable task for Mr. Adelson, who came to them, he writes, "from the 'belly of the beast,' as the Black Panthers say: straight from three years with the *Wall Street Journal*." He should have spared himself the trouble. For the very qualities that made him acceptable to SDSers (Adelson's term), and that gave him access to the sources he cites, appear to have stripped him of those intellectual powers which might have helped him render his materials interesting. His book is atrocious. Concerned with a fascinating subject, it is almost as boring as an SDS meeting—an event which only the absolute in vapidness can surpass: the television coverage, for instance, of Tricia Nixon's wedding.

Furthermore, because Mr. Adelson approached his subject with a notable lack of curious detachment, *SDS* reads the way an account of labor negotiations might sound as reported from the negotiators' suite by a union press agent hired for his friendly smile. Though it exudes a strong sense of immediacy, of being close to the vital

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center, Adelson's book is almost devoid of humor, insight, and intellectual coherence. And, although it is densely populated with people, or at least packed with their names, few of these characters ever come alive. Most of them make only brief appearances, during which they are usually described so one-dimensionally that the reader scarcely misses them when they are whipped offstage to make room for a new batch. With the exception of a couple that gets married (judging by Adelson's account, even this act would appear to have been fundamentally political) none of the SDS members we meet in this volume ever loves, hates, or indeed does anything but talk politics.

SDS is loosely organized and full of grammatical errors. Moreover, Adelson's use of language is seldom imaginative; he has precious little sense of good prose rhythm, and his deployment of detail frequently seems mindless. The author moves a couple of demonstration scenes along at a gripping pace, but he generally gets bogged down in long quotes or explanations of radical strategy that spoil the drama of the scenes he sets forth.

In the first section of *SDS*, which is the worst, Adelson takes us kaleidoscopically through the spring 1970 demonstrations at Yale, Columbia, and Berkeley. Alternating between the past tense and the present, he offers the reader little more than news accounts of those campus upheavals. Had Adelson only injected a bit of historical perspective or imaginative analysis into his narrative he might have created valuable portraits of these rebellions. As it is, they read like clippings from a newspaper morgue. And the students running wild in them seem to have sprung up out of the earth, like soldiers in Greek mythology, without anything like a 1968 Democratic Convention on their minds.

The book's second section is taken up with theory and with sketches of individual members of SDS, such as the following:

> Dan was perfect Princeton material when he applied [to Princeton], but was poison for the place by the time he'd arrived. He was a model establishmentarian for most of his school days in Johnson County, Kansas, one of the richest counties in the country. He was president of the student body. He even joined Junior ROTC at the beginning of his senior year. His grades were tops and he was on the debating team. Then alienation hit him.

The book's final section is given over to a reasonably accurate history of SDS and to some of Adelson's speculations concerning the direction the organization may take in the future. In passing, he offers capsule analyses of "the system" that sound as if he had swallowed SDS political and economic theories without chewing them over even once.

After granting us a vision of "discontent seething in every corner" of America, Mr. Adelson goes on, via several leaps in logic, to predict the great revolution. Not bothering to provide even the bare minimum of facts to substantiate his prophecy, he overwhelmingly fails to convince. Indeed, he leaves the reader wondering whether he has read a poll—or even a newspaper—since he dropped off the staff of the *Wall Street Journal*.

One could fill a volume with the offences that Mr. Adelson has committed against the unconverted reader, but he himself has already done so—270 pages' worth. Right on, Mr. Adelson, but don't write on.

Mary Breasted covers leftist activities for *The Village Voice* and has reported on right-wingers in *O! Sex Education*.

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THE REVOLUTION SCRIPT

by Brian Moore

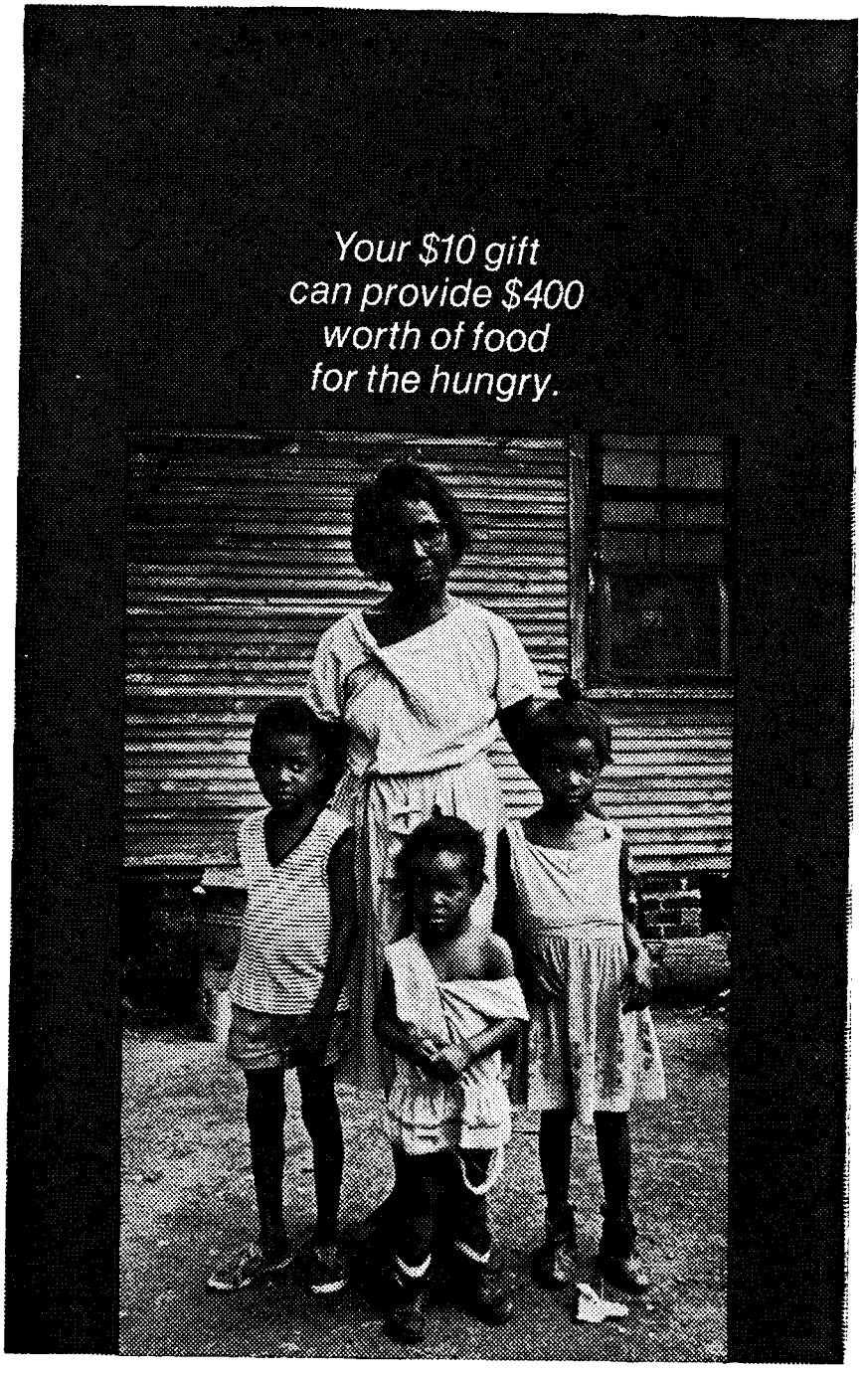
Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 261 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Pierre Nadeau

■ Few books are so gripping that they can make a reader miss his subway stop. Brian Moore's *The Revolution Script* is one such. Moreover, it succeeds in holding the reader's attention despite the fact that one knows how this story must end. For the revolution referred to in the title is that staged by the Liberation cell of the *Front de Libération du Québec* and by its freelance counterpart, the Chenier cell, in October 1970. Involving two kidnapings, the revolution ended in the murder of Pierre Laporte, the Labor Minister of Quebec province, and in the ultimate release of James Cross, the Senior British Trade Commissioner in Montreal.

The author of *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne, The Feast of Lupercal, An Answer from Limbo, Fergus,* and other novels, Moore here combines the techniques of fiction with those of a documentary narrative. He switches his focus from cell to cell and from various government offices to police stations in Quebec and Montreal, where the kidnapings occurred. While he does not really know much more about the kidnapers than anyone else, Moore reconstructs realistic conversations between various members inside each cell. For all his efforts, however, they remain shadowy figures, half mystical, half delinquent.

In explaining their behavior, Moore makes the point that these French-Canadian terrorists come from the slums, from poor families, from a class oppressed by the clergy, by the English establishment, and by their own downtrodden peers. "The fathers of these kidnapers," Moore writes in the course of a description of the dreary French quarter of Montreal, ". . . accepted these streets, accepted this mean little life down here in the shadow of the mountain, below the big English mansions, accepted this white niggerslum, this *nous-autres* existence. The kidnapers will not." Moore's analysis is very restrictive. In the past eight years the FLQ has recruited successfully from all classes of society in the province of Quebec, even in posh Outrement, the suburban Montreal French-Canadian equivalent of WASP Westmount. And until the death of Pierre Laporte the FLQ had scored definite propaganda points among the population. On the whole, the Québecois were fascinated by this strange clandestine movement. By carefully planning their strategy and using split-



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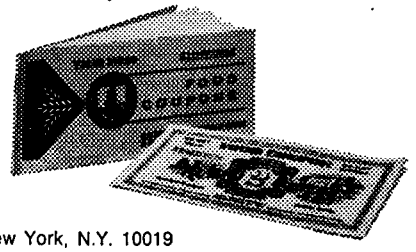

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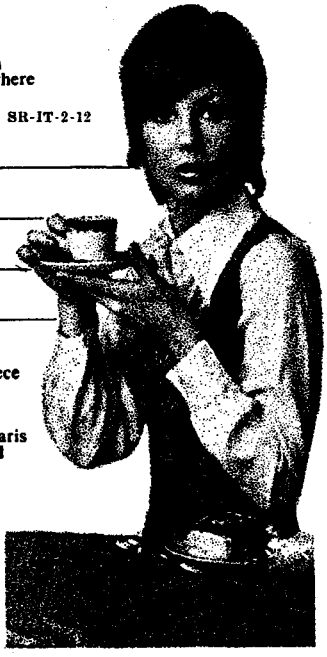

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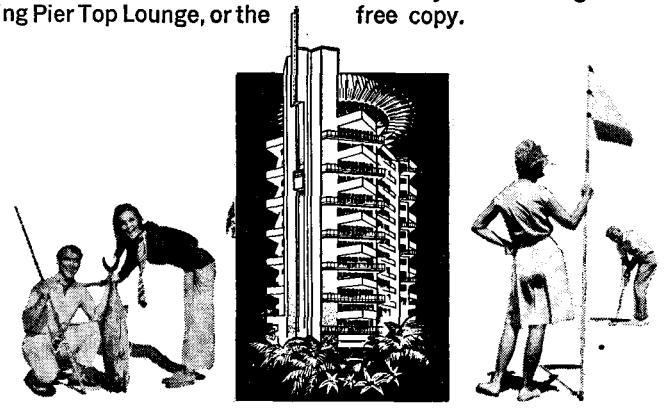

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second timing, the FLQ succeeded in striking terror in the hearts of that arrogant segment of the English Montreal population which, even after a lifetime in the city, still refuses to speak a word of French. The reading of the FLQ manifesto on the French television network, Radio Canada, did not upset most viewers. ". . . by a great many," Mr. Moore observes, "perhaps by the majority, it was heard with a secret amusement, a sense of vindication and revenge, for underneath the sour Mao dough of its revolutionary cliché was a certain level of truth." With the murder of Pierre Laporte, however, the FLQ lost all the sympathy that it had previously won. The people of Canada panicked. Still, they were confident that Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau would save the day.

Brian Moore doesn't like Trudeau, whom he casts as one of the villains of his story. "A former street fighter" turned Prime Minister, "he looks like, and is," Moore writes, "a French actor who can stare into a television camera as he would into a woman's eyes." Trudeau's extraordinary talent for seducing the public, abetted by a special law, the help of some 20,000 soldiers and policemen, and the backing of a frightened populace, enabled the Prime Minister to break the Liberation and Chenier cells, although not to save Pierre Laporte.

In *The Revolution Script*, Laporte's and Cross's kidnapers are depicted as Marxist theoreticians. Yet James Cross recently told a French-Canadian television audience that he had been struck by the superficiality of what his captors knew about Marxism. "These people," said Mr. Cross, "haven't read more than one or two books on the subject."

Such criticism aside, *The Revolution Script* remains a fascinating and, on the whole, excellent account of the October 1970 crisis in Montreal. If it is a little too fictitious to be a documentary, it is also somewhat too real to be fiction.

Pierre Nadeau serves as host on numerous television news and public affairs shows on French and English networks in Canada.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 71:
ascent, stance, enacts

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Dd (*Three Musketeers*), 2Ei (*Last of the Mohicans*), 3Cc (*Light in August*), 4Ll (*Vicar of Wakefield*), 5Hg (*Count of Monte-Cristo*), 6Ae (*Oliver Twist*), 7Kh or e (*Brave New World*), 8Jk or a (*Joseph and His Brothers*), 9Fj (Dostoevsky), 10 Ba (Haggard), 11 Gf (*Les Misérables*), 12 Ib (*Nigger of the Narcissus*).

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PHOENIX WITH A BAYONET:
A Journalist's Interim Report on the Greek Revolution

by Bayard Stockton

Georgetown Publications, 306 pp., $7.95

EYEWITNESS IN GREECE:
The Colonels Come to Power

by John A. Katris

New Critics/Dutton, 317 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by George Anastaplo

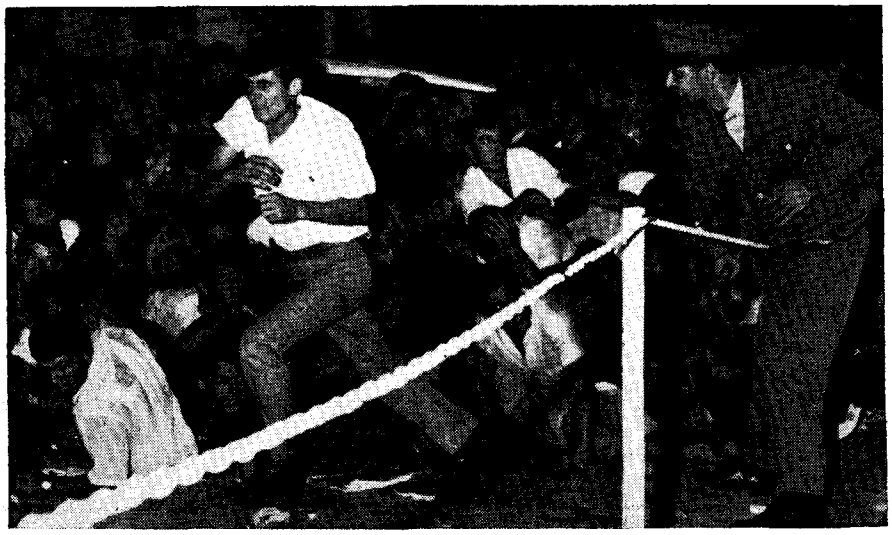
■ Although excessively partisan, both of these books can be useful for the discerning American reader. Bayard Stockton, an American free-lance journalist living in Greece, attempts to make a case for the Greek colonels who seized power in Athens in April 1967. Conversely, John A. Katris, a prominent Greek journalist now living in exile in the USA, sees the colonels as little more than American agents.

Despite Mr. Stockton's eagerness to say all that can be said in the colonels' favor—and, more significantly, despite his willingness to ignore much that can be said against them—his *Phoenix with a Bayonet* has not been received with unqualified enthusiasm in Athens. Often Stockton inadvertently discloses marked deficiencies in the regime he defends. Furthermore, one can deduce the colonels' shortcomings from the number of subjects skirted by this apologist. But perhaps most revealing is the manner in which Mr. Stockton handles the long standing torture charges. Rather than stating outright that widespread deliberate recourse to torture is not official Greek government policy, he argues that accusations to this effect cannot be "totally proved or disproved," then proceeds to treat them as either frivolous or fraudulent.

Had Mr. Stockton been willing, in assessing the torture charges, to apply the standards and accept the kind of evidence he relies upon to condemn the misdeeds of the colonels' predecessors, he would have been obliged to recognize the existence since 1967 of systematic torture unknown in any Western European country today and unprecedented in peacetime Greece. As a foreign journalist, he could have easily documented dozens or even hundreds of cases of savage torture, as did James Becket in his *Barbarism in Greece*, published in 1970, and as did the European Commission on Human Rights of the Council of Europe in its thousand-page report issued the same year. For anyone to attempt by equivocation and sophistry to dismiss so much available evidence is to raise serious doubts about his intent.

Whereas no Greek reporter of any stature has allowed himself to be recruited by the dictator-colonels to serve as an apologist for their regime, Mr. Stockton whitewashes these tyrants until they appear to be simply benevolent, if vigilant, protectors of law and order. Still, while he condones the junta's present activities, Stockton does voice at least a few misgivings regarding the effects prolonged dictatorship may have on Greek citizens. "The danger to the future of Greece," he writes in what amounts to little more than an aside, "lies in the fostering of apathy and sterility in a citizenry no longer used to the flexibility of free thought. If the Revolution [the colonels' euphemism for their military takeover] prevails, its drive for conformity could produce a generation too sheltered to be fully responsible."

Just as *Phoenix with a Bayonet* provides an instructive example of how barbarians can be justified, so Katris's *Eyewitness in Greece* exemplifies that Greek tendency to feud and wrangle which allowed the colonels to seize



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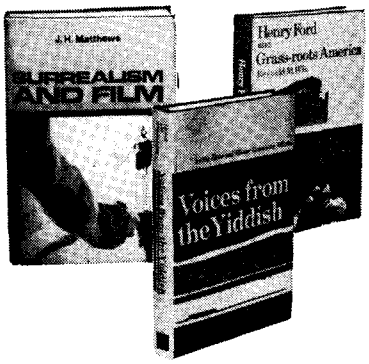

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power in 1967. Katris repeatedly and intemperately denounces the Greek monarchy, apparently unaware that such attacks can only impede the forging of an effective alliance among the many honorable men, royalists and republicans alike, who now find themselves in opposition to the colonels.

Who is really responsible for the emergence of the junta? Mr. Katris emphasizes, as Mr. Stockton virtually ignores, the notorious role the United States played in the making and unmaking of Greek governments since the Second World War. On the other hand, whereas Stockton recognizes the importance of the fact that almost all the leading men in Greek political life between 1965 and 1967 (including King Constantine) refused to compromise on their differences in regard to the constitution, Katris places the bulk of the blame upon the failings of the Right. In doing so, he underestimates the extent to which frequent street demonstrations and public-services strikes in 1965 and 1967—for which the Center and the Left were largely responsible—also helped prepare the way for the colonels. To many apprehensive Greeks these disturbances betokened the breakdown of order and a return to the civil war conditions of a generation before. Mr. Katris pays far too little attention to that war and to its traumatic effect upon contemporary Greece, although it at least partially explains Constantine's reluctance to permit blood to be shed in resisting the colonels and the colonels' reluctance to be publicly identified with executions. Again, there would quite probably be far more violent resistance to the colonels among disaffected Greeks today but for the tacit agreement on all sides to avoid the ferocious 1940s' vendettas.

Mr. Katris's claim that the real force behind the colonels is the CIA remains unconvincing. For one thing, the conspiratorial theory deprives the shortcomings of Greeks of all parties of their true significance. In present-day Greece there is a growing realization among people of all persuasions that something was seriously wrong with the old way of managing the nation's business, that leaders of all parties contributed to the suicidal irresponsibility which permitted hijackers in khaki to install themselves in power and pose as the saviors of their troubled country. Yet, while one need not assume that the United States covertly engineered the colonels' coup, America's conduct since then will undoubtedly suffice to earn for us a legacy of potentially explosive bitterness, of which *Eyewitness in Greece* is but a warning.

George Anastaplo, a Greek-American, is the author of *The Constitutionalist: Notes on the First Amendment.*

THE FATAL FRIENDSHIP: Marie Antoinette, Count Fersen and the Flight to Varennes

by Stanley Loomis

Doubleday, 341 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Barbara Levy

■ The story of Marie Antoinette has never ceased to intrigue and to plague historians and novelists. They hate her and love her, they accuse and defend her, they praise and they vilify her. She has been called wise, foolish, kind, heartless, heroic, cowardly, saint and sinner both by her contemporaries and by those who lived in the centuries following her death. Motivated by a variety of interests and emotions, people continue to pore over her letters and diaries, seeking new or undiscovered nuances of expression, placing fresh interpretations on familiar phrases to prove her guilt or her innocence.

It is not surprising that her story should be told so frequently, for it is almost unique in the annals of history, entwining as it does the personal and emotional life of a woman with the political events of eighteenth-century Europe. The innocent dupe of forces within the court of France, the pawn of scheming rulers in Prussia, in Russia, in her native Austria, Marie Antoinette was also the victim of her husband's weakness, her mother's ambition, and her love for the young Swedish nobleman, Hans Axel von Fersen.

Son of a senator and field marshal, Fersen's credentials were impeccable, and when he arrived in Paris in 1774, the Swedish ambassador lost no time in presenting him at court. Wearing the new Swedish uniform designed by Gustavus III ("Blue doublet over which was a white tunic, tight-fitting breeches and a black shako topped by a blue and yellow plume"), Fersen caused a sensation at Versailles, not only with the Queen's fashionable coterie, but with Marie Antoinette herself.

They met at masked balls and at Trianon; conversations quickly grew into têtes-à-têtes and ultimately declarations of love. Whether or not Fersen became the Queen's lover in deed rather than in name only has been (and still is) a subject of controversy. Stanley Loomis, like Stefan Zweig before him, claims that he was, and offers interesting quotations from their correspondence and from Fersen's journal as proof of his contention. But far more convincing evidence than phrases which are at best ambiguous is the detailed account that Mr. Loomis provides in his book *The Fatal Friendship* of the ill-fated flight to Varennes, an account which permits us to follow the movements of pursuers and pursued to the inevitable confrontation and capture. This, and subsequent plots to rescue and to ransom Marie Antoinette, all master-minded by Fersen, give added weight to the theory that deeper feelings than loyalty to a sovereign motivated the Swedish cavalier.

The fact that Axel Fersen "the *chevalier pur et sans reproche* was also a conceited lady killer," is supported by passages from his journal, but the depth of his love for the tragic Queen is equally evident in his writings, as is his grief throughout her long imprisonment. Of her death he says: "That she was alone in her last moments with no one to comfort her or talk to her, with no one to whom she could give her last wishes, fills me with horror."

The familiar story is well told, smoothly written, and well researched. The author's familiarity with primary source material is impressive. If it adds nothing new to our knowledge of Marie Antoinette's tragic saga, it does succeed in giving us a cool and balanced perspective on it.

Barbara Levy is the author of two novels dealing with events in French history.

Marie Antoinette and Hans Axel von Fersen—"a sensation at Versailles."

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Book Forum

Disservice

Robert J. Milch in his review of Ande Manners's *Poor Cousins* [*SR*, Jan. 22] has performed a major disservice to Jewish history and the American Jewish community.

To characterize pre-World War II Eastern European Jewish civilization as "isolated" and "backward" is a grievous insult to the martyred millions who fell to Hitler's hordes, and to the no-longer-silent millions presently suffering under Soviet oppression. It is also an indefensible denial of the contributions of this Judaism to a multitude of spiritual and intellectual movements that have profoundly influenced the modern world. The ecstasy of Hasidism, which has infiltrated various citadels of American Christianity; the ethical sensitivity of the Mussar movement, which has served as a topic of discourse among various practitioners of group counseling; the renaissance of Hebrew literature, which has recently produced a Nobel Prize; the birth of Yiddish literature, which has been perverted from Broadway to bestsellerdom and back, and the rise of political Zionism, which was instrumental in creating a member of the family of nations, are a small sampling of the many products of this Jewry, shamefully called "isolated" and "backward." Even the so-called "Eastern Jewish Literary Establishment"—which I for one do not consider a particularly positive contribution—has its origins in reaction formation to some of the negative (and relatively minor) aspects of Eastern European Jewish life.

For a fuller and more accurate picture of "the East Europe left behind" I refer the interested reader to the brief, scholarly work *From a Historian's Notebook: European Jewry Before and After Hitler*, by Salo W. Baron, a pamphlet reprinted from the *American Jewish Year Book*, 1962; and the beautiful portrayal, *The Earth Is the Lord's: The Inner World of the Jew in East Europe*, by Abraham Joshua Heschel, distributed by the Jewish Publication Society of America.

Avie Waxman,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Hogwash

Clive Cocking's review of *Trudeau in Power*, by Walter Stewart [*SR*, Jan. 8], was nothing but endorsement of hogwash.

Stewart's implication that the sending into Quebec of troops during the FLQ terrorist crisis in the fall of 1970 has harmed national unity, and that "recent polls" show more Quebeckers as separatists, indicates blind ignorance, or a twisting of facts.

For many years now there has been a growing support for "separatism," even among some English-speaking Quebeckers. A majority have tended to favor Parti Québecois, which is nonviolent. With the "October crisis" much of the previous support for FLQ terrorism dropped, and many went over to the Parti Québecois approach. Every well-informed Quebecker was aware that the Parti Québecois was opposed to the violence of the FLQ, and most agreed with Trudeau's move to quell this violence.

Pat Vine,
Montreal, Que.

No Show Without Resurrection

It seems to me that George P. Elliot's criticism of Richard Nixon, in his review of *Conversations: Literature and Modernist Deviation* [*SR*, Jan. 15], is misplaced when he calls the President to task for his failure to appreciate the crucifixion in relation to man's trip to the moon. It is the Resurrection, after all, that makes the whole show, if a show there is at all. Without it the crucifixion becomes just another execution of a troublesome radical.

Nancy J. Kennedy,
Reading, Pa.

Raison d'être for WW II

According to Meir Kahane's *Never Again!* [*SR*, Jan. 8], nobody helps the Jews. What do they suppose World War II was all about? Ever heard of Dorothy Thompson's "Fight for Freedom"; "Freedom House," by George Norris (later); William L. Shirer, Frank Kingdom, Harry Gideonse, Father Ford, Herbert and William Agar, FDR, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*?

Kahane wants to be leader of all the bigots just like Hitler, Mussolini, *et al.* His ignorance might be helped by reading *The Politics of Rescue 1938-45*, by Harry L. Feingold, published by Rutgers University Press.

Melba R. Miller,
New York, N. Y.

Forty-five Cents' Worth

In Book Forum of Jan. 1, we note that W. A. Llewellyn of the G. & C. Merriam Co. finds incorrect the statement by David M. Glixon that ". . . in its class . . . it would seem that the greatest value is still the second edition of Webster's New World Dictionary." He finds it incorrect because the price of Webster's New World Dictionary, thumb indexed, is $8.95, while the price of a book published by his firm, the Larger Print Edition of Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary, thumb indexed, is 45¢ less. His implication is that the book with the lower price must be the greater value.

Now this would be true were the two books Mr. Llewellyn attempts to compare otherwise the same. But they are not. Webster's New World Dictionary, Second College Edition, contains 471 more pages than the Merriam volume, and 27,346 more entries. This includes several thousand entries for new words and meanings which are not listed in any other dictionary at all. That is quite a value for 45¢.

Tom Gervasi,
World Publishing Co.,
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(Continued on page 86)

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(Continued from page 85)

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For Rent—Furnished

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THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

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(Continued on page 88)

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CAMPS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1975

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Heterogenous	15 25 50 109 120 181
B. Marked by extreme economy of expression	31 10 58 80 99 123 146 72
C. Capital of Togo	113 165 169 5
D. Better	8 90 100 115 168 178 32
E. Something for "a rainy day" (2 wds.)	39 51 88 95 106 117 175
F. Daughter of Cepheus; wife of Perseus	20 42 60 69 75 119 126 135 150
G. Interfere with, annoy	164 1 19 55 97 128
H. "A coachman may be on the wery amicablest terms with ____ mile o' females," says Sam Weller. ("Pickwick Papers")	130 157 3 105 161 28
I. Eng. portrait painter (1723-92)	36 59 94 111 38 52 74 167
J. Shallow saline lake of northern Africa	107 125 35 63 77
K. Hurt or cause pain to; sin, transgress	84 139 45 70 81 153
L. Laboriously fatiguing or difficult	48 57 129 173 180 37
M. Critique	79 93 151 17 71 124
N. Protest bitterly	41 62 158 170 87 64 132

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Behind the 8-ball; up the creek (3 wds.)	118 147 171 149 163 9 47 85 155
P. High old time	30 172 56 67 144 154 179
Q. Inspiration; divine communication of knowledge	11 34 166 142 27 83 98 114
R. Mesh knot, weaver's hitch (2 wds.)	23 162 6 73 89 121 133 174 26
S. It. operatic composer (1801-35; "Norma")	78 112 176 53 138 12 29
T. Commencement, beginning	91 21 14 116 103
U. Rush the passer (comp.)	156 140 22 13 101 40
V. Brisk, chilling	76 148 33 54 131
W. Annamese flat-bottomed boat with an outrigger and square sails or lugsails	43 143 16 46 108 122
X. Eng. physician and lexicographer (1779-1869)	86 96 82 159 104
Y. Inspire or renew hope, fortitude, etc.	137 127 2 134 145 4 24 141 92
Z. Logical or sophistical reasoning	152 102 68 65 66 49 18 136
Z¹. Large African antelope	7 44 61 160 177 110

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

					1 G	2 Y		3 H	4 Y	5 C	6 R	7 Z¹		8 D	9 O	10 B	11 Q			
12 S	13 U	14 T		15 A	16 W		17 M	18 Z	19 G	20 F	21 T	22 U	23 R		24 Y	25 A	26 R			
27 Q	28 H		29 S		30 P	31 B	32 D	33 V		34 Q	35 J	36 I		37 L	38 I	39 E	40 U			
41 N	42 F	43 W		44 Z¹	45 K		46 W	47 O	48 L		49 Z		50 A	51 E	52 I	53 S				
54 V	55 G	56 P	57 L	58 B	59 I		60 F	61 Z¹	62 N	63 J		64 N	65 Z		66 Z	67 P				
68 Z	69 F	70 K	71 M	72 B	73 R		74 I	75 F	76 V	77 J		78 S	79 M	80 B	81 K	82 X				
83 Q	84 K	85 O	86 X	87 N	88 E	89 R		90 D	91 T	92 Y	93 M	94 I		95 E	96 X		97 G			
98 Q	99 B	100 D	101 U	102 Z	103 T		104 X	105 H	106 E		107 J	108 W	109 A	110 Z¹	111 I	112 S	113 C			
114 Q		115 D	116 T	117 E	118 O	119 F	120 A		121 R	122 W	123 B		124 M	125 J	126 F	127 Y				
128 G	129 L	130 H	131 V		132 N	133 R	134 Y	135 F		136 Z	137 Y		138 S		139 K	140 U	141 Y			
142 Q		143 W		144 P	145 Y	146 B	147 O		148 V		149 O	150 F	151 M	152 Z		153 K	154 P			
155 O	156 U	157 H	158 N	159 X	160 Z¹		161 H	162 R	163 O	164 G		165 C	166 Q		167 I	168 D	169 C			
170 N	171 O	172 P	173 L	174 R	175 E		176 S	177 Z¹	178 D	179 P	180 L	181 A								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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